THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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This month's Health Interest Poster

* * *

Watch for new one next month

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO BOYS AND GIRLS EVERYWHERE

Hockey skates for Christmas! Watch him go—the fastest player on the team! One reason is, every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast—*Cream of Wheat*

MY RECORD					
1st Week					
2nd Week					
3rd Week					
4th Week					

Help your child "play the game"

Here is a way to give your child a new personal interest in one of the most important health habits. Make eating the hot cereal breakfast—which school authorities say all children need, to do good work—a game in which he has an important part to play. Hang this poster on the wall and send to us for free package of gold stars. Have him keep his own record by pasting in a star every school morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast. We will also send a sample box of Cream of Wheat and authoritative book on child feeding. All free. Write for them to Cream of Wheat Co., Dept. A-8, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Men who know the rules of dress find in these new-type socks two things they've always sought and never found before. Yet they pay no more than for the ordinary kind.

Men Found Fifth Avenue Smartness

Combined with 3 to 4 times more wear

And that's why men's hosiery tastes have changed
A new way of knitting now proves a revolution
These lustrous silks give superlative distinction

THERE has been a new discovery in the making of fine socks. Wear is increased 3 to 4 times by a revolutionary feature. In a remarkably short time it has changed the buying habits of 2,000,000 men . . . also the preference of their wives.

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Ex Toe comes in sheer lustrous silks that gleam and sparkle, and in the finest lisles.

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This diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

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-you dress up for it

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You know the answer. All we're going to say is "it's good business for you to act on it"

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Good clothes makers

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KAISER WILLIAM'S VIEWS ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE

In This Authorized Interview With George Sylvester Viereck, the Former Kaiser Pays a Tribute to His Second Wife and Frankly Discusses His Marriage

CAN a man love two women, one dead and one living, with equal devotion? Can a wife be happy under such circumstances? Both questions are involved in the marriage of the Kaiser and Princess Hermine.

Granted that both William and Hermine are exceptional types, granted that both were born to the purple, the elemental problems of life and love are the same for emperor and commoner, prince and beggar. The ordinary experience of mankind points to a negative answer to our questions. But the romance of William II and Hermine, widowed wife of Prince Schönaich-Carolath, seems to defy experience. In spite of prophecies and rumors to the contrary, the fact is that after four years of married life they look and are amazingly happy.

I met the Kaiser for the first time in his Dutch Tusculum about a year and a half after the death of his first wife, Empress Augusta Victoria. He was not alone, but he made the impression of unutterable loneliness. I was in receipt of a letter, written immediately after the death of his first wife, in which the Emperor referred to his "ineffable grief." The shadow of the late Empress hovered over the scene. It hovered over the rose garden, named in her honor, and over the room where she died, which to this day is dedicated to her memory.

The Kaiser and Hermine

Gloom at Doorn

NEVERTHELESS, the Kaiser had just startled the world with the announcement of his engagement to a lady considerably younger than himself, Princess Hermine, the widow of Prince Schönaich-Carolath.

It is a homely truth, hackneyed by repetition, that men who have been happily married are most apt to remarry soon. Her Majesty, the late Empress Augusta Victoria, the Emperor tells me, often dwelt on this fact when chiding her ladies for turning up their noses in disdain at widows or widowers who sought happiness in a second marriage. Evidently monarchs are not different in this respect from other children of Adam. Germany seethed because the new nuptials were planned not quite two years after the death of the late Empress.

"How long," I vainly asked my German friends, "can a man past sixty afford to wait?" They were deaf to reason.

I spent more than a week as the house guest of the Kaiser in Doorn. The household ran smoothly, yet someone was missing—the mistress of the house! Gloom rested upon House Doorn like a London fog. Gloom enveloped its master. It was broken only now and then when he hit upon a felicitous phrase to clinch an argument, or when he spoke of his fiancée.

Public Opinion

AT NIGHT he read to us—my wife, myself and two or three gentlemen. Pursuing some theme—political, religious or scientific—he forgot for the moment the narrow walls of his prison.

Financial embarrassment and political considerations made it inadvisable for his children to visit him often. The Crown Prince was still living in solitude in a dingy village on the little island of Wieringen.

I am not a sentimentalist, but I could not help sensing tragedy in the sight of William II, at the close of the evening, climbing the stairs to his room alone, vainly attempting to conceal his heartache. There was something pathetic even in the little toy elevator, installed by order of the Emperor for the late Empress on account of her heart trouble. It was in this lift that the Kaiser, dressed in simple field gray, came down from his rooms for dinner.

I met William II again a few weeks after his marriage. He was a changed man. Again I was a guest in House Doorn for a week. The Emperor was himself once more. There was sunshine again at Doorn, for the Empress was present!

Germany was ringing with denunciations of the exiled Kaiser. His people could perhaps forgive him a lost war. They could not, it seemed, forgive him his second marriage. Augusta Victoria's self-sacrifice had made her a national idol. It seemed sacrilege to the Germans that the former Kaiser should give her a successor, although they denied him even the poor consolation of placing a wreath on her tomb.

Women, especially, seemed to resent the Kaiser's remarriage. The thermometer dropped whenever the marriage of the exiled monarch was mentioned. Certain monarchist factions were especially bitter in their attitude toward the young wife. It became fashionable to attack Hermine. Her detractors forgot that she was the scion of an ancient reigning house. Though their territory covers only a few hundred square miles

in Europe, the Princes of Reuss rank among the oldest of rulers. Many chose to refer to the Kaiser's spouse merely as Princess Hermine, even after her marriage, in spite of the fact that the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, publicly acclaimed her as Her Majesty the Empress at the wedding dinner.

The Crown Prince and all members of the family accept Hermine as Imperatrix Regina, Empress Queen. She places the letters I.R. under her signature and is addressed as Her Majesty wherever she goes.

Princes never surrender their titles. The violent quarrels between Napoleon I and his jailer were largely due to the

The Kaiser and the Little General

fact that Sir Hudson Lowe insisted upon referring to the Emperor merely as General Bonaparte. Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie retained their titles to the end.

I frankly discussed the question with William II. He remarked:

"We Germans invariably address a wife by her husband's title. If a lieutenant general or a full general marries, his wife is automatically addressed as *Ihre Excellenz*—Her Excellency—even if the general happens to be retired. If an Emperor marries, his wife necessarily becomes Empress, even if he is a retired Emperor.

"We confer upon high officials the title of Excellency. This bestows upon their wives the right to be addressed as Her Excellency. Retirement does not affect their right to this designation. If a pensioned Excellency marries, no one would dream of denying to his wife the address to which he is entitled.

"We address kings as Your Majesty; we confer the same title upon their queens, provided they are of equal blood. If my union with Her Majesty the Empress were morganatic, she would be merely the Princess Hermine. However, her family ranks equally with any dynasty in the world. Her late sister was the Grand Duchess of Weimar."

"It is difficult," I remarked, "for Americans to grasp these subtle distinctions. We do not consider titles of such importance."

The Emperor laughed. "What of your governors, elected for a brief term of years, who retain their titles as long as they live? What of your congressmen and your judges? And what of your courtesy colonels who never even commanded a couple of files, like the colonel Mr. Wilson sent to me shortly before the war?"

The Kaiser was referring to Colonel House.

William's Four K's for Women

MONARCHS in exile retain the remnants of their prerogatives. What is left to them except such trappings of royalty, and their memories? Moreover, no exiled monarch ever surrenders the hope of a triumphant return. Napoleon expected to be recalled to the day of his death.

The bust of Augusta Victoria still dominates the music salon at Doorn, known as the Gobelin Room. The room where the late Empress died remains inviolate. Empress Hermine contents herself with her boudoir and a tiny bedroom.

The semblance of Augusta Victoria appears everywhere—on the Kaiser's desk and in the rooms of the Empress Hermine. The rose garden, dedicated to her, is still kept with meticulous care. The Kaiser himself often waters the flowers, or sits in the little summerhouse, meditating perhaps on the past.

But there is also a garden, no less flourishing, named in honor of Empress Hermine. Her pictures and those of her children enliven the Kaiser's rooms. Her paintings, done in oil by Schwartz, lend color to the dining room and to the study of the Emperor.

At last, four years after my first visit, the campaign against Hermine in Germany has calmed down. All prophets of evil are confused and confounded. Despite divers mendacious reports of quarrels and dissensions, the married life of William and Hermine is singularly felicitous and continues in cloudless happiness.

Augusta Victoria had no reason for jealousy. The Emperor was absolutely devoted to his first wife. He clings with equal devotion to her successor. The thought of both enriches his life.

"Some time ago," the Kaiser remarked to me, "my second marriage was discussed at a party. There were many pros and cons. One gentleman listened silently to all that was said. Finally he spoke up: 'What a fine fellow the Kaiser must be, if he could win so completely the love and devotion of two such splendid women.'"

At Doorn, September, 1926

Both Hermine and Augusta Victoria have much in common with William. Yet no two women could be greater contrasts in their philosophy of life and as types. They differ in everything except in their devotion to their husband and to their children. Each complements a different angle in the temperament of the Kaiser.

We must accept William II as two distinct entities. Of his two personalities, one belongs to the twentieth century, one to the Middle Ages. He could be a medieval theologian or a twentieth-century engineer. Nature reconciles two conflicting periods in the spirit of his being.

Augusta Victoria was the ideal wife and mother of tradition. Hermine, though no less devoted to her children and her household, is a modern woman whose interests encircle the globe. Augusta Victoria appealed to one side of his being, Hermine appeals to the other.

The world attributes to William II a statement confining women's activities to three K's—*Kinder*, *Kirche* and *Küche*—children, church and kitchen. This remark, carried to the four quarters of the globe, branded the Kaiser as an enemy of feminine progress. It was quoted in all tongues to characterize the German attitude toward women. William's definition of woman's sphere, though embracing much, seemed hardly broad enough to include the multiple activities of the Empress Hermine. I wondered to what extent the years and experience had modified the Kaiser's original attitude.

"Does Your Majesty still hold to the dictum of the three K's?" I ventured to ask.

"No," he smilingly replied; "I have added another K. That 'K' stands for *Kamerad*—comrade."

This conversation took place late in the summer of 1926 on my most recent visit to Doorn. The exiled monarch consented to discuss, for the first time, the two women who left their imprint on his heart, and to relate the story of his romance with Princess Hermine. The recital of his love and marriage constitutes one of the most astonishing tributes paid by any lover, crowned or uncrowned, to any woman.

We were seated in the Emperor's study, overlooking his small estate. The room is filled with souvenirs of his reign and of his childhood. There was the water-color sketch of the Kaiser as a lad, drawn by his grandmother, Queen Victoria. There was the famous horse—saddle attached to a swivel base—which the Kaiser prefers to use in place of a chair at his desk. From one corner peered the noble head of an Egyptian queen, antedating Tutenkhamun, presented to the Kaiser by one of his subjects. There were reminiscences of William I, of Frederick the Great and of the Kaiser's favorite ancestor, the Great Elector, under whom Prussia became, for the first time, a world power. And there were portraits everywhere of the two women who dominated his life—Augusta Victoria and Hermine.

A Place in the Shadow

"HER MAJESTY the Empress Hermine," he exclaimed, "certainly lives up to my four K's. She is a perfect mother, a perfect housewife, a devoted Christian and a matchless comrade. Her love, which led her to become my wife, saved my reason, if not my life. Accustomed to the faithful comradeship of Augusta Victoria, I was bowed down by my terrible sorrow—sorrow for my wife, sorrow for my country. My loneliness was indescribable. It bore me down. It was hell. Now that my Hermine is with me, I have again someone to whom I can pour out my heart, who reads my thoughts and my moods."

The Kaiser stood up and gazed wistfully out of the window in the direction of the River Rhine, which flows a few miles from Doorn, near Amerongen, and can be seen from the window of Count Bentinck's castle, whose guest he was when he crossed the Dutch border in 1918.

"The people who criticized my remarriage could not fathom the awful solitude that hung over my life

Hermine, From a Photograph Taken in 1922

like a pall. What do they know of my feelings? How can they realize what it means to a man who ruled the German Empire for thirty years to be separated from his native land by the Dutch border?"

He paced up and down. "Her Majesty, the late Empress Augusta Victoria, was unique among women. Every drop of her blood belonged to me, to her country and to her children. Her motherly love flowed over to the cot of every wounded soldier. She was revered as a saint by my people. However, her health was frail. For years she suffered from arteriosclerosis. She had a stroke in the summer of 1918, long before she joined me in Amerongen.

"The late Empress was dreadfully worried by the preposterous campaign for my extradition. Recently the

English politician who raised the cry, 'Hang the Kaiser,' remarked to a Dutch acquaintance of a friend of mine, 'I have always respected the Emperor. He was always a gentleman.' 'But why,' the Dutch gentleman interjected, 'did you propose to hang him?' 'My dear sir,' the Englishman replied, 'can't you see that was all politics?'

"Now the people in London say: 'Formerly it was hang the Kaiser; now it is print the Kaiser.'*

"Their former attitude may have been politics. But it broke the heart of Augusta Victoria and, causing her death, robbed me of my wife. What name does that politician deserve? I remember how Von Ilsemann, my aide, who is still faithful to me, came up, pale and disheveled, with the news that the Germans had signed the treaty surrendering their former leaders, including myself, to make a holiday for the Allies. I tried to keep the news from my wife; but, with feminine intuition, she guessed the truth, and soon heard it when she read that my beloved sons publicly offered themselves as hostages to replace me. She beamed with pride!

"Soon after that she died. Without her, life was almost too heavy a burden. I would not have been able to carry on if it had not been for my faith in God. My children were far away. They had their own tasks, their own families. I was alone with myself and my sorrow. I prayed to God that He should send some token, some sign of His fatherly love, something to give me new strength to complete my mission. At that moment my eyes fell on a letter on my writing desk. This letter was from a little boy in Silesia, who expressed his sympathy for my loss and my loneliness with the stark simplicity and complete sincerity of a child. For some reason the child's letter touched me deeply. It seemed to me like a sign from heaven. The heart of the child went out to his Emperor in exile and in sorrow. There was no pretense. There was no design. He was completely himself."

A Poet in Error

"I LOOKED at the signature and recognized the name—Schönaich-Carolath. I had never met the boy. I casually knew his father, the late Prince Schönaich-Carolath, one of my officers in the Guards.

"Since that time the avalanche of the World War had descended upon me, I had pleasant but faint impressions of the boy's mother, the Princess Hermine.

"Several of my gentlemen knew the princess well and encouraged me to invite her to Doorn. I was so pleased by the lad's letter that I asked his mother to visit me with her children. She refused to bring the children, who were at school, but promised to accept for herself, in a letter full of warmest sympathy with my hard fate. When I saw her I was immediately profoundly stirred. I was fascinated. I instantly recognized that she was my mate. 'Spring comes but once a year, love but once in a lifetime,' the poet sings. But the poet lies. Love may come twice in a lifetime. Blessed indeed is the man to whom love comes a second time. I am not referring to mere trivial affections, but to deep fundamental emotions that shake the very root of our being. I saw in her the messenger of love sent to me by heaven.

"My love went to her instantly, even as it had gone out to my first wife. My heart blossomed like the pilgrim's barren staff in the sight of the Pope. My choice was made.

"After mature reflection I summoned up my courage and asked for her hand. What man in his senses could see such a woman without attempting to hold her and make her his own? Princess Hermine wavered a long time. She loved her children, she loved her independence, she loved her home. Having peered deeply into the eyes of life, she foresaw how her action would be interpreted by sneering and scandal-mongering mouths.

"The struggle lasted three days. Never had three days seemed longer to me. I actually trembled. At last she consented. My first kiss on her hand and our first embrace was my first happy hour since the death of Augusta Victoria. It was the first good fortune to come to me since that fatal day, when on the ill-omened counsel of Field Marshal Hindenburg and his advisers, actuated solely by the sense of duty that has always inspired my family, I bade farewell to my army and to my country. The decision of Princess Hermine to marry me was a heroic deed. It made her an exile like myself. It expatriated her children to a certain extent. A tender mother, she is compelled to divert from her sons at school in Germany a large share of her attention. Her Majesty must to a certain extent neglect her own estates in Silesia while she is running the household in Doorn. The climate of Holland does not agree with her. Her health necessitates frequent sojourns at German watering places.

"She never complains; she never makes me feel that she is sacrificing herself for me. Yet her sacrifices are many, inspiring both love and respect, and deepest gratitude. She gives to her children, she gives to me; her love seems unending. It is all-encompassing, overwhelming. Our life is completely harmonious—one long honeymoon. I have never believed such perfect harmony between two human beings possible, as her fiery temperament absolutely accords with my energy and will power.

"I have searched history and literature without finding a parallel. We are indeed comrades in thought and aim. Her conception of life is lofty. She reminds me of one of the highly cultured princesses of the eighteenth century, such as, for example, Queen Sophie Charlotte, the friend of Leibnitz.

The Empress Augusta Victoria, 1905

"Protracted visits to the court of Baden, either at Karlsruhe or at Lake Constance, where my aunt, the Grand Duchess of Baden, resided, enabled Her Majesty Empress Hermine, as a young girl, to imbibe an atmosphere of culture, impregnated still with the spirit of Goethe. In that respect," the Kaiser went on to say, "she was singularly fortunate. I, too, received a breath of this atmosphere through my grandmother, Empress Augusta.

"I know of no other German woman possessing the intellectual discrimination of Empress Hermine. She is the friend of poets, writers and artists. Her library is immense. There are probably few women in the world who can boast of such a library. In addition to her splendid library in Doorn, she has large collections of rare books in Saabor, the castle she inherited from her first husband."

The Kaiser in Admiral's Uniform, 1926

The General in Command

THE picture of Prince Schönaich-Carolath, the father of Hermine's children, stands in her boudoir, next to the picture of the late Empress. Unlike many men marrying widows, the Emperor does not begrudge his wife her own memories or her children.

"I know," he said to me, "that children by a first marriage sometimes offer serious problems. My own children have a great liking for the Empress and frequently visit us in Doorn. Her children love me. I do not ever attempt to interfere between the Empress and her children. On the contrary, I hold myself aloof from them until they come to me. I do not attempt to impose myself or my ideas upon them. I try to be merely an elder friend. Perhaps that is the reason they see a father in me. When her sons come to Doorn from school I always feel that they are entitled to the first place in their mother's affection. Her daughters, Henrietta and Carmo, bring youth and joy to my house."

Princess Henrietta, the youngest daughter of the Empress, a girl of seven, flings herself into the Emperor's arms with impetuous affection. She dominates the imperial household with her childlike vivacity. The Kaiser refers to her as "the General." She adores him and he adores her. In the morning, at the religious service conducted by the Kaiser himself, the little Princess sits gravely next to her mother. After dinner, when coffee is served, the General personally passes the sugar. Sometimes, as a reward, she receives a lump of sugar herself.

The General, the Kaiser concedes, has inherited much of her mother's charm. "*Charme*," he exclaimed, using the

(Continued on Page 91)

*A reference to the recent publication in the London Spectator of the Kaiser's new book, My Early Life. G. S. V.

GOOD MORNING, MAJOR

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

SURELY Billy Langwell, in spite of a certain polite indifference toward things which he considered of no importance, had been with brigade headquarters long enough to know that the general was not a funny man. Surely Billy must have known that the general hated all of us, for anyone could have read uncomplimentary sentiments in the general's harsh green eyes and in the way his hard lips, straight as a disciplined platoon, moved when he spoke to the young gentlemen. Perhaps, in part, it was the natural dislike and contempt of a disciplined old man who had spent his life in the service for parvenus like us, but anyone could tell there was something else.

"Young gentlemen" was what he used to call us. It is easy still to recall his voice those times he came into the mess room late for breakfast, when all the young gentlemen snapped hastily to attention. It was not a pleasant voice, General Swinnerton's—slightly thick, and of a suppressed timbre that made you wonder how it would sound when he was angry. Down in the mess room, one can imagine him walking still, heavy, but straight as a post, and aggressively shaven in that way peculiar to old soldiers risen from the ranks, that way no civilian can imitate; so closely shaven that you would think his epidermis must have been removed by the razor's edge, revealing a pinker, thinner skin beneath. Without a word, he would walk to his place at the table, while the young gentlemen listened to his boot heels hit the floor. Snap—they went, as inevitable as regulations. Snap—and then a pause, a military pause, and it was up to me to say, "Good morning, general." It was my part of the drill that he had taught me.

"Good morning, major," he would answer, and we would shake hands there in the mess room, stiffly, like pugilists posing for the Sunday supplements.

"Good morning, major," he would say, and sometimes there seemed to be a note in his voice of a lonely man, and sometimes it seemed like the voice of a man slightly puzzled by a changing world.

Then he would pause, and then his heavy neck would move deliberately within the circumference of his stiff white collar—you could almost hear it grate—as he stared down the mess hall. Of course, all the overnight lieutenants would be watching him, stiffly trying to look military and knowing that they could not. They were young, so young, without a trace in their faces of any blow from life. They were so fearless, so serenely sure of themselves. Was that what General Swinnerton could not understand, and what he resented most? There was Billy Langwell in his whipcords, much more expensive than the general's; one of those nice New York Langwells, slender and almost delicate, with his yellow hair still moist from his morning bath, and smiling at the general. Billy was always smiling as though he had encountered some amusing private thought. And then there was—what was his name? Sometimes faces are so clear and names so hard to remember—Edwin Bryce, the general's other aide, one of the Philadelphia Bryces, with a gentle voice, but always with a look that was slightly supercilious. Then there were those other ones, faces new and pleasant voices. Sometimes in our mess hall you might have thought it was a college house party and not a brigade about to sail for France.

As the general looked at those faces before he pulled back his chair, his own face would assume a slightly peculiar expression, almost of bewilderment, you would sometimes think, and then he would speak, precisely still, but somewhat differently.

"Good morning. Sit down, young gentlemen. You won't get any rations like this a month from now."

Then he would seat himself stiffly and raise his coffee cup with exaggerated ease, and grasp his spoon in his awkward fingers. What was he thinking of as he raised his cup and stared silently above its brim? Was he envious or sad? Was he thinking that he was not and never would be quite like the rest? Was he thinking that we knew it? I wonder—— Perhaps he always thought that we were laughing.

What strange intuition or trick of caste made Billy spot the general for what he was? The first time Billy's eyes met the general's eyes he knew, and the general knew he knew.

"Oh! It's a Code Word, Is It? The Germans Will Hear Me, Will They? How Many Peanuts Have I Got? What Do You Mean by Peanuts?"

Of course I can remember—anyone can remember those first days when uniforms were new, when Camp Abraham Hicks was just beginning to rise out of its wilderness of yellow pine, a hideous checkerboard of order, when the first men of the draft were herded in, in cheap, baggy clothes which they took off, never to wear again.

Those were the days when brigade headquarters seemed a place of mystery—a veritable religious shrine, in which one could imagine strange rites marching in the night. Headquarters was almost the only wooden house in Camp Abraham Hicks in those days. Typewriters were clicking through the half-open windows; an orderly was standing at the door, one of those jaded Regular Army orderlies, passive yet sneering, whom the War Department doled out, one to each of our companies.

In front of that wooden shack, the stumps of yellow pine still obtruded themselves, making you stumble in your new boots. And a set of awkward men in olive drab were grubbing at those roots while a young second lieutenant, who had been a lieutenant no longer than they had been soldiers, kept saying, "Now, fellows, make it snappy! Make it snappy!"

The orderly at the door had a reason to grin sourly. It was probably the first time in his life that he had heard enlisted men addressed as "fellows." He was still grinning when I saw him.

"Yes, sir," he said, "the general's expecting you. He'll see you in a minute." Then he stopped grinning and stared wearily beyond me and wearily saluted, and then I heard a voice behind me that I knew. It was Billy Langwell, hopping adroitly over the pine stumps, and only stumbling once over an upthrust root.

"Oh, now, George," he said, "are you here too? How did you pull it? By writing to your congressman?"

"I don't know," I answered. The army ways were as strange to me then as they are today. "I just got an order and came here to report." Billy grinned and flicked at his boot with a swagger stick that he twirled self-consciously, in nervous knowing ways.

"Now don't be so upstagy just because you have those what-you-may-call-'ems on your shoulders," he suggested. "They got you because you can ride, of course. I bet we're the only people in this place that can mount without a ladder. It's just as well. I don't want to be a nurse to those East Side criminals in my outfit, and anyhow, the family wanted me to be an aide."

The orderly interrupted us, saluting languidly. "The general sends his compliments and says he'll see you now."

"Both of us?" I asked.

A round solid mass of something moved in the orderly's beefy cheek. "Yeh," he said, "both of you, sir."

As we entered, from the corner of my eye, I saw the orderly expectorate furtively. It was my first experience with the regular enlisted personnel, and still I do not know how some of them chew tobacco and yet appear not to chew it.

The general was standing in a stuffy little room, with a table, two chairs and a map, showing the squared barrenness of the future Camp Abraham Hicks, pasted on the cardboard-composition wall. He wore the marching shoes of an enlisted man—broad and dusty, like two solid corner stones necessarily large to support his weight. His leather leggings, of an inferior type, were also covered with the camp's red dust, and over his heart was that curious array of ribbons and bits of masonic jewelry that we were even then beginning to stare at with fascination, not to say with envy. They began with the Indian-war ribbon and ran the whole gamut of ribbons—Spanish War, the Philippines and Boxer. Also hanging among them was a silver medal and a pair of crossed rifles. But you needed no service badges to spot him. You could read his service on his face. His jaw and his mouth, without speaking, fairly shouted Regular Army. His eyes were the eyes of the Regular Army, typical and peculiarly like the eyes of the orderly who sinned in secret by chewing tobacco at the door.

"When you come into my room," said the general, "take off your hats. Good morning, major." And he held out a stubby hand to me and looked me in the eye.

"Good morning, sir," I answered.

He stood motionless, still looking at me. "Say 'Good morning, general,'" he replied. "I consider it better etiquette."

Then precisely as a machine gun turns on a pivot, his head veered, rising from his white collar, to Billy Langwell.

"Lieutenant," inquired the general, "what's that in your hand?"

"A swagger stick, sir," said Billy.

There was no expression of contempt, no change in the general's face. "Throw it out the window," he said.

Without moving from where he was standing, Billy threw it. It made a little whistling arc through the room and was gone.

"Who told you," asked the general, "to carry one of those things?"

"Why, no one ——" began Billy.

"Sir," said the general.

"Sir," said Billy.

The general folded his hands behind his back and rocked backward and forward from his toes to his heels. "Now listen to me, both of you," he said. "Where did you go to school?"

"To Harvard," I answered. The general's lips contracted.

"Sir," he said.

"Sir," I said hastily.

You could tell what the general was thinking. Like a machine gun on a pivot, his eyes again met those of Billy Langwell, who began to smile.

"I am just as effete as he is, sir. I come from Harvard, too, sir."

"Yes?" said the general. "Well, it's no joke, being effete, young man, not when there's a war. Now listen to me, both of you."

He paused and once again rocked from his toes to his heels as though the rocking might give impetus to his thoughts.

"You won't like me," he said. "Neither of you will like me, but that makes no difference in the service. In '75 I was a private in Arizona, before either of you was born. There used to be real fighting in '75 and the service used to be a real service. I got my corporal's stripes when I pulled Chief Three Horns off his pony and choked him, back in the Navaho war. I got my majority for going out ahead of my detachment and killing three brown brothers with a bayonet in Mindanao. I'd rather have a bayonet in my hands now than this confounded job. But as long as I'm a general, I'll be a soldier's general"—he scowled slightly and his voice began to sharpen—"and not one of these bootlicking, dancing-party generals with a pull back in the War Department. And the men on my staff will be soldiers and they'll act like soldiers, and not like military attachés. I haven't been to Harvard. I haven't been anywhere except to military schools. That's why you won't like me. But you'll be soldiers just the same. That's all. Sit down at that table, major, and go over those reports. And you, Mr.— I've forgotten your name ——"

It was a new experience to Billy to have anyone forget his name, once it had been mentioned.

"Langwell, sir," he said—"William Langwell."

The general looked at him for a moment in silence. Then for the first time I became aware of that curious, baffled expression in his eyes—half puzzled, almost diffident.

"Langwell? There used to be—where was it?—back in the 65th a shavetail named Langwell. Mr. Langwell, go out and tell that low-lived, no-account orderly that he'll be making little ones out of big ones if I see him chewing tobacco again the way he's chewing it now. If he'd been in the cavalry in '75 he'd know how to stow it in the back of his jaw when he's on duty. Little ones out of big ones—he'll understand if you don't. And then go to the stables and get my horse and one for yourself. And by the way, major, you'd better go out with him and see that he speaks properly to the enlisted men. There's nothing more important than speaking properly to enlisted men. Salute when you go out. And right-about! One! Two!"

Then we were outdoors again where the men were grubbing at the pine stumps, and Billy was speaking to the orderly.

"My boy," he said, "the general has just sent me out to tell you he'll have you making little ones out of big ones if he sees you chewing tobacco. Personally, I can't perceive that you're chewing. But just as a friend—strictly as a friend—I'd advise you to cut it—or shall I say spit it out?—because you didn't serve in the cavalry back in '75."

I seized Billy hastily by the arm and pulled him out of earshot.

"Don't make an ass of yourself," I hissed. "Can't you watch your step?"

Billy smiled at me and blinked. "Tut-tut, George," he said. "Now don't be so continually upstagy because you've got those fig or maple leaves on you! Can't we be boys together once in a while? All right, I'll promise not to do it again. All right, but I somehow couldn't —— George"—his smile grew broader and he patted me softly on the arm—"do you know what I perceived? Really my perception has grown remarkably keen since I embarked on this military business. I perceived, or it seemed to me I perceived"—his voice grew lower, but was very careless, very playful—"I actually perceived that the general isn't quite a gentleman!"

And there you have it—that stupid inexorable conventionality we all of us have when we are young. Billy Langwell was too young, always too young, to have perceived that a man could be a man and still not quite a gentleman.

Billy was smiling at the tree stumps, but you could see that he was thinking, for his eyes had a curious distant look, and suddenly he tapped my arm again. "George, my boy," he said, "the more I think of it—do you know what I think? Seriously, George, I've got a mission to perform."

"What sort of a mission?" Somehow you could not help but be amused, for he was never more than half serious even at his worst.

"I feel it devolves upon me," said Billy, and tapped my arm again, "as a representative—I'm hanged if I know of what, but—well, I feel it devolves on me, under the circumstances, to put the general in his place."

"To what?" I gasped.

"To put the general in his place," repeated Billy. "Oh, not crudely; of course, not crudely; but watch me. I'll find a way."

The egotism of it! It's the sort of thing that always rather shocks you, but Billy Langwell did it. There was that unyielding, curious sense of pride, of decency or position or something of the sort. It took Billy Langwell four months, but just the same he did it—and nicely—oh, so nicely.

It was an afternoon when the thick mud of Camp Abraham Hicks was baking into the clay of spring. You remember those afternoons, dreary as a misspent life, with the weight of a badly cooked dinner resting like a sin upon the conscience. The general was at his table in the orderly room, licking his thumbs the better to turn the papers before him. His blunt thumbs went snap with grim steadiness; his hair was like a gray rat's nest; his coat was unbuttoned at the collar and his eyes were slightly protruding. At the sound of a gentle tap on the door, he muttered something beneath his breath and sighed. It was Billy Langwell in his whipcords, walking delicately in his new custom-made riding boots and silver spurs, with his garrison cap pulled smartly over his eyes as he had seen in pictures.

The general cleared his throat, and Billy spoke at once with his inevitable slight smile: "Excuse me, sir."

The general looked at him coldly for a moment before he answered. "Mr. Langwell," he said at length, "when you come into the orderly room, take off your cap."

The slight smile did not leave Billy's lips. His cap was instantly in his hand.

"Certainly, sir. But the general said ——"

Of course the general interrupted him at once, but not unpleasantly—rather with a sort of triumph. "Don't argue. I can appreciate the way you feel, but don't argue. I won't make pets of second lieutenants because they're aides of mine. Do you remember I told you that?"

"Yes, sir." Billy had not moved from attention, and his voice was perfectly respectful. "But the general said ——"

"Well, what did I say?"

"The general told us to keep our hats on when we carried side arms."

Of course the general had not noticed. There was a moment's pause, and you could almost feel sorry for the general. Of course it was a little thing, but Billy Langwell had the general right on the hip, the way he said he would.

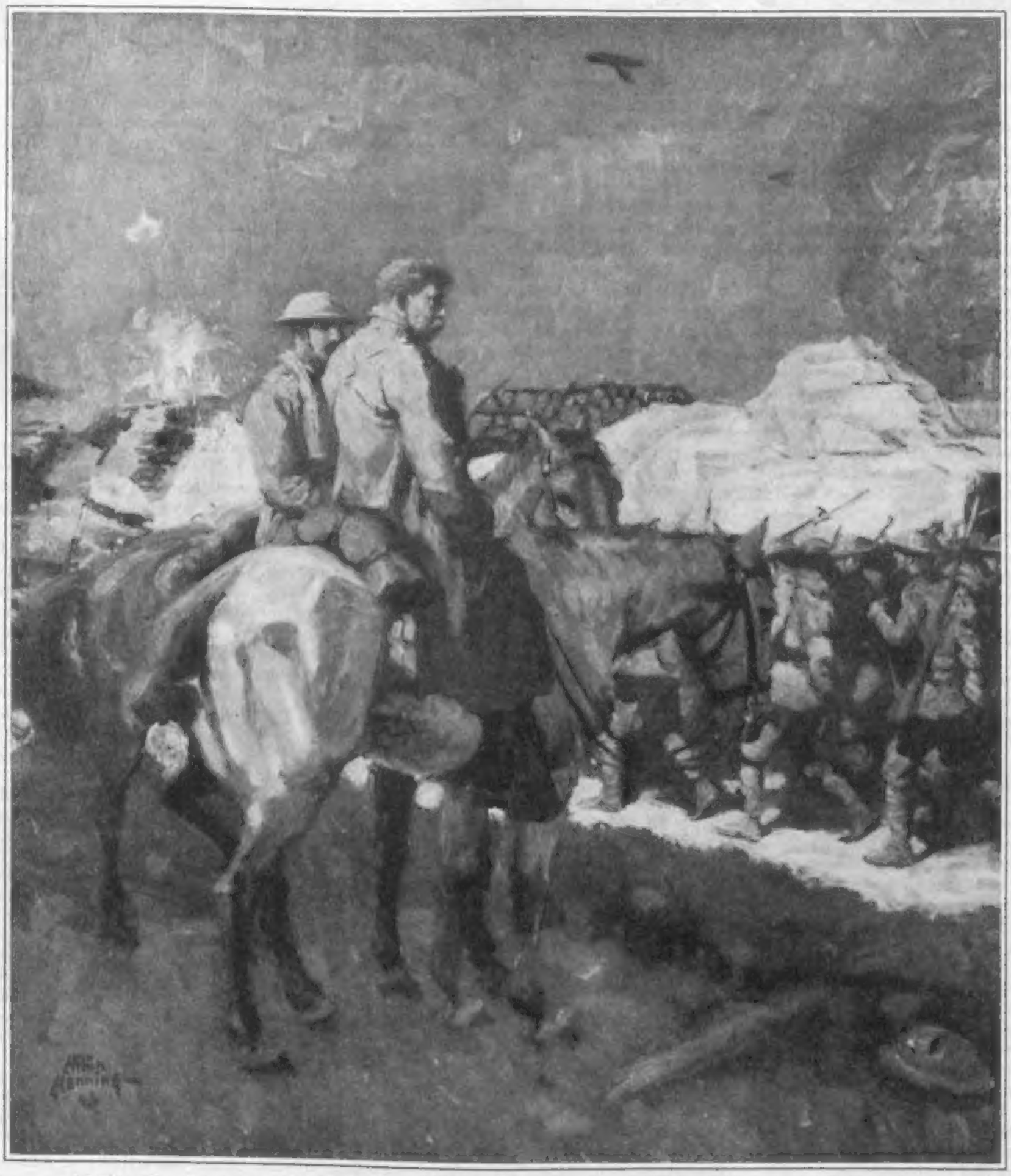
"Side arms?" The general cleared his throat. "Who told you to put on side arms?"

Yes, he had put the general in his place. Billy's face had the innocent triumph of youth and something more, that indefinable expression that made the general know what Billy thought.

"The general," he replied, "told me to report at three with side arms."

Right on the hip—that was where Billy had him. The general pushed back his

(Continued on Page 170)

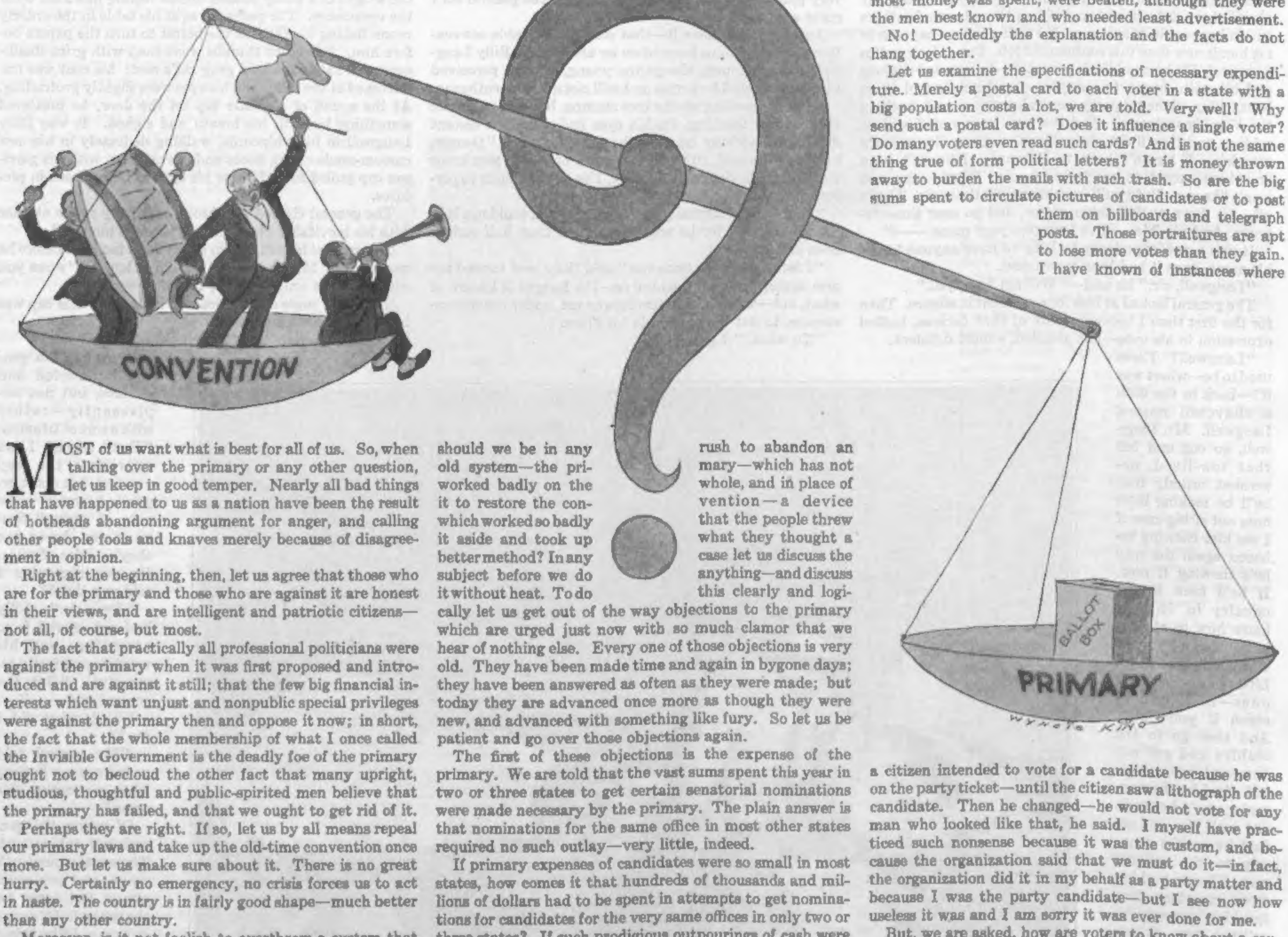


It Was Like the General to Throw His Tin Helmet Away. "If They Get Me They Get Me," He Said. "What's the Use of All This Funny Business?"

OF, BY AND FOR THE PEOPLE—YES OR NO?

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING



MOST of us want what is best for all of us. So, when talking over the primary or any other question, let us keep in good temper. Nearly all bad things that have happened to us as a nation have been the result of hotheads abandoning argument for anger, and calling other people fools and knaves merely because of disagreement in opinion.

Right at the beginning, then, let us agree that those who are for the primary and those who are against it are honest in their views, and are intelligent and patriotic citizens—not all, of course, but most.

The fact that practically all professional politicians were against the primary when it was first proposed and introduced and are against it still; that the few big financial interests which want unjust and nonpublic special privileges were against the primary then and oppose it now; in short, the fact that the whole membership of what I once called the Invisible Government is the deadly foe of the primary ought not to becloud the other fact that many upright, studious, thoughtful and public-spirited men believe that the primary has failed, and that we ought to get rid of it.

Perhaps they are right. If so, let us by all means repeal our primary laws and take up the old-time convention once more. But let us make sure about it. There is no great hurry. Certainly no emergency, no crisis forces us to act in haste. The country is in fairly good shape—much better than any other country.

Moreover, is it not foolish to overthrow a system that took a long time to grow, that grew slowly, and grew in spite of incessant and powerful opposition exerted from the moment the seed first sprouted? For, as will be shown in my next article, the primary came more gradually than any other development of American institutions.

Objections to the Primary System

THE convention, for instance, was adopted generally in a very short time after Jackson forced it on the Democratic Party; whereas it took a half century for the primary to make its way, because resistance to it was so stern and strong. That opposition to the primary came from those who used the convention for particular purposes, and not from the fine type of men who now join those natural foes of the primary.

As we go along in our friendly talk about the primary we must have in mind the fact that such a thing as a party convention never was heard of for more than forty years after our Government was established. Nearly a half century elapsed after our national Constitution was adopted before the party convention was concocted and came into common use. I shall deal with this fact in the article that follows this one, but we ought to make particular note of it now, because so many good people seem to think that we always have had the convention.

As a matter of historical fact the primary has now been in use longer than the convention was in use. So why should we be in any rush to abandon an old system—the primary—which has not worked badly on the whole, and in place of it to restore the convention—a device which worked so badly that the people threw it aside and took up what they thought a better method? In any case let us discuss the subject before we do anything—and discuss it without heat. To do this clearly and logically let us get out of the way objections to the primary which are urged just now with so much clamor that we hear of nothing else. Every one of those objections is very old. They have been made time and again in bygone days; they have been answered as often as they were made; but today they are advanced once more as though they were new, and advanced with something like fury. So let us be patient and go over those objections again.

The first of these objections is the expense of the primary. We are told that the vast sums spent this year in two or three states to get certain senatorial nominations were made necessary by the primary. The plain answer is that nominations for the same office in most other states required no such outlay—very little, indeed.

If primary expenses of candidates were so small in most states, how comes it that hundreds of thousands and millions of dollars had to be spent in attempts to get nominations for candidates for the very same offices in only two or three states? If such prodigious outpourings of cash were made necessary by the primary in those states why was not the same golden flood called forth by the primary in other states—nearly all other states?

Perhaps there is an answer to that question, but if so, I never have seen it or heard it or heard of it.

We are told, and told with specifications, that in the states where the prodigious outlays were made those immense sums simply had to be spent in order to educate the people, to inform voters of the issues and of the merits of candidates. But can it be that citizens of those states are so much more ignorant of public men and measures than the citizens of all other states where no such amounts were spent?

Have we not heard, for years, spokesmen for those very states boast of the intelligence, education, enterprise and public spirit of their people? Yet now we are assured that only the distribution of enormous wealth can arouse and inform those same people and get them to the polls, although such munificence was not at all necessary elsewhere in the country.

The explanation does not fit the facts. Worse still, the men who spent most, or for whom most money was distributed in those exceptional states, lost at the ballot box; and they were men long in public service and well known to the people. That raises another point which we shall look into pretty soon; but just here we are giving attention to the argument that the primary forces the prodigal use of monstrous sums to educate people; and we are confronted with the fact that the men who spent most money, or for whom most money was spent, were beaten, although they were the men best known and who needed least advertisement.

No! Decidedly the explanation and the facts do not hang together.

Let us examine the specifications of necessary expenditure. Merely a postal card to each voter in a state with a big population costs a lot, we are told. Very well! Why send such a postal card? Does it influence a single voter? Do many voters even read such cards? And is not the same thing true of form political letters? It is money thrown away to burden the mails with such trash. So are the big sums spent to circulate pictures of candidates or to post them on billboards and telegraph posts. Those portraitures are apt to lose more votes than they gain. I have known of instances where a citizen intended to vote for a candidate because he was on the party ticket—until the citizen saw a lithograph of the candidate. Then he changed—he would not vote for any man who looked like that, he said. I myself have practiced such nonsense because it was the custom, and because the organization said that we must do it—in fact, the organization did it in my behalf as a party matter and because I was the party candidate—but I see now how useless it was and I am sorry it was ever done for me.

But, we are asked, how are voters to know about a candidate if they are not told in some such fashion? The answer is simple: If a man who runs for an important office like senator or governor is not well known in his state, he ought not to be a candidate for such an office.

The Best Kind of Publicity

BY HIS speeches, by his efforts for the public good and by his substantial and legitimate works, he ought to have made his name known—and favorably known—to most people before he asks them to put him in his high office. Still better—and the usual American way—he should have worked up through the ordinary degrees of the public service, ever widening his acquaintance, reputation and influence, until the public is informed not only of his name but of his character and career.

Thus he will have made his own advertisement through many years of hard work; and he will need no post cards, circular letters, lithographs and billboards to tell the people who he is and that he is running for senator or governor in his party's primary.

Moreover, the press gives that information as a matter of news, and gives it over and over again. We are told that advertisements in the newspapers cost a great deal. But what good does that do? Was any man or woman who reads this article ever induced to vote for a candidate by reading such advertisements? Do many of us even read them? And, if and when we do read them, do we not

do so with a contemptuous smile? Do we not realize that the candidate is merely boosting himself? So where is the necessity for spending that money? At least for the purpose of winning the support of those who read such paid-for self-laudations.

What next then? What other expenses does the primary compel? That of organization is the answer. What organization? Men and women who have to have their palms crossed before they will do the work incident to elections are not worth their pay. The number of voters they get to the polls for their employer is more than offset by those whom such practices disgust, and who, therefore, vote the other way. I have known of even a legitimate regular organization being beaten, and badly beaten, by alert, albeit humble, citizens working for the other candidate, and working without pay, purely as a matter of public duty; and that, too, when the two opposing candidates, personally, were worthy men. If that happens to a regular and necessary organization how much surer it is to happen to a set of paid workers.

Back to the Soap Box

BUT concede that such paid and private organization is desirable—that the cost of it is not great, provided it does only what it is presumably hired to do, ought to do and earns the money. But why should men and women be paid by the day much more than they can get for any kind of private labor or service, just to attend the polls as watchers or talkers for a particular candidate? That may be all right, but it may be all wrong too. A child can see that under such a guise votes can be bought. Who will contend that the expenditure of money for such practices is made necessary by the primary?

"But halls for meetings must be rented, bands hired and the usual campaign paraphernalia bought. Think of the cost of that!" exclaims the advocate of the necessity of spending a great deal of money under the primary. Why should all that, or any of it, be paid by the candidate or by his central organization? If, in any town or community, he, or the cause he champions, has not enough friends to get a hall for him to speak in and to advertise the meeting, he ought not to run, generally speaking

Or if he has a real message and the public needs to be aroused, and nobody will furnish a hall or circulate the good news, let him speak on a street corner or in a lot. Indeed, I have known some of the very best of political meetings to be held in just such places and in just such a way; so has every man who has done much campaigning. And such meetings were in regular party campaigns, too—not in the least radical harangues to dangerous assemblages; quite the opposite, in fact.

The upshot is that all but a fraction of 1 per cent of the great sums spent in certain primary elections was not only not necessary, not only unproductive of votes, but actually evil—potentially evil, to say the very best for it. And the primary does not require the expenditure of a dollar of it. Indeed, the primary does not compel the expenditure of any money at all. The candidate can spend as much or as little as he likes. This is shown by the sworn returns of candidates for important offices in all the states—in most cases little money is spent.

I myself have had experience in that regard. I have gone through a primary campaign lasting many weeks in a state of more than three million people—a campaign with organization, committees, speakers, literature and the usual stage properties for such performances. Yet the total expense for everything was comparatively trifling. The official records show that many other men have done the same thing for even smaller sums; some did not spend anything at all.

What, then, becomes of the argument that the primary bars poor men and opens the door to public office to the rich man only? And how does it happen that every rich man who wants office for himself or wants to control politics—how does it happen that every such rich man is against the primary? One would think rich men with ambitions for political preferment or desire for political domination would be for the primary if they could thereby best gain their ends. Why, then, are they against the primary?—and against it to a man? If the primary favors the man of wealth, why does not the man of wealth favor the primary?

Such men are not fools; on the contrary, they usually are men of more than ordinary ability. Usually they are distinguished for their shrewdness and common sense. Why, then, should they be against the primary, if the primary enables them to rid themselves of competitors who are poor financially, and helps the politically ambitious rich to get what they want with greater ease? This question cannot be pressed too strongly or asked in too many forms.

The obvious answer, and the true answer, is that the primary does not close the door to the poor man and open it only to the rich man. The primary does not help the rich man to get what he wants with less outlay of cash, or the nonpublic corporation either—a point to be kept in mind.

On the contrary the primary costs the rich man or corporation that wants to elect himself or an agent to office, or wants to control the machine, a great deal more than the convention used to cost that rich man or corporation—a great deal more than the convention would cost that rich man or corporation now, if they could get the convention back again. They got more for their money, got it with less trouble, and got it with little or no risk of exposure through the convention than they can now get the same thing through the primary. Moreover, what they now get at great expense through the primary, they get with serious risk of exposure before them all the time.

There is your answer to the question why such men and interests are against the primary and for the convention. Doubtless they convince themselves that they are public spirited and patriotic in trying to destroy the primary and restore the convention. But that does not alter the fact that the primary costs them more and is harder for them to manage than the convention. Men usually feel that they are patriotic when they get what they want.

All this applies to professional politicians as much as it applies to rich men or corporations who pay and control them. By professional politicians I mean those who make their living out of politics—those who give all their time to political scheming, fixing, manipulation and deals, just as most people give all their time and strength to their stores, farms, housekeeping or other jobs. We must not forget that there are men—and now that women have the vote, some women, too, alas!—who do nothing but attend to party organization and other party work of a peculiar kind, work that does not in the least promote any public good. Such persons are called professional politicians for short. They have their uses, but they have their vices too.

In the next article we shall see just how the convention was cheaper and easier to handle than the primary is, but in this article we are dealing with objections to the primary which are now being made with most force and noise.

However, it is well to bear in mind as we go along that a great deal of money was spent by rich men and corporations to control conventions, and by means of them, to control parties; but it was spent quite secretly through trusted agents or bosses. We must not get the idea that the old-time party convention was a Sunday school, nor yet an innocent assemblage of wise men in solemn and deliberate council solely to advance the public interest. Also we must be thinking of how delegates to conventions were chosen, the effort and cash required to get the right men, and what was done to them after they reached the city where the convention was held. Moreover, there was practically no risk of exposure for money spent under the convention, compared to the risk for such outlays under the primary.

An Argument for Autocracy

THE next item of the costliness of the primary which is paraded before us is the expense of it to the public. We are told that it is a burden on the taxpayer—the cost of printing and distributing tickets, holding the primary election, and the like. But the same objection holds as to the final election—to all elections. Indeed, the same objection can be made and has been made hundreds of times to free government itself.

One of the stock arguments for autocracy was that it was more efficient and cost less than democracy—no elections, fewer officials, and officials picked and trained, direct and prompt action, and so on. It was true, too, if the monarch and ruling class were honest and on their jobs. But at best it was not a government of, by and for the people—and that is what we want, is it not? Would any American prefer a monarchy to our republic just because the monarchy would be less expensive?

Has any taxpayer declared against the primary because the public expense

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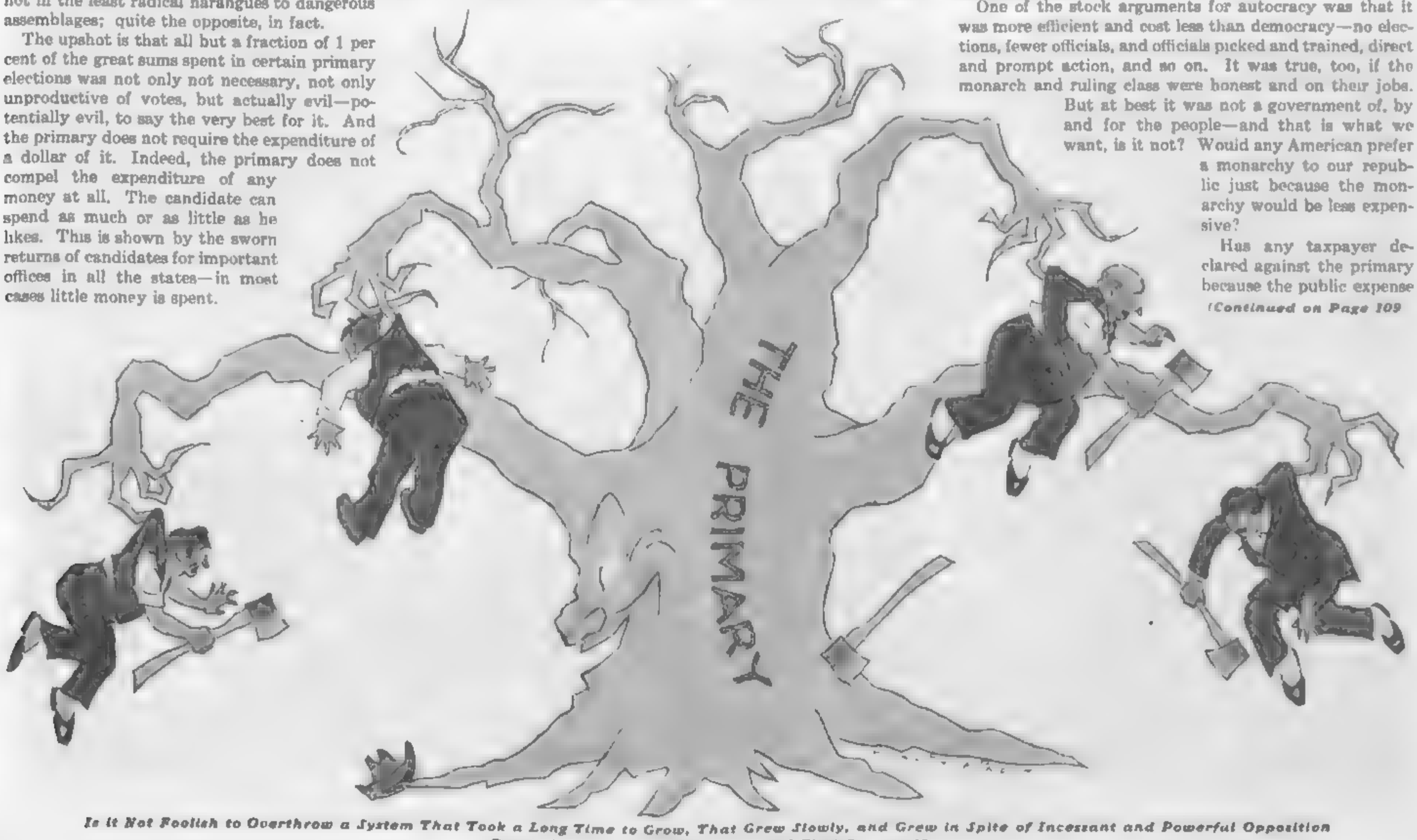
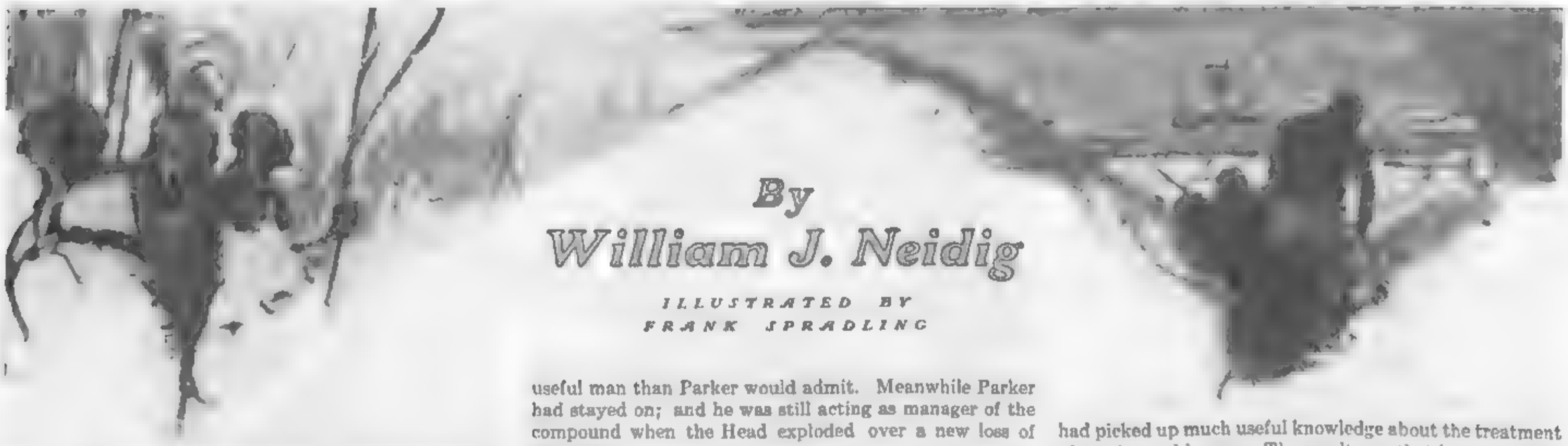


Is It Not Foolish to Overthrow a System That Took a Long Time to Grow, That Grew Slowly, and Grew in Spite of Incessant and Powerful Opposition Exerted From the Moment the Seed First Sprouted?

THE DAGGA SMOKERS



By
William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK SPRADLING

DIAMONDS are diamonds: the veldt is the veldt, a thief is a thief. Clever is clever enough; too clever is stupid. Why heat boiling water? It will never become hot.

Donovan grinned at the thought in his mind, then went on to tell us this story of his early life in South Africa. For he had been born in Kimberley, at the heart of the diamond fields, and had cut his teeth upon diamonds, yet because of a clever man and a thief had very nearly missed knowing anything at all about them.

Thieves still flourish; perhaps they always will. In the early days of diamond mining the loss by theft ran to 50 per cent or more. Today the diamond world is more honest. In the early days the miners for the most part were natives. A poor Basuto with hardly a rag to his back could slip a pebble into his mouth and walk away the richest man of his tribe. The Basuto is still employed, but today the pebble does not go into his mouth.

Honest men of course do not steal; it is the dishonest against whom protection has to be sought. These may often be kept honest through penalties, or the property in danger may be locked away from them in a vault, or the men tempted may be asked to live behind locked doors. In South Africa the latter is the protection that has most deeply affected the diamond industry.

The South African compound is a walled village for the housing and care of native workmen. It contains dormitories, kitchens, stores, hospitals, a swimming pool and places of amusement, all electrically lighted, and is connected directly with the mine, so that a workman during his term of employment need have no intercourse with the outside world. Since he cannot get out to sell what he has stolen and the buyer of stolen goods cannot get in, he remains honest even though a thief.

At the time of this story the De Graaf compound, built to house the natives employed in the De Graaf mine, covered nearly five acres and sheltered thirty-five hundred men. It was inclosed by a ten-foot wall of corrugated iron. In order that diamonds might not be smuggled into the compound from the mine and tossed over this wall, the inclosure was covered, as by a roof, by fine-meshed wire netting. Sentries stationed in a tower stood guard over the whole.

As De Graaf paid good wages and life in the compound was pleasant, natives were attracted from a great distance. To enter the service a man had to be physically fit, and he had to agree to remain within mine and compound for three months. If accepted, a band carrying his number was clasped about his wrist. His assignment to quarters followed. South African natives like to live in groups by tribes. At the end of the three months he was searched for concealed diamonds, then transferred to a ward apart, where he was held for five days under scrutiny. Articles of dress like shoes, the heels and soles of which might conceal diamonds, had to be left behind.

It was in this De Graaf compound that young Donovan had obtained a position as an assistant. He had been given the place by a man named Allen, since shifted; old Parker, upon his succession, had found him at work. "Too young for the job," he had grunted in open disapproval. Parker's transfer was known to be temporary, and for the moment he did not shake the boy out of the tree. Donovan could speak most of the South African Bantu dialects, besides a little Swahili, the mongrel Bantu-Arabic used by the East Coast traders. He looked older than his years. The natives trusted him. He was therefore a more useful man than Parker would admit. Meanwhile Parker had stayed on; and he was still acting as manager of the compound when the Head exploded over a new loss of diamonds.

The storm broke out of clear air, and it broke upon Parker. Its inciting cause was an ordinary Kimberley policeman, who had stopped a Boer peddler in Du Toits Pan Road because he looked overstocked with hard soap. Questions were asked, and in reply prices quoted that were too high to fit the market. The man was thereupon taken to the station, where a test of the soap was made with heated needles.

Had the find been a small one that would have ended the incident. The diamonds were unregistered, and under the Diamond Trading Act subject to confiscation unless their ownership could be proved. That they had been stolen no one doubted, and they must have been stolen from the company, and therefore from the mines, for no private ground in the region was being worked. But nobody can identify diamonds he has never seen, and the stones went to the government.

"Nearly a quarter of a pound of picked stones, Parker!"

"They never got out through the compound," said Parker.

"They came from the mine. How else?"

"Not possibly," persisted Parker. "I don't know how else, but you couldn't get a grain of sand past the compound without a ticket."

"If I find that they did ——" began the Head darkly, then left the sentence unfinished.

"You'll shift me back, of course."

"Oh, no. I'll merely skin you alive!"

Three weeks passed, then a fourth. Parker made new rules, enforced old ones, tightened up inspection. Upon discharging a group of Basutos he almost tore their clothing apart in the search for contraband. One tangled poll he insisted upon having combed anew in his presence before permitting its owner to leave. Donovan had to wield the comb.

That same evening came a call, delivered by a dust-bitten horseman, asking for Parker's instant presence at the bedside of his sister, two hours' ride to the southeast. The summons was imperative. He left the compound in charge of Doctor Graves, the company physician.

Had he taken the time to notify Donovan he would have found him on the floor of the compound, listening to laughter and song. Had he taken the trouble to observe those nearest that young man he would have noticed black glances directed at him, although only from a harmless Chinaman named Feng—not from any of the native blacks.

Donovan had been watching the scene since dinner, as was his custom. Tribal traits had already begun to appear. Some groups remained squatted about the remnants of their supper, chattering like schoolgirls. Others sought the central plunge for a swim. A group of Machopis danced vigorously to the music of *imbilas*, a group of Amashanguans to that of their own melodious chanting. Farther on squatted a group of Basutos, blowing their little bone whistles furiously to the accompaniment of drum taps. The Basutos were not a musical folk; their piping was harsh and discordant. Other groups here and there had gathered about some accidental attraction, such as a game of *mungala*, or the spectacle of a big Zulu cooking titbits for a trio of lazy Bechuanas.

One such group had gathered about Feng. The years had dug countless coulees across Feng's yellow cheeks, until they looked like sun-cracked clay, but his bright eyes peered out over half lenses with a piercing keenness that still won him clients. When he was needed he served as a hospital orderly. As he was intelligent and inquisitive, he had picked up much useful knowledge about the treatment of sprains and bruises. The result was that he was able to treat many of the minor hurts of the compound. This lay practice was not only known to Parker, but was encouraged by him. Feng could heal a burned finger without taking its owner from work. He became so useful that he was supplied with the simpler drugs.

But the man had a black heart. His bright Shansi eyes knew evil. His cracked features were seamed with ravines never dug by time. He practiced the art of healing, but along with it he practiced older arts not so admirable. As Donovan approached the chaffing group about him, Feng was engaged in tattooing the polished black shoulder and upper arm of a Basuto boy with decorations reminiscent of the Ming dynasty.

"He pulls back like a woman!"

"See the baby wince!"

The taunting remarks, made in his own speech, were mere pleasantries, and were so understood. The Basuto boy was not pulling back, but sat grinning under the pain, as stolid as a bronze idol. Already the spectators had awarded him their praise. Some of them had even arranged with Feng to be likewise decorated at his earliest free moment, not so much because they wished to be beautified as because they wished to exhibit their fortitude.

Feng was well aware of Donovan's presence, but he gave him no further black glances. Donovan walked on, but later his wanderings again brought him to the group watching the Chinaman at work. By this time Feng had undertaken to decorate a Bechuana boy with his tribal device, using as tools a knife followed by a red-hot needle, so as to produce the beautiful bold welts desired. The pain must have been great, but again the patient endured it without flinching. When the ordeal was over Feng anointed the wound with unguents and sent the black on his way.

It was as Donovan stood on the edge of the crowd that the Chinaman gave him his open attention.

"Whatta want?" asked Feng in the English he affected. "Tattoo pletty lady on arm?"

He already knew what Donovan wanted, or thought he did. He also knew Parker's opinion of the boy, and knew that he was not speaking to one likely to make him trouble.

"Want to see if you do good work," said Donovan.

"Allight. Look pletty close, mebbe see."

"What you do?"

"Make-um boy pletty," replied Feng, uncertain whether to add insolence to his tone, but deciding against it. "Me stop?"

"Needn't do that, Feng. But see that he isn't laid up."

"Me fix-um fine."

Feng went back to his work with a pained half shrug of the shoulders. Donovan remained where he stood. He was still watching the Chinaman's deft hands when Graves sent for him.

"Donovan," began the physician, "I'm called to an accident at Du Toits Pan. Parker's away—his sister isn't expected to live. That puts it up to you. I may get back tonight and I may not. Nothing will happen—only the routine of curfew and keeping order. You're in charge. I'm telling the guards. Keep the ship on her course till morning"

"I'll camp in the office," said Donovan.

Had Donovan received the two messages, first Parker's, then the one calling for Graves, he must have been impressed by the coincidence of a third. The request this time was not for an officer of the compound, but for a Basuto workman. The messenger, indeed, was one of the Basutos discharged earlier in the day. Donovan knew him

by name. The man asked for was a Basuto named Jim Mwana, known to the company as No. 413, whose term of service had still a month to run.

"Jim's father very sick. Wants to see boy before he die. Come quick right off."

"Where does he live?" asked Donovan.

The messenger gave the name of the village and the distance, then repeated his request.

Donovan did not know Parker's practice, but Allen, his predecessor, had permitted two splay-footed Damaras of quarrelsome repute to leave at a sick call, and a company rule permitted the courtesy. After asking a few sharp questions he sent for Jim Mwana, searched him on the spot, extracted a promise to return, and gave him over to the messenger. Then he wrote a report of his action for Parker and went to sleep.

Graves returned toward midnight, tired and angry. Du Toits Pan mine had had no accident and knew nothing of his call. He clumped direct to his room with scarcely a word to Donovan. Parker remained away until morning. He, too, was furious at being sent upon an errand of no moment, for he learned upon arriving at his sister's place that she had not been ill. He could not clump off to his bedroom, but he did thrash around in the compound, now nearly deserted, asking questions. It was Feng who told him of the call for No. 413. Graves had not reported it. Parker rushed at once to the office, to vent his ill temper upon Donovan, whom he accused of playing stupidly into the hands of a band of thieves.

"But I searched the Basuto myself," protested the assistant.

"Did you search his stomach? How do you know how many diamonds he had swallowed? Probably half a pound. All he could hold."

"They'd kill him," said Donovan.

"They took him away and shook them out of him within ten minutes," replied Parker.

"I don't believe it."

"If that wasn't their object, why did they send for me? Why did they send for Graves?"

"I don't know," said Donovan.

"I don't know either. You tell me you searched him. You couldn't wait for morning, but had to search him instantly. You may be involved yourself."

"Mr. Parker, please!"

"Anyhow this company can't afford to have a blunderhead like you on its pay list. Get your things together. You're fired."

"You're the man who blundered," Donovan had the audacity to retort. "You're manager. You're in charge, yet you let the compound run itself because a stranger asked you to. You never saw your man before. I know the messenger who came for Jim Mwana."

"Who was he?" asked Parker quickly.

"I'm fired. Find out for yourself." He added from the door: "I'm fighting back. You couldn't fire a sink cleaner on those grounds, and you know it."

He did, in fact, such was his feeling of injustice, carry his cause to the Head. But the Head had seen men come and go. He admitted the injustice, but his interest in Donovan's story did not lie there, but in the account of what had happened the night before. Who had called away first Parker and then Graves? What had been their object?

But to Donovan he said, "I can't go behind Parker, son. I placed him in charge. We have to stand behind our men."

"I was in charge last night. Parker went behind me."

"There's something in that, but Parker had in mind the smuggling out of diamonds. That black of yours was probably a mere package. You couldn't know."

"But I did know. I knew the man and I knew the messenger who came for him. Even if I hadn't known the men, the company lets natives leave in cases of urgency."

The Head seized upon the unimportant part of the statement. He did not know Donovan, had not shown any great interest in his grievance. The accidental reference gained his attention.

"You knew the messenger personally?"

"Yes, sir. The Basuto who left with him lives in the same village. The messenger is honest, I know, and I think Jim Mwana is too. Jim didn't know he was going to be called out until he reached the office, and not then until I had searched him. Why should he have swallowed diamonds before he knew? How could he have swallowed them afterward? He hadn't any to swallow."

Again the Head seized upon the unimportant part of the statement, and again with an increase of interest.

"You know where you can find these Basutos. You believe they acted in good faith. Why then were Parker and Graves called away in bad faith?"

"I don't know," said Donovan.

"There would seem to be a connection. Doesn't it seem so to you?"

"It seems odd; yes, sir."

The Head sat thinking for a little while. Now and then he glanced at the boy facing him. Suddenly he asked, "What's your name, son?" and when Donovan told him, inquired if he was related to Mike Donovan, a foreman in the mine.

"He's my father," was the reply.

"Is he so? I can see now that you're Irish."

"And proud of it too."

Again the older man's thoughts took an unexpected turn, and again the turn marked an increase of interest; but this time the increase of interest was so great that the man behind them seemed another person.

"You've been working for Parker during the day. How have you spent your evenings?"

"Mostly I've spent them in nosing about the compound."

"I thought so. Tell me this also. Why are you so keen on holding this job under Parker?"

"I want to keep my record clear. I'm headed for the sorting room, and I'll never make it with a blot like this against me."

"Suppose I give you a chance to clear your record?"

"Try me," said Donovan.

"Can you ride?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to find out who it was called Parker and Graves from the compound last night. You might begin by following your two Basutos. You say you know their village. Can you find it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do so, and report what you see. I'll give you an order for a horse and supplies. Don't breathe your errand. Just keep your eyes open for anything that bears."

"On the stealing of diamonds?" asked Donovan.

The Head burst into a delighted chuckle. "Just so. On the stealing of diamonds. Our diamonds."

Donovan grinned. "Give me the order, chief. I'm off."

II

ON THE way back to the compound Donovan turned over in his mind what had happened. Why had Parker been sent on his useless journey? Why had Graves? To get these men out of the way, so that Jim Mwana could leave the compound?

"But that doesn't make sense," he thought. "Parker would have let the boy go, or Graves either. That isn't the reason. The things are connected somehow, but not that way. That must be what the chief meant when he asked me those questions. All right. How else could they be connected?"

Obviously one possibility was that the man who sent for Parker already knew that the later message was on its way and merely made use of it. But why? What was his object?

"He wished to make something happen," he thought. "All right. Probably he succeeded. Suppose we find out what. What has happened since Jim left that wouldn't have happened if Parker, instead of me, had let him go?"

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Feng Was Well Aware of Donovan's Presence, But He Gave Him No Further Black Glances

IF WE HAVE EACH OTHER

"What Do You Do," He Had Asked, Less Than an Hour After He Had Met Her, "the Rest of the Year?"

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

DR. A. C DALE'S patients would scarcely have recognized Arlene dressing for her lover. Most of Doctor Dale's patients did not know what the "A" in her name stood for, and those who happened to—even those who happened also to have noticed that she was young and rather lovely to look at—seldom thought of her in the commonplace feminine terms of frocks and lovers. To mothers with sick babies she was strength and wisdom incarnate; she was the harbor light in a storm, not a young woman in a tan tailor-made. She came in answer to their need, driving her mud-splashed little coupé, and, trouble over, she disappeared into the coupé and drove away, usually followed by as little personal interest or conjecture as the cuckoo going back into its clock.

But there were two weeks of every summer when worried mothers calling the familiar telephone number were greeted with: "Doctor Dale is out of town. She won't be back till the tenth. If it's anything important, call Doctor Luckton."

And while the bereft mothers aggrievedly called Doctor Luckton or anxiously counted the days till the tenth, Doctor Dale was not only out of Midtown—she was out of existence. Sometimes visiting, sometimes traveling, sometimes at a gay summer hotel; but always, whatever she was doing, for two weeks out of every year she was Arlene Dale. She left her well-tailored tan suits and small trim felt hats in her apartment closet and bought for these two weeks sports clothes, young and careless as April breezes; evening frocks, low of neck and short of skirt, audacious. She rolled her stockings and marceled her hair, she danced and flirted, she swam and played tennis; she used a lipstick, not because she needed one but to make up for the other fifty weeks of the year when she had to look professional and scarcely dared powder her nose.

She succeeded pretty well in leaving the successful young doctor behind when she went vacationing. By the simple expedient of dropping off the telltale M.D. after her name, she protected herself from fellow physicians eager for shop talk, from hovering mothers waiting breathlessly to turn the conversation to Baby's formula or Junior's adenoids. She did not succeed, naturally, in appearing just one more cocksure, callow little flapper. Not so much because she was getting, each year, close and closer to thirty—many a girl as small and slim and short-haired, as lithe and fresh-skinned, flaps successfully on almost into her forties—but one isn't the kind of person who has ever outgeneraled death without bearing some subtle signs that can't be painted out with a lipstick.

Subtle signs, however, are for the discerning to read, and not all vacationists are discerning. Such obvious matters as a sweet ready laugh and the looking well in a one-piece bathing suit are so much easier to notice. Dowagers, crowded plumply into their girlish little sports dresses, size forty-six, would speculate acidly on what that Miss Dale must have paid for her yellow silk sweater suit; conscientious young mothers wouldn't have trusted her to hold their babies while they went upstairs after a dose of milk of magnesia. Young men would take her canoeing and then worry the next day for fear she might have taken what they had said as seriously as they had, at the time, meant her to, and be even now planning her future life on the hopes that they had, too impulsively, held out to her in the moonlight.

They would have been truly shocked, these handsome, athletic, ambitious young men, at the idea that an attractive girl might look upon love-making pretty much as they did themselves—with the same unwilling, fascinated interest, but the same shrewd and cautious fear of entangling alliances.

The truth of the matter is that two or three years before she met Keith Reynolds, Arlene had definitely made up her mind that she wasn't going to marry anybody, ever. This was not one of those pretended, provocative threats, so often quoted by young women to spur on young men. It was an honest decision which had been arrived at, not without a good deal of inner conflict and some pain.

Two young men in particular had helped in the making of it. The first one had been a romantic Southerner, handsome, fiery. He had met Arlene her first year in the hospital. She had been only an interne then, but she had also been only twenty-four and heartbreakingly in earnest. She had not had time to grow even the thinnest of protective shells. When a young wife would cling, frantic, terror-stricken, to her husband's hand and shrill above the clang of the ambulance bell, "Oh, don't let him die, doctor! Johnny darling, don't go away from me! Don't let him die!" there had been nothing to save Arlene from the rack of her own poignant sense of responsibility. She had not learned to accept the fact that there are times when no doctor is the supreme arbiter.

That first year in the hospital had been cruelly hard on her. While the older doctors went on dealing calmly in life and death with such wisdom as they had and eating three square meals a day, Arlene, steady-handed enough in her hours of duty, would meet Arthur afterward, white-lipped and shaken.

Of course, he had wanted to take her out of it all. His traditions of lovely leisured ladyhood, his passion, his protectiveness, were all enlisted. She was so little and young and delicately made. Each week she grew thinner, her dark-blue eyes seemed larger and her black hair cut a sharper line against a whiter cheek. Arthur fought to save her from the medical profession as an ancient knight might have tilted with a dragon for a captive princess.

He had never really had a chance, though neither he nor Arlene herself, for that matter, knew it. It was a frightful sultry summer and there was an epidemic among the babies down in the Italian district. Small wonder that there were times when Arthur and the life he was holding out to her—home lights and love and gracious peace, happy, healthy babies of her own—seemed worth the giving up of a dream of a lifetime for. But these times did not last and the dream did. There was one last night of torturing indecision before Arlene made up her mind that she couldn't let Arthur save her—after which she rose to deliver an unexpected little Polack at five A.M. Arthur went back South and eventually married a debutante from Louisville, Kentucky.

It was two years before the second man. He was an ambitious, successful business man in Midtown, and he had no desire to save Arlene from medicine. He had lived in New York and played about a bit with some of its young professional women. He prided himself on being tolerant and progressive, declared that the purely domestic women bored him. He quite liked the idea of Arlene's being Doctor Dale.

It took Arlene nearly a year to learn that what James really wanted—though, to do him justice, he didn't know this himself—was to have his cake and eat it too. He was honestly proud of her professional success, of the fact that she was beginning to establish herself as a baby specialist in Midtown's highly competitive field. He was gleeful over the occasional caustic jealousy of some of the older doctors, scornfully amused at the common suspicion that a woman cannot be young and pretty and still have brains. But underneath all this surface broad-mindedness, he had a picture of a wife which was quite as definite as Arthur's had been. And he must have fooled himself into believing that being a successful doctor could be a woman's hobby, like collecting Colonial glass or taking singing lessons.

When he came back from a successful business trip, he was secretly a little hurt if Arlene couldn't be at the station to meet him. When he took her to the theater, he was resentful if she was called away in the middle of the second act. When he had turned a successful deal and was ready for play and relaxation, he could not reason away a sense of grievance if Arlene was not free and ready to help him celebrate. It seemed an almost personal affront the way an acetone baby could take the play all out of her.

When he took her to a dance at the Midtown Country Club, he had to get used to her slipping out to pay a necessary ten o'clock call; but he had never become reconciled to her making her absence twice as long as seemed necessary by stopping to get in and out of her business clothes just for the visit.

"Why, Jim," she would plead, "I'm going to see a desperate young mother who's afraid her baby is going to die. I can't go to her looking like a society bud who's just slipped over between dances. Suppose her baby should die—she'd always feel that she might have saved it if she'd had a real doctor."

Oddly enough, the thing which finally showed them both that it simply wouldn't work was a mere trifle; nothing important like the evening when the president of James' firm had formally invited them to dine with him and his wife, and Arlene had been called away right after the soup and hadn't got back at all, thereby upsetting a table of bridge and the president's wife. They had weathered even the ensuing quarrel, when Arlene, her dark-blue eyes swimming with tears, had insisted that she had understood how important the engagement had been, that she knew how much the social side can be made to count in business, but that her business was important too. They had weathered this, though; what really showed them the hopelessness of their ever making a go of it together was the telephone on the dinner table.

The Midtown mothers had a way of calling up Arlene at dinnertime. They would just have got in from afternoon bridge and found that sister seemed feverish, or they would be going out for the evening and must know before they left whether they'd better have the maid burn the croup kettle again that night for baby. Or it might be the matron of the settlement house where Arlene conducted a free clinic one day a week—she hadn't liked to call Doctor Dale during office hours, but little Danny Malone was complaining of his ear again and you know what that is after mastoiditis.

It had saved ever so much time to have the telephone right on the dinner table. Arlene had sneaked many a life-restoring spoonful of hot soup while she listened to reports.

That telephone had been the last straw for James. He had liked dining once a week or so with Arlene in her apartment. Her living room had a fireplace and shaded lights and low easy-chairs. She had a middle-aged Norwegian working-housekeeper whose cooking was like a chef's, only homier. A thoroughly delightful place to be invited for dinner—all but the telephone. Sometimes there would be six and eight calls during the meal. It was a rare evening when there weren't at least two.

Arlene managed these as well as she possibly could, coming back from each businesslike interruption to a rapt interest in whatever James had been telling her, hiding from him the usually unappetizing details which came pouring over the wire. But it hadn't worked.

"Why do you have to have that damn thing right on the table?" James would demand. "It makes the place seem just like an office."

Arlene often thought of the telephone as that damn thing herself, but James' tone made her feel defensive, protective toward it. Still, womanlike, she always tried to placate him.

"It's so much easier than to have to get up and go into the other room. If you hate it, though, I'll have Helga put it over on the side table."

"Well, I can't see why they've all got to call you up at mealtime."

"I've been out all the afternoon," Arlene would explain, "and we're going to the theater right after dinner."

But placating didn't help and being reasonable didn't help, and one evening Arlene got mad. It had been the very evening when she should have been most tactful—James had lost a big contract that morning. But Arlene had lost a baby that afternoon, just because the mother had been a frivolous little fool who hadn't followed orders, and Arlene had simply been not up to tact. She had got mad and told James a few plain truths and he had retaliated by telling her a few, and though they were both sorry afterward that they had told them, there had been no going back on the fact that the truths were true.

After that, it had been so unmistakably plain that the thing wouldn't work that they were able to abandon the idea without any really lacerated feelings. James later married a girl who was taking a course in writing for the screen and had a more normal attitude toward her profession; and Arlene made up her mind that she wasn't going to marry anybody, ever. She knew now that she could never give up her work. And her chosen work was, perhaps, of all the kinds the one that could least well fit in with marriage.

So now she was dressing for her farewell to Keith Reynolds. It was unfortunate that it should be the evening of clinic day; this matter of handling some twenty or thirty babies in three hours does not leave one at one's freshest. But Keith was passing through Midtown on his way to an important conference in New York, which set the date arbitrarily. It had been raining all day, too—a slushy, half-snowy November rain.

Arlene tossed her damp wrinkled tan coat and skirt carelessly across the back of a chair. Helga would send them to the tailor's in the morning. Off with the comfortable low-heeled brown shoes, the tailored silk blouse, the plain felt hat. It was as though Arlene were peeling off Doctor Dale. The removal of the felt hat showed a fresh marcel. She had stopped on her way home from clinic and the girl in the little shop on the corner had done a hasty but very effective job. Arlene's hair lay close to her small head in satiny black waves.

A hasty bath, cold out of deference to the marcel. Cold cream and ice to smooth any possible tired lines out of her face. Silk stockings—you could read fine print through a dozen of 'em—satin slippers with cut-steel buckles and fragile three-inch heels. A velvet dinner dress, sleeveless, French and as blue as her eyes. The bulb of the Venetian-glass atomizer on her dressing table was a bit stiff—Arlene so seldom thought to use it—but it sent a spray of expensive sweetness over her soft white neck and her shining hair.

There was a fire laid in the living room and candles on the dining-room table. Candles and no telephone!

Choked with a plug of blotting paper, the telephone stood on the side table behind a tiny Chinese screen.

"Take the calls in the office, Helga," she had ordered, "and be sure to close the door after you. I'm out tonight. If they say it's very important, take the number and

(Continued on Page 84)

Work, Growth, Service—Surely These Could Not be Passing Vanities, Mere Tricky Words. And Yet They Tinkled Hollowly in Her Thought. A Man and a Woman Before a Fire—That Was Eternal Reality

MUSH! — By Courtney Ryley Cooper

A Dog Freight Outfit in Eastern Idaho in January

WE WERE dead tired, Jack Nankervis and myself, when we dropped from the Transcontinental into the semidarkness of the little mushroom town of Hudson, the jumping-off place for the new gold regions adjacent to Red Lake, set far in the network of waterways which sprinkle the map of Northwestern Ontario. Tired with the fatigue of men looking eagerly toward the softness of a real bed: ten days of muskeg, of dragging ourselves over the tangled deadfall of interminable stretches of burn-over, of literally sitting on the edge of the camp fire at night, that we might eat smoke rather than allow the mosquitoes to eat us; ten days of the soggy humidity of the swamp, the sun-blazed stretches of what once had been forests, but where now only the blackened skeletons of once-proud trees reared themselves in mocking memory of the shade they long ago had ceased to cast—these things had made us wall-eyed and weary—too weary in fact for us to trust our own early-rising capabilities. The Lac Seul packet left shortly after dawn upon the first leg of its long journey to Red Lake, and we must be on it. So with lagging booted feet we clumped into the unpainted, hastily constructed hotel and sought the one man in sight.

"You the night clerk, pardner?" asked Jack.

"Much as they is," said the combination chambermaid, hotel keeper and cook as he began breaking eggs for our belated meal. "I'm tellin' the world, though, I ain't goin' to burn no midnight oil tonight. Anybody that comes in can find his room. I been up since five o'clock."

Hark, Hark, the Bark

JACK rubbed a stubby chin. "But looks here, pardner," he asked, "how're we going to get up on time? We've got to catch that Red Lake boat."

"Ain't too used to dogs, are you?" asked the other man as he flipped an egg.

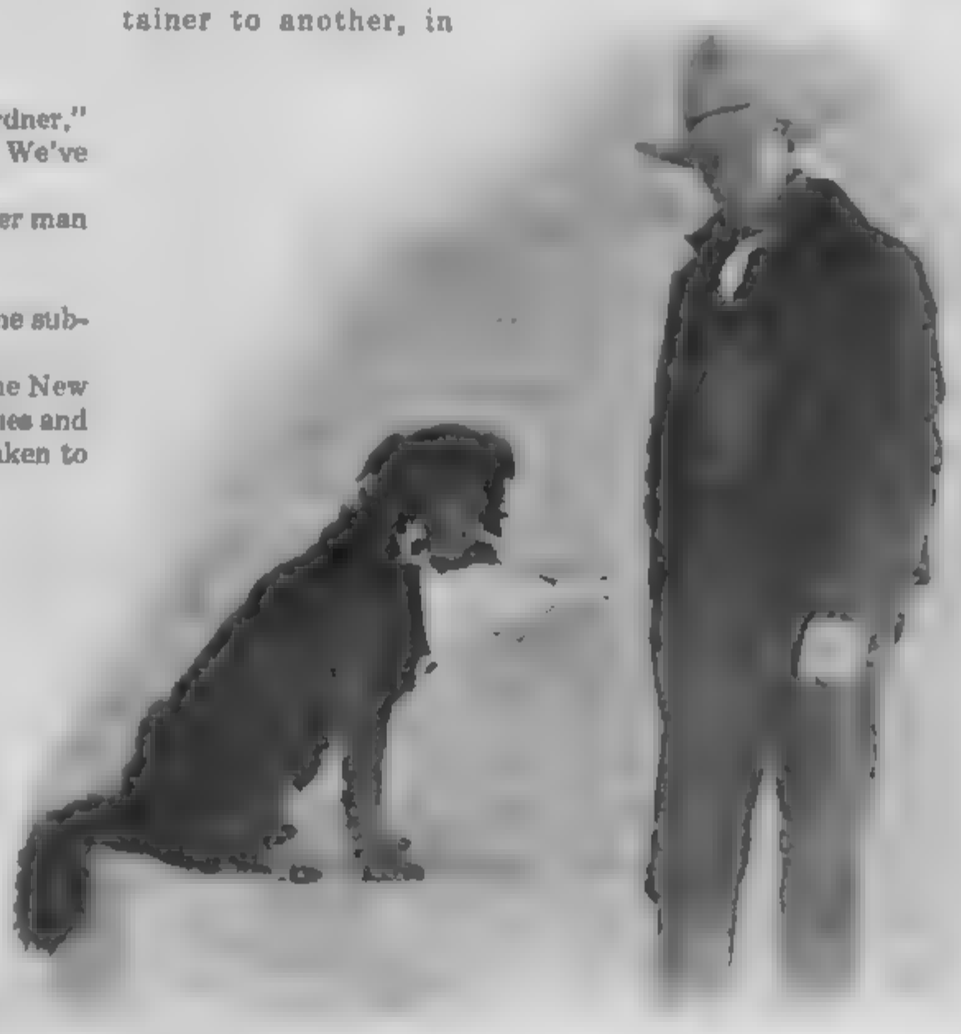
"No, I don't reckon we are."

"Then you'll get up." With that he dismissed the subject and we did likewise.

Jack and I had used the natural alarm clocks of the New North before. Given plenty of North Country huskies and we'd be up on time. For the person who can't awaken to the tuneful discord of a husky serenade which rises, weird and wailing, into the crispness of a North Canada dawn is either deaf or dead.

There's no sound in the world exactly like the howl of a husky. The coyote with his staccato high-pitched cry, the weird soprano of the wolf, the baying of a houn' dawg aiming his muzzle toward the moon—all these are distinct and describable sounds. But a husky has a finesse and range that compare with the other vocalizations as the work of a Metropolitan tenor would overshadow the yapping of Tin Pan Alley. He puts his heart, his soul and all four feet into his work; he rolls his eyes in an ecstasy of mourning that depicts the true artist of his nature; he titillates his throat like the jerk of a jig saw; he pulls in his breath, he fills his lungs until his chest bulges; and then when he raises his head to exactly the right angle, funnels his lips and lets it all out, believe me, it goes somewhere! One may sing of the nightingale, one may weave poesy to the whippoorwill, one may bark the lark, but there yet remains the genius who can accurately describe the outburst of a husky dog, once he gets his stance and lets fly his salutation to the dawn.

Especially is this true if the place be a true dog town of the North Country, where the necessity for a husky population is second only to that of the human personnel. There, indeed, one truly realizes the worth of group singing to keep a community up and doing. For if anyone stays in bed after the grand wa-hoo chorus starts, it's simply because he's too paralyzed, mentally and physically, to do anything else. From atop the hill; from the middle of the street; from the Indian village on the island, 100 yards out in the lake; from the porches, back yards, under the windows; from sheds, barns, shelters and what not—the shivering, lonely wail is shunted from one entertainer to another, in chords, sequences, fortissimos and crescendos, like a vocal battledore and shuttlecock, until the day is thoroughly and officially broken—in more ways than one.



Jud Kent and His Lead Dog, Bob, With the Hard-Won Ashton, Idaho, Trophy

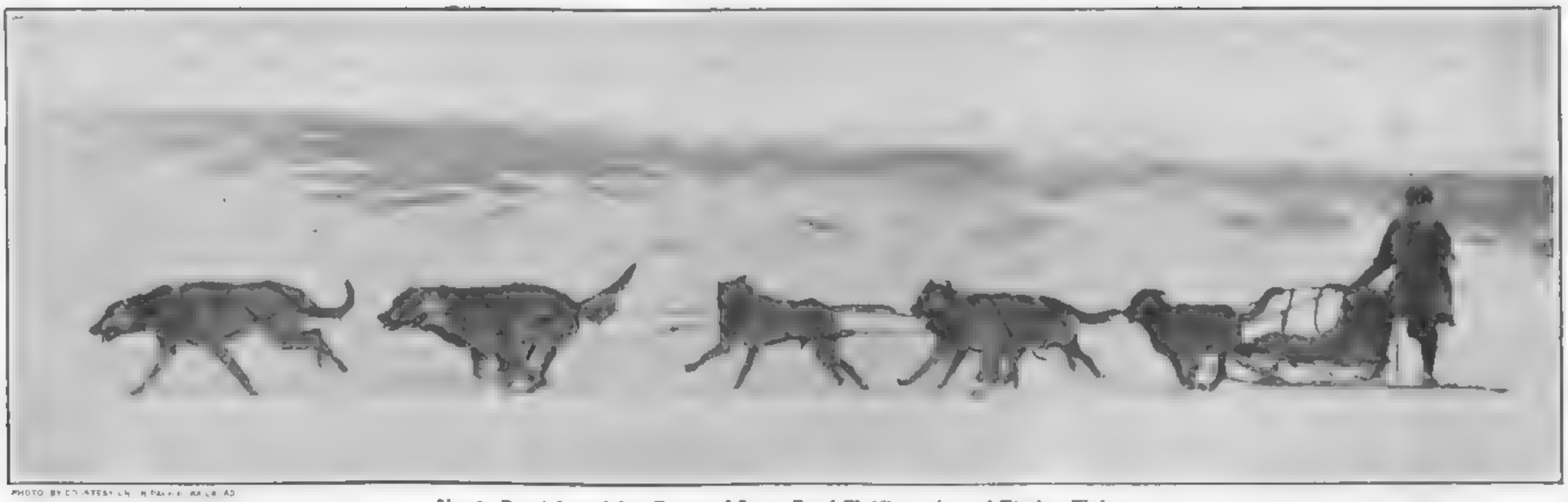
Yet no one seems to mind in the North Country. One reason is, of course, that sufficient inoculation by necessity breeds a certain resistance. The other and main reason is the fact that if the very backbone of a country cannot get along without howling, why, let him howl! Noise, after all, is of little consequence when the noise maker forms not only a faithful beast of burden but a means of connection with the outside world, a sturdy adjunct of pioneering, a method of law enforcement, a companion of the explorer going on in advance of civilization, an integral part of the history of a country, both in its primary exploitation and later development, a winter necessity when new gold calls from remote fastnesses of the bush, a thrill-making component of winter sports, and beyond all this a distinct and highly efficient instrument in the preservation of human life. The husky of the North does all these things and more.

How to Tell a Husky

INCIDENTALLY, the term "husky" covers about as wide a range as the field of his activities. Perhaps there may be dog experts who differentiate the husky into a highly particularized breed, with certain specifications which must be complied with before he can deserve the name; but such rules and regulations are not enforced by the average man, whose greatest need is the assurance that his dogs can make the grade when hundreds of miles of ice and snow and vicious wind lie between him and civilization.

And if those dogs, furry tails arched over their backs, abnormally strong chests straining against the breast straps, heads up, pointed ears alert, can snap into it at the command "Mush!" swinging into their typical trot that does not vary mile upon mile; if blizzards fail to stop them, drifts only slow their speed, forty below zero fails to affect them, and long hour after hour of ceaseless effort finds them still with the strength in their sturdy limbs and the courage undaunted in their hearts; if at the end of the day they can emit growling joy over a meal of frozen fish, and in the morning pop their heads out from snow that has covered them during the night, then leap, fresh and eager, to the harness for another grueling day and as many more as are necessary to complete the journey—they're huskies, and their owner cares little about the fine points of pedigree.

To tell the truth, the exact status of the husky, from a point of progeny, seems to be greatly a matter of argument. The man who started raising huskies when the proverbial Hector was a pup may be insistent upon the assertion that a husky is a dog of any breed whose forbears have been interbred with a brush wolf—taking particular pains to stipulate a brush instead of a timber animal. And just about the time he has floored all comers with this argument, along



Shorty Russick and His Team of Cross-Bred Wolfhounds and Timber Wolves

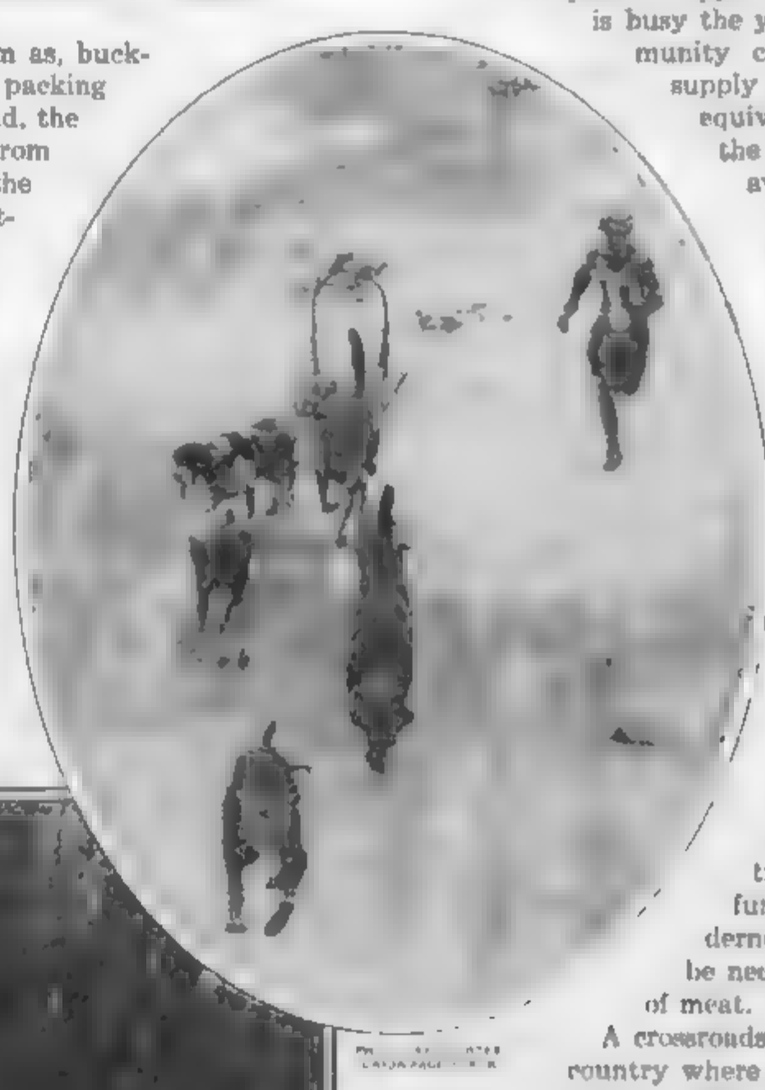
comes an equally well-informed individual with the announcement that a true husky has no more wolf blood in him than an elephant has hives, and that he is a species peculiar to the Eskimo—perhaps descended from the original canine beasts of burden used in ancient times by the Chinese

That goes well until someone else delivers the opinion that huskies just grow, like Topsy; that generations of dogs, inuring themselves by the process of evolution, prepare themselves for the rigors of the North Country by growing heavy coats of fur, deep chests, hair between the pads of their feet to protect them from snow, and arched tails by continual practice in keeping them out of drifts. So take your choice. Perhaps the best explanation is to say that a husky is a husky, and call it a day.

The Wilderness Crossroads Store

BESIDES, it isn't what he is but what he does that counts. As has been remarked in foregoing articles, the North of Canada is not a teeming metropolis. Neither is it a place of well-paved roads, of arteries of commerce connecting every Hudson's Bay post, every settler's cabin, every far-flung mine, every scattered Indian camp or lumber outfit. Instead, it is a network of lakes, of streams, of stretches of burn-over and deep bush, with a road a rarity and horses useless for travel the greater part of the year. The result is that the canoe and the dog take their turns at forming the means of transportation—the canoe to lie bottom side up in the winter, the dog to fight flies, filch his food and get along as best he can in the majority of cases during the summer. But when the snow flies, then it is that the husky comes into his own. For he is then the backbone of the entire country, from Labrador to Alaska and back to Nova Scotia.

The mails depend upon him as, bucking the snow, he begins the packing of his trail for the winter; and, the driver yelling his commands from the light sleigh, he makes the rounds of the various mail outposts. It is nothing for a team of four huskies pulling a man and a few sacks of mail to cover sixty-five miles in a day. Likewise the supply of food is often dependent upon him—even the carrying of supplies by which whole communities may live. Far in the North Country are numerous Hudson's Bay posts, some old, some new, most of them removed from the general run of civilization and fulfilling the same purpose as the trading posts of the early days in the United States. Contrary to general opinion, a Hudson's Bay post isn't merely a group of log cabins, empty for the greater part of the year and busy only during the time when the trappers come in with their furs.



In quite the opposite fashion, the little settlement is busy the year round; it forms the community center of every activity, the supply depot, the bank and the fur equivalent of the grubstake. There the trapper, camped 100 miles away in silver-fox country, hies himself once a month for his mail, for a sack of meal, a side of bacon and his tobacco. There the Indian wanders to look over the various gewgaws collected for the time of fur trading, fingers them longingly, then compromises for a suit of underwear, since he is getting it on tick until he can bring in his catch and square up for his past season's debts. There the few newspapers and magazines which filter into a lonely country may be borrowed, or at least glimpsed; there the stores of a frontiersman are to be purchased, the traps necessary to his catch of furs, the axes for clearing a wilderness, the cartridges which may be needed to gain a winter's supply of meat.

A crossroads store, in other words, set in a country where there are no crossroads; yet these supplies must be available the year round, otherwise a pioneering outpost could not exist. True, a great many of these posts are supplied by boats plying the rivers or the lakes. But there are other posts where boats cannot go, except for one trip in the spring when the water is high, and carrying enough to last the little frontier store until the snows shall blow again.

A Group of Racing Huskies at Their Kennels, Le Pas, Manitoba. In Coat—A Speedy Moment in the American Dog Derby at Ashton, Idaho. Warren Brown and His Team in Action

A Husky for Driver

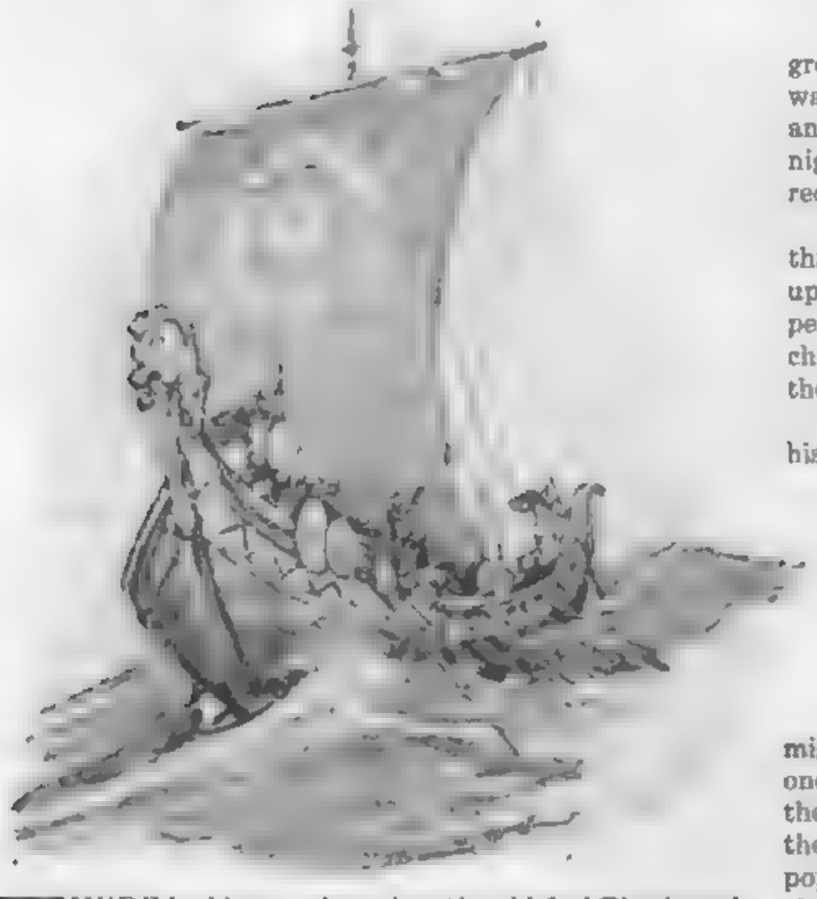
THEN, when the earth is white, it is the husky, dog team following upon dog team, in hitches of often six and eight and ten, dragging across the wastes that extend for hundreds upon hundreds of miles, the trade necessities that will keep moving the progress of a scattered community—to say nothing of making possible the purchase of the fur catch in the spring. And when that catch arrives, if it be before the break-up, out those dogs go again, their sleighs loaded even to a weight of 1000 pounds, with the pelts for a nation's fur market.

Incidentally the driver who accompanies one of those freight teams must be a bit of a husky himself. From the time he shouts his command "Mush"—a corruption of the French "*marche*"—until the time he halts his dogs at the end of the day, often a distance of thirty or more miles, his gait must be the same as that of his beasts of burden—a queer, shuffling, short-stepped trot, lasting hour after hour without cessation.

(Continued on Page 98)

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

A Saga of the Vikings—By F. Britten Austin



ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

THERE had been a day when the old Jarl Thorbrand, seated in state upon the ancestral mound, wherefrom he gave his dooms, which overlooked the vik—the tidal creek against whose flat green shores were beached the ships of the settlement whereof he was hereditary chief—had summoned his son Eirik, born of Ingebjörg, second of his three legitimate wives, from the throng around him.

Plenteous though were the stores of goods and golden ring money hoarded by the old sea raider, his odal—his inheritance land—was insufficient to contain all his polygamously begotten sons as they grew up to manhood.

Meet was it now, he had proclaimed, that Eirik should fare forth even as his brothers had fared forth before him, roving over the seas and taking plunder from the wallowing trade ships, journeying from inlet to inlet and tarrying first with this jarl and then with that in the enjoyment of the hospitality it was the pride of great lords to offer freely to all comers seeking adventure and perchance rich wives and good lands and many thralls of their own. Whereat Eirik, tall and strong-bodied albeit the fair beard was but newly thick upon his chin, had shouted for gladness at this leave for which he had fretted for now two summers, and all the throng had shouted likewise.

Joyous had been that forthfaring. No less a ship than Aegir-steed, the newest and swiftest of his skutas, had Thorbrand given to his son; and Ingebjörg, with her own white hands heavy with many rings, had fondly girded upon him the famous sword Blood-drinker, erst forged, with many magic runes in the blade work, for her father Björn the Slayer. So many had rushed forward when Eirik had cried for willing men to sail with him and his foster brother Olaf, that lots had perforce been cast among them. And then Eirik and those chosen had sworn faithfulness to one another by the ring of Odin, and after three nights' ale feasting they had launched the ship on the full-brimming tide of a clear early summer dawn, while behind them on the shore the folk shouted and waved.

Proudly had Eirik stood at the high-pooped steering oar, holding the equally high carved stem post precisely steady against the horizon as the ship quivered with the rhythmically recurrent thud in the rowlocks, his men swinging like one to the roared-out rowing song, frothing the glassy water of the creek with blades that dipped and flashingly lifted and simultaneously dipped again. And then presently, when they had rounded a bend and a favorable southeast breeze came ruffling toward them, they had hoisted the single square sail of heavy wool embroidered with a fantastic design in red and black.

Thus it was that, after many days, Eirik Thorbrandson came seeking guest right from Jarl Snorri at the bœr visible high up among the dark mountains split precipitously for the shining waters of the fiord. Far to the southward were now the flat green lands they had left. More than two moons was it since they had crossed the narrow sea. Long now had they fared, keeping upon their steer-board side the great sheer cliffs against which hitherto imperceptible waves leaped suddenly and recoiled in a smother of foam and a late-arriving boom of sound, finding ever the summer nights shorter, the sun more reluctant to sink beneath the reddened flood where there was no more land.

Many adventures lay behind them; sojournings for the three sacrosanct days of hospitality with this jarl and that, up first one fiord and then another; fights and feasting; peril of storm; and twice the exultant joy of sacking merchant ships whose erstwhile crews stained locally purplish the green water in which they sank with sagging heads.

Many rune-carved pieces of wood had Thorbrand given his son to present in memory-recalling introduction to the jarls of his acquaintance, and now Eirik came to deliver his father's message stick to Jarl Snorri of the high north, of aforetime a fellow raider in fierce descents upon that southwestward island where the many-nationed fighting men of Rome stood upon the great impregnable wall.

Scarcely yet differentiated into Danes, Norwegians and Swedes were the descendants of those migrants who, some centuries earlier, had been led by the one-eyed semimythical subsequently divine Odin from the shores of the Black Sea to the Baltic and beyond, there to conquer and absorb an already maritime Aryan population. A common kinship and a common barbaric civilization prevailed over the north, and wherever Odin and his Æsir companions were worshiped, men journeyed freely and oft between far-flung friendships agreeably diversified by a plenitude of fierce if merely local feuds.

Eirik of the Southland leaned his arms upon the guest's high seat in the great lofty-raftered hall of Jarl Snorri, and thought that never in his life had he beheld so beautiful a maiden as Ysir, daughter of that white-bearded chieftain. When she came, demurely and gracefully, round the wood-ashed central hearth fire between him and the precisely opposite high-seat of the jarl, to refill his ale horn, he scarcely dared to look up into the blue of her eyes. Only when she went across again to minister to the wants of Olaf, his foster brother, laughing with envied ease on the high bench at the side of the jarl's seat, did he venture to gaze at her. Poor though was the light filtering through the membrane-covered small windows and the smoke hole open in the roof, he saw her with a strange vividness of perception. Startlingly beautiful was she as, white-armed and white-visaged save for the red curve of her mouth and the blue pools of her eyes, her rippling fair hair flowing loose until it was tucked into the belt of her waist, she moved hither and thither, tall and gravely smiling, her long sky-blue robe rustling the straw upon the floor.

There were other maidens and other women in that hall where Eirik's own men drank boisterously with the comparatively few men of Jarl Snorri, but he was unaware of them. Great pity was it, he thought, that she was already betrothed to her cousin, Hjalti, away sea roving with all the sons and most of the men of Snorri. Eirik was heavy of heart at this absence of Hjalti. By strictly enforced customary law, no man might take to himself the betrothed of an absent warrior until the pledged husband had been missing for at least three years; whereas, had Hjalti been present, he could have challenged him—as every man's claim to land or woman might lawfully at any moment be challenged—either to yield her or meet him in the holmgang, the duel to the death with sword and shield. Eirik sighed in the exasperating denial to him of this approved method. More than once he shamefully failed to notice the old Jarl Snorri courteously stretching out his drinking horn to him across the fire and pledging him in the ritual manner.

Serenely, the maiden moved among the roistering drinkers, serving the guests of her father, nor could Eirik flatter himself that her attention rested on him longer than the brief if recurrent moment necessary to refill his ale horn. Yet did he draw many a lingering feminine glance as he sat there in the high-backed, elaborately carved guest seat, his horned iron helmet on the bench beside him, his fair hair loose to his shoulders, his fair small beard not yet thick enough to hide his youthfully frank smile when he spoke. As beseemed a high-born warrior was he garbed; under his flung-back rich blue cloak his iron ring-mail brynja fitted over a kirtle shirt of vivid scarlet, and his legs were clad in skin-tight white leistabraekr, stocking-footed breeches crisscrossed with the red thongs of his shoes.

Very handsome and very splendid was he in the eyes of more than one of those young women whom he did not invite to sit and drink with him, as the custom was, each man paired with a girl of the household; and Ysir he did not dare to invite, although several times in his mind he had formulated the words which might be acceptable to her. The perfection of that vivid beauty awed him, as never in his turbulent life had he been awed. He forced himself to listen to the long-winded dreary story old Jarl Snorri

Endlessly He Continued, While His

insisted on telling him, a story of some utterly unimportant foray in which, years agone, he had been engaged with his old friend Thorbrand.

"—— and so set we fire to the house where they all lay sleeping, and great laughter was there as we drove them back into the flames with the points of our spears." [How beautiful was Ysir! Like a white swan among maidens did she move!] "Seven and forty burned we in that house, and in the morning we searched the ashes for the gold all melted together and took it joyously down to the ships."

At that moment a man rushed excitedly through the men's door into the hall and flung himself at the feet of Jarl Snorri, interrupting him in his agreeable recital. By his close-cropped hair and his dress of coarse white wadmol, Eirik saw that he was a thrall.

"Berserks, lord!" he panted breathlessly. "They have slain Einar, the gate warden, even though he had opened to them, for they said they came peacefully, seeking only guest right. And then the madness of the god came upon them, and one of them gnawed the post of the gate and another smote Einar with his ax so that his head rolled away from him. Now come they to the hall, and the thralls flee away from before them. Is it thy will, lord, that the door be barred?"

The old Jarl Snorri had risen to his feet—as had most of the people in that hall—and stood now stroking his white beard. Hospitable though his code compelled him to be, such guests were scarcely welcome. Before he could come to a decision, however—for berserks were not to be held humanly accountable for their actions, and who might bar his door against men so favored by Odin?—the question was settled for him.

One after the other, six giant blond-bearded warriors strode into the hall, each bearing a round shield upon his left arm and in his right hand an ax. But, ostentatiously, no iron-mail brynjas did they wear, for, as was visible at the first glance, these were the dreaded berserks—invincible champions who fought, disdainful of armor, in their bare sarks, or shirts. Did not Odin enter into them, so that neither fire nor iron might hurt them while the frenzy of the god was upon them, multiplying their human strength to that of a bull or a bear? Ofttimes when at sea the madness blazed suddenly from their eyes, the ship rowers would make hastily for the nearest shore, and the berserks would discharge their fury upon the trees and rocks, wrestling with them and biting them with their teeth, for otherwise must they slay their friends. Many of these awesome champions—it was superstitiously whispered that they could change their shape to that of wild animals—were retained in the service of wealthy chiefs, but others roamed restlessly from place to place, seeking a guest right that could not be denied, helping themselves to whatsoever they willed, arrogant bullies who terrorized wherever they went.

They stood now, boldly menacing, in the hall of Jarl Snorri, while in the throng men reached nervously for their weapons.

"Come ye in peace, O strangers, who slay my gate warden and wait not at the door for the word of welcome?" demanded the white-bearded chief, half apprehensively, half in outraged pride.

"In peace come we, O jarl," answered the biggest of them, who was plainly their leader. "Seeking guest right of thee, do we come. Kjarten is my name, and scald am I as well as berserk. Many sagas can I recite to thee, O jarl, when thy good ale has loosened my tongue. As for thy gate warden, Odin leaped in me in anger at the slowness of his unbarring of the gate; but if any of his kin craves vengeance for his blood, then will I gladly meet him with shield and sword and pay him thus the manngjold. So in peace will we sit in thy hall, jarl."

"In peace seat ye then yourselves," replied the old man, prudently ignoring the implicit challenge in the berserk's words, for the male kin of Einar were sea roving, and upon him, the jarl, devolved it should he insist in their absence to exact blood money or its equivalent. "The brother of Einar, the gate warden, doubtless returns before thy three days' guest right is at end, and with him shalt thou come to reckoning."

"So be it, jarl. I and my brothers sit at peace with thee," answered the berserk. He strode between the benches, stood before the guest's seat from which Eirik had not risen. "Not room for two upon the guest seat, is there, stripling?" he said truculently

Eirik glanced up at the fierce eyes of the yellow-bearded, big-framed bully. His heart beat with a sudden violence. He was aware of other eyes also fixed upon him—the blue eyes of Ysir.

"Thou art right, berserk," he said coolly, without moving. "Not room for two is there."

The berserk glared upon him, in the deliberately assumed ferocity he was accustomed to find so uniformly effective

"Only in the highest seat sits Kjarten the Scald," he growled. "Shift thyself, stripling, from this seat where thou art not at ease."

But, surprisingly, the stripling did not quail. He even smiled. Those intoxicating blue eyes were still watching him

"Mistaken art thou, berserk. Here am I much at ease. Therefore"—he smiled again into that fierce visage, but his hand slid as he spoke to the hilt of his grandfather's sword, Blood-drinker—"I do not shift."

The berserk drew himself up to his full height and gnashed his teeth, grimacing horribly, in the approved berserk fashion. His hand slipped along the shaft of his ax to the notched grip. Eirik's muscles went tense for a sudden swift spring to evade the imminent blow, for the sudden unsheathing of his sword. In the hall, every person was now upon his feet, every voice hushed in fascinated interest. None moved, save that Olaf had slipped nimbly across to take post by his foster brother's side, stood now with his hand on his weapon. The bond of blood was between them, and where one fought, the other fought also.

The voice of Jarl Snorri rang out quickly, in the brief instant before the first blow could be delivered. No desire had he for bloodshed and a berserk fury in his hall. He was an old man and feeble, and though in the days of his strength his sword would have been quick to protect a guest from insult, now he preferred the subtler methods of diplomacy. *(Continued on Page 154)*

Audience Sat in Rapt Interest. He Sang of the Birth of Odin, and of the Twelve Aesir Gods Who Dwelt With Him in Asgard

The Connoisseur

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

UNNECESSARILY Mr. Gilman Bray consulted his watch. The three clocks visible from where he stood in the doorway of the reading room agreed that the morning was at ten, and as chairman of the house committee Gilman Bray had patiently supervised their regulation and was persuaded of their accuracy. Moreover, there was nobody else, at the moment, within earshot, so that the whispering tinkle of the repeater was audible only to its owner, a circumstance that vaguely reproached Gilman Bray as wasteful. He slipped the watch back to the special chamois-lined pocket of his waistcoat with a stirring of obscure discontent. His glance subjected the shadowy length of the reading room to his usual morning inspection, vigilant and faintly hopeful. That new boy had a way of putting Punch in with the American papers; Gilman Bray was dimly disappointed to find it, for once, in neat alignment with the other English journals at the other end of the table. The feeling deepened a little as he passed a finger tip along the ledge of the mantel and found no damning smudge of dust. The room, too, had been properly aired; the faint smell of creosote from the chimney blended with the reminiscence of tobacco smoke in what Gilman Bray's quantitative sniff informed him represented the irreducible minimum of both.

He nodded grimly, informing himself that, given the proper chairmanship, even a dinky club in a little town like Weymouth could be decently metropolitan in such respects as these.

The sense of accomplishment, however, failed to give its usual morning uplift to his spirit and he scowled as he moved on to the cloakroom. The club finances did not run to an attendant here.

Gilman Bray, entering, paused before the row of hooks above which he had thumb-tacked his Spencerian cards, consulting the mirror before choosing between the hats and sticks they proffered. He decided on the pearl bowler and the light Malacca, and the glass, again consulted, vindicated this selection. He made no more than a micrometric adjustment of his tie and raised the left tip of his mustache perhaps another millimeter above the horizontal. Emerging to the welcome of the May morning he vetoed the thought of fawn gloves. Again, pausing on the step, he gave ear to the confidential whisper of the repeater. Six minutes after ten.

For some reason the little silvery sound depressed him. Beyond the little wedge of park with its memorial tablet he saw Albertine Buller's sedan parked in front of Gerber's grocery and his mood lightened. Albertine would certainly ask him to drive home with her if he gave her opportunity. There would be a cheerful ride out to the stucco house on the hillside—Dunmovin Manor, as Albertine humorously called it—an agreeable ride, its intimacy only slightly mitigated by the presence, in the back seat, of Albertine's two-year-old twin progeny. There would be a wicker chair on the flagged terrace, an hour or two of indolent talk, and then lunch—a tenuous meal, to be sure, now that Albertine was passionately reducing, but it wasn't fair to weigh even that mineral-oil salad dressing against the innocent pleasure his company would give Albertine.

He saw the prospect in the light, almost, of duty. An accurate mental card index informed him that he had lunched three times with Minnie Oliver and twice with Fan Gilchrist since his last meal at Dunmovin Manor. His conscience acquitted him of any deliberate unfairness to Albertine—it had just happened that he'd met Fan and Minnie oftener or nearer lunchtime—but it was indisputably Albertine's turn. Not improbably he had hurt her feelings as it was; it might easily look to her as if he'd been guilty of intentional neglect.

"I Just Stopped In," He Said, as if the Episode Were Commonplace. "Your Garden's Looking Lovely, Jen"

He crossed High Street in a spirit of resolute benevolence, dimly disturbed by a mystifying reluctance. He developed, in the course of that brief transit, something very much like antipathy toward Albertine; the sedan, under her pilotage, took the corners at foolhardy speed; the twins would climb all over him; there was, too, that salad dressing, of which Albertine's enthusiasm would compel him to speak dishonest praise. Of course Albertine's pleasure would induce in him, as always, a reflected glow of conscious benefaction, but for once this reward seemed to Gilman Bray inadequate.

Nevertheless, encountering Albertine in front of Gerber's profoundly deliberating between precocious peas and early asparagus, Gilman Bray infused into the removal of the pearl bowler more than usual of that formal, old-time courtliness which he knew was one of the reasons for his popularity.

Women hadn't changed so much as they thought they had; bobs and sport clothes and cigarettes were trivial superficialities; Sir Walter Raleigh's formulas were as potent as ever.

Gilman Bray's conscience smote him at the artless delight with which Albertine received his greeting. Her smile was almost too affectionate to be—under the eye of Gerber's clerk—wholly discreet; her voice glowed almost as warmly as her glance.

"Hello there, Gil."

Compassion stirred in Gilman Bray under the tribute of that look; a look that manifestly observed the bowler, the happy fit of the new double-breasted coat, the faultless hang of trouser leg to the immaculacy of pearly spat. There was in Albertine's eyes the wistfulness natural and pathetic in the wife of Gifford Buller—nice fellow, of course, but in matters of dress a contented clod; a man who had worn buck shoes and white flannels to Irene Mogridge's wedding—actually to the very church!

The voice of duty assumed now a peremptory tone. Harkening, Gilman Bray discovered in himself a sudden querulous rebellion against its command.

He didn't want to go out to Dunmovin Manor with Albertine Buller; he detested the prospect with a positivity that startled and bewildered him.

It wasn't Albertine's fault, he conceded, studying her as she resumed her deliberations above the vegetable racks. She was prettier than ever; obscurely he identified this heightened comeliness with his baffling discontent; she was, somehow, too pretty. He resented the youthful quality of the figure in the *bois-de-rose* sport dress, the undeniable smartness of the hat, although, having himself collaborated in its choice, he realized the unreasonableness of regarding it now as in some sense an affront and grievance. Again, remembering that it had been by his advice that Albertine had merely thinned her hair instead of making herself commonplace with bob or shingle, his conscience prodded him.

He'd have to go. In another minute she'd make up her mind about that asparagus and turn and ask him in that innocently confident way of hers, taking assent for granted. It wouldn't be possible to disappoint her, unless ——

He saw the avenue for cowardly escape. If he didn't wait until she asked him there wouldn't be any obvious rebuff. If he just strolled on while she still wavered above those peas—he found himself walking a little faster than usual, trying to believe that the absent manner of her farewell gesture meant that she really didn't feel hurt.

At this hour of the morning he was always agreeably aware of a certain Crusoe suzerainty over Weymouth's drowsy little square. Except for negligible tradespeople, the male population had departed for its day's traffic in New York, and the strip of flagstones before the uneven row of shops belonged, in a sense, to Gilman Bray. He regarded it, even now, with an eye mildly regal and possessive, lifting an affably dignified finger in recognition of respectful greetings from worthy persons of solid middle class and even conceding to the colored bootblack at the barber shop, who could be trusted not to presume upon the condescension, a seigniorial "how-do."

He was, however, distracted and perplexed by the riddle of his sudden change of heart in the matter of Albertine Buller. This, he discovered almost immediately, was less specific than he had thought. The sight of Fan Gilchrist's new Meisler coupé aroused in him the same mystifying impulse toward flight. Mechanically shifting the Malacca to his left hand and with his right upraising the pearl bowler, he made haste to avert his glance from Mrs. Gilchrist's flashing smile. His pace quickened as if he actually feared that she would stop the car and call to him. At the post office, unavoidably face to face with Minnie Oliver, he feigned a weighty interest in the processed letter that

offered him a guaranteed cowhide traveling bag for $14.75 if he would order before June first, when the price would positively go up to $22.50

Lifting a wary eye from this announcement he saw, with a fresh stir of relief, that Minnie had already gone out to the mud-splashed little car at the curb, and with a reviving alarm observed Mrs. Bischoff in the act of descending from the limousine which, in conjunction with her liveried chauffeur, had always given her, in Gilman Bray's sight, a peculiarly patrician charm.

She came straight toward him and he knew, infallibly, that she would speak of lunch. He gave the word a capital initial in this instance. There would be no question here of mineral-oil salad dressing, nor of tattered remainders from last night's dinner.

The Bischoffs' was the one house in Weymouth at which Mr. Gilman Bray's high culinary ideals would find no ground for critical regrets. There would be sweetbreads, probably, perhaps a jellied consommé or breast of chicken in aspic.

Genuinely alarmed, Mr. Gilman Bray faced the realization that instead of inviting, these reflections unmistakably repelled; he experienced, at the prospect of that meal, sophisticated, perfectly appointed, almost a physical qualm. Toward Mrs. Bischoff, instead of his usual affectionate regard, he felt something that was very near to dislike.

Abruptly, elevating the pearl bowler and bowing smartly from the hip, he stepped past her. It was crude flight, wholly without finesse, and his conscience, holding before him an imaginary depiction of Mrs. Bischoff's pleasantly plump countenance surveying his retreat in puzzled, undeserved regret, reproached him bitterly.

"Indigestion," he advanced in extenuation. "That's what ails me. Wouldn't be safe to lunch at the Bischoffs', the way I feel."

He crossed the street to Doc Vrooman's drug store. The symptoms, thus far, were wholly mental, but a spot of bicarbonate couldn't do any harm. He gave the order confidentially to the sleek-haired gangling youth at the soda fountain and, turning, beheld the group of girls at the spider-legged table in the angle.

He knew them all, of course—girls from Miss Douty's, breaking bounds, as usual, to guzzle monstrous combinations of ice cream and sirups and meringues and powdered nuts. At this hour of the morning recess, indeed, he often made a point of dropping in at Doc Vrooman's expressly to be present at these unlawful revels. They were only flappers, to be sure, but a man of the world could overlook their giggling immaturity and exhibit in their chattering society the same gracious ease that distinguished him in any other. Aware, too, of their innocent delight in his condescensions, Mr. Gilman Bray had always felt a pleasing sense of well-doing in sitting with them, turning a neatly gallant compliment for each in turn.

Today, however, he regarded them with something like hostility. He turned a stubbornly deaf ear to the reproof of conscience reminding him that he really ought to stop, at least, for affable good mornings, that his purely formal flourish of the pearl bowler above the bicarbonate must impress them as almost an intentional rebuff. His mood focused on little Sallie Bischoff, the prettiest and smartest of the lot; he'd seen and heard her, only last night, in the company of that insufferable pup of Jim Worrell's, in temporary exile from State College. They'd sat just in front of Gilman Bray at the second show at the Princess and he'd been mildly displeased even then by Sallie's excellent simulation of contentment. A girl—she must be almost seventeen, too—who could not only endure Pete Worrell's raw inanity but actually pretend to like it certainly didn't deserve Gilman Bray's kindness, even for a casual moment. Casting pearls before —— Even in his private meditation Mr. Bray recoiled from the coarse, peasant bluntness of the saying, but he felt that it applied.

Yesterday he would have stayed and jovially insisted on paying for those sticky messes. Today, finishing the bicarbonate, he took a departure whose dignity was almost a rebuke.

His returning course along the southerly side of the square led him past surviving relics of an elder Weymouth—old houses withdrawn, in their wide, shadowed gardens, as if purposely aloof from the new concrete pavement and the scuttle of upstart traffic. A sense of peace descended gently on Gilman Bray's troubled spirit; the bicarbonate, he told himself, had taken swift effect. He straightened his shoulders and gave the pearl bowler a slightly jauntier tilt; his cane tapped almost blithely on the old bluestone flags. For once, approaching the old Olney place, he forbore to give it canny clearance by veering over to the wedge of park. He was even faintly annoyed by the thought that counseled this procedure now.

Why on earth shouldn't he go straight on to the club? As if he had anything to be afraid of, as if he hadn't *savoir-faire* enough to deal, if need arose, with Jane Olney as effectively as with anybody else! Abreast of the low fence of ancient wooden pickets that flanked the flower garden, he even turned his head deliberately, to survey the patchwork pattern of its beds and graveled walks. Encountering Miss Olney's glance he actually paused and achieved an unusually satisfying elevation of the bowler.

There was, he discovered, something subtly piquant in saluting thus a woman in a sunbonnet—a woman in a dress that covered her from chin to ankle, a woman who conspicuously did not lift and wriggle an arm in answer, nor address him breezily as Gil.

Always Mr. Gilman Bray had felt toward Jane Olney a certain righteous resentment, the just due of any woman

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He Knew Them All—Girls From Miss Douty's, Breaking Bounds, as Usual, to Guzzle Monstrous Combinations of Ice Cream and Sirups and Meringues and Powdered Nuts

REALITY FROM REPLICAS

He Tried to Speak and Failed, and Tried, Without Success, Again

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IDLING for an hour in his small sitting room before it was necessary to leave for dinner, Willie Gerald was more contented, he informed himself, than he had been for years. His mind was at peace, and that was, after all, the state most natural to it and to him. His late excitements, he proceeded comfortably, had been brought about and supported by an unfortunate combination of exceptional and undesirable circumstances—the discovery that the chairs he had bought Jasper Carlin were worthless at the precise moment Rose Brincker had jilted him. No wonder he had been disturbed; in fact, his whole world disarranged. But it had been only temporary. Willie was grateful for that. Yet he looked back on himself, the Willie Gerald of the past few years, with a feeling that held admiration as well as surprise. How had he done it? How the devil had he got away with it!

He wouldn't, now, he admitted, have the courage to take such chances with his reputation, his very existence. Through the time in question he had been animated by an amazing energy. Yet, Gerald reminded himself, he had recognized the source of that—a bitter resentment at implications, and more, of his inferior position in society. That at any rate was gone forever; the cigarette case then in his hand proved it—it was made of bands of bright and pale gold, differently worked; there was a catch of diamonds; it was rectangular, uncommon heavy; and it had just been given to him by Eliza Grinling, because, she had said, he had kept her mother out of jail. So much, at least, of his encounter with Fairman Lane had escaped from the club. But that, of course, hadn't been Eliza's reason. It was, he had seen, far pleasanter and more flattering.

As a result he had seriously determined to marry her. He would be insane, mad, to miss such an opportunity. Willie Gerald wouldn't even have to bother with her money—as he would have done with Rose's—since it was already invested in the best possible manner. John Price, her father, knew as much about money as anyone in the current world. No, he could just be luxuriously contented. He began, mentally, to design a yacht; a hundred and ten feet long, he proceeded, and with twin—he had forgotten the name of the best and most expensive marine engine in the world, so he changed to the contemplation of a house on the French Riviera, the Côte d'Azure. It would be white marble and close to the sea, with a bathing beach directly before it and awnings peppermint green and white. His room, on the ground floor, would be bare except for a narrow bed, a high set of drawers and severe chairs from the Italian *quattrocento*. Perhaps he'd hang a Spanish leather arras on a wall, an old and dark maroon; and he'd have breakfast at a small table laid by open glass doors leading to the terrace.

His pleasantly inspired thoughts continued hardly interrupted at the small dinner at which he found himself. He had known Ella Ladney for perhaps fifteen years; she had been married at least ten; but this was the first time he had been in her house since that, to him, entirely unimportant event. She was a small intent woman with ashen-colored hair exceedingly well cut, and pale eyes. Ella's family had been personally brilliant, and in comparison with it she had suffered both in appearance and manner. As a result she was almost entirely silent. In view of this, Willie considered, she had been fortunate in getting Arnold Ladney. His family was good—better really than Ella's—his appearance and manner admirable, and he made enough money for Ella and himself. There were no children.

In addition to all this, it had developed at dinner, and to Willie Gerald's entire surprise, that he owned a great deal of very good old inherited furniture—the dining-room chairs, for example, were in the best tradition and workmanship of American Queen Anne, in walnut; the sideboard was an early, a plain and splendid, example of the Hepplewhite influence

"There is a lot more put away," Ladney told him. "We really haven't room for it. And then Ella, the truth is, doesn't much care for antique chairs and tables and beds."

"I think they are gloomy," Ella Ladney explained. She was about to add to this, but didn't.

Ladney continued, "There is a lot in a room on the third floor, if you want to go up, Gerald. I know you're an expert and specially interested."

His wife raised her eyes briefly. "Oh, not tonight, Arnold," she protested. "It isn't ready. I mean the dust. Another time, perhaps."

"Then if you'll remember to have it dusted, Ella, I will be back as early as you say tomorrow morning." In reply she gave Willie Gerald a pale, a forced, smile. The dining-room chairs were really extraordinary; Willie Gerald figured that they would fetch nearer eight than five thousand dollars. He caught himself wondering how one could be separated from its mates and copied, preferably by Israel Shadnell in New Jersey. Willie sharply admonished himself that he was done with Shadnell and the copying of early chairs. He had dropped all such unfortunate activities forever. His experience with the primitive furniture of South Carolina had brought him back to his proper senses. Or was it Eliza, that was to say, his love for her, which had cured him? He wanted to think the latter, but the word "love" created difficulties; he couldn't find anything within him to correspond with its historic properties. However, he liked Eliza enormously; he thoroughly approved of all of her, and that was a better base for a happy marriage than love.

He had once loved Rose Brincker, and it had brought him nothing but disappointment and actual pain. For him, Gerald suddenly realized, love was an emotion of the past;

if it had ever been an actuality then. The part of him which added this cynical doubt, it seemed, was beyond his control; he didn't approve of it and resolved to stamp it out. Such comments were the result of the ill-advised existence he had been leading. Why, in some respects he had been no better than a radical, not a bit. His mind had been contaminated by sheer socialistic nonsense. Willie Gerald grew cold at the thought of how close he had come to disaster.

He didn't, however, have to bother about that now; what was, after all, fundamental in him had saved him at the last moment. May Clarke was at his right; she had on an uncommonly becoming dress, and he said so. "The way the silver cloth is combined with such a delicate lavender is exquisite," he assured her. "But wouldn't it be just a little better plain over the shoulders? Those celebrated shoulders, May. Even such perfection in a rosette mustn't be allowed to break their line."

May Clarke made it clear she was very much pleased. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Willie, later—find a knife and I will let you cut them off." That, Willie admitted, would be marvelous; he assured her that he wouldn't damage the dress; not by a thread; even if his hand did tremble a little, unavoidably.

Lost again in reflection he realized that he wasn't, yet, actually engaged to Eliza; but that now was hardly more than a formality. He had kissed her very seriously; but this, after all, was not the point. She had kissed him. A very different thing. Now that this phase of his existence was practically at an end—Willie Gerald had no intention of allowing any superficial foolishness to distract his marriage—he recalled the number and diversity of the girls he had been fond of, the girls who had been fond of him—in imagination he saw the vivid face of Carmine Grant, made up to mask the intelligence, the experience, she was so careful to conceal from the world. She had youth and beauty, fire and a graceful body; it was a shame Carmine was an actress—outside the life he occupied and preferred. Another man, born to that polite existence, could have taken her into it. But not he.

Willie recalled Virginia Jenning, Salmon Jenning's sister, who was so much too good-looking for the teaching she engaged in. He had made a failure with her, but that had been the result of his own stupidity; in her brother's garden at Albany, for a moment she had come very close to him, and he had missed his opportunity. A charming and satirical and provocative woman. But she knew too much; he could never have guessed when she was laughing at him. And then there had been Mrs. Zelam Ling, the almost miniature wife of the dead collector of indifferent glass. Gerald wasn't certain of her feeling about him; in the end she had, in a way, robbed him; she had declined more than one opportunity to be with him; and not, as she had said, on account of her husband's late death. As a fact, she had proceeded immediately to California and married some impossible millionaire. An attractive woman. Perhaps if he could have seen more of her ——

Freda Renant, so soon to marry Rudolph Kneiss, was different, nearer to him than any of the others he was recalling. He hadn't, at the times of his contacts with her, been specially conscious of her attractiveness; but now he recognized that it was marked. There he had been a fool; and yet he would have been a bigger fool to have committed himself to her. It would have been suicide. Freda was poor. Looking back he could see that the quality of her feeling for him had depended only on his reception and encouragement of it. If he had been rich, Willie thought, he might have married Freda at the time they had been so much thrown together.

Then, of course, there was Rose; at the back of all his thoughts of women, even of Eliza, Rose persisted. Just to think of her exasperated him; he was glad now that he wasn't married to her—Eliza Grinling would suit him so much better—and yet he could never get her entirely out of his life. He wondered why he even thought of her with a faint dread, and concluded that it was because, of all the people alive, she knew him better than did anyone else. The affair of the three-back Chippendale sofa had exhibited him to her in a complete and far from favorable light. Her knowledge, the truth was, gave her too great an advantage over him for comfort. Gerald felt that he could never hope to impress her with anything he might do or be

Dinner was over and he was in the Ladneys' small drawing room examining a very beautiful Dutch winged chair; it was unusually large, and the apron, the cabriole legs and stretchers were, possibly, unique. It belonged generally to the early and desirable period of the Queen Anne chairs he had just left.

Willie Gerald congratulated Ladney. "Certainly there is nothing in the Metropolitan as good."

Arnold Ladney was pleased. "It's splendid to have you praise it, Gerald. Ella is so down on it all that at times I get depressed and threaten to sell every piece I have. That's nonsense, of course," he added. "I wouldn't dream of losing a stick of it. Why, it's a part of my family and memories and life. If anything happens to me it is still to be kept together, intact, for Ella's life; then it goes to another branch in Springfield. That's all provided for. And a nice part about this chair is I have another like it—a pair. The second is in my bedroom."

Willie at once asked to see it, and Mrs. Ladney objected. "Arnold, the bridge is ready. You are keeping everyone waiting. Do, please, sit down and cut, Willie."

Ladney, however, already had Willie Gerald halfway out of the door. "You'll have to wait just a minute more," he called back. "It's been a year since anyone appreciated my chairs." The second wing chair, exactly as Arnold Ladney had indicated, was in the room where he slept Yes, incredibly, there were two of them, and then Willie sharply interrupted his own conclusion. He was, for the moment, alone, and he bent over the chair, examining it more closely. There was something the matter with the depth, the color, of the surface. It was at once too bright and too hard. The curve of the front cabriole legs was broken; the line wasn't pure and serene as it was in the other in the drawing-room. The whole chair was at once like and unlike it; the one before him now was clumsy, cramped in design.

Ladney returned and they went back to the bridge tables; dealing, Gerald said to himself, "The chair in the

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"You Just Aren't Fit to be Alone; You'll be Put in Jail; You'll End in Disgrace. And So I'm Going to Marry You"

AMERICA IN POLAND

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

President Moscicki Taking the Salute From the Balcony of the City Hall, During the Fourth of July Celebration Held at Warsaw, 1926

IN THE first article of this series, which dealt with Marshal Pilsudski, the political importance of Poland was emphasized. With an embittered Germany resenting the loss of the most richly endowed section of Upper Silesia on one side; with a truculent Russia still smarting under defeat at the hands of the Poles on the other, and a belligerent Lithuania on the north, she is caught between those traditional fires. The new secret Russo-German treaty is aimed at the Poles. Under a revived economic imperialism, the Teutons are moving heaven and earth to create a favorable sentiment for themselves in the lost province.

This three-cornered hazard from without—75 per cent of the Polish frontiers are menaced by unfriendly powers—led Pilsudski, the watchdog of his country, to strike last May and virtually take over the dictatorship. Poland is the real pivotal state, holding the key to European war or peace. She can continue as a sort of armed stabilizer or be the spark to start the next conflagration.

But Poland is something of an economic stabilizer as well. She is the logical market for a vast amount of German and Russian produce and merchandise, and absorbs part of the output of the new Baltic republics. On the other hand, she supplies coal, ore, zinc, textiles and foodstuffs to her neighbors in normal times. Much of the German turnover both ways is now lost due to the trade war between the two nations. Because of internal and external political derangement, conditions have been unsettled from the moment Poland emerged as an independent republic out of the wreck of the three great empires that had despoiled her.

Poland's Guardian

THUS Poland presents the now-familiar European spectacle of the costly interrelation between the economic and political structures. You cannot deal with one without becoming involved with the other. From German reparations, down the long and troubled line to the flight from the franc in France, politics has wreaked havoc with well-meant plans for reconstruction.

It follows therefore that we cannot enter upon an analysis of the economic situation in Poland, with particular reference to American interests, without first explaining the latest political developments. When I left Warsaw in August, Pilsudski was running the country from behind the façade of the Ministry of War. Unlike Mussolini, he shuns the spotlight. He prefers to pull the wires of power from a comparatively modest eminence. One of his first acts upon return to authority after three years' retirement was to put through an amendment to the constitution enabling the president or the cabinet to dissolve parliament and govern by decree.

Late in September the cabinet resigned because of a lack of a vote of confidence by the national assembly. Whether the marshal framed it or not, it inevitably followed that he was asked to form a new ministry. He did so, installing himself as Prime Minister and Minister of War. It meant that henceforth he would dictate in the open. Incidentally, he promptly dissolved parliament so as to have a free hand.

The deal was probably precipitated by a new Soviet-Lithuanian treaty which made the old war horse probably feel that his country must be prepared for an eventuality. Both the Germans and the Bolsheviki have been inciting the Lithuanians against the Poles. Here you have the latest manifestation of the capitalization of European discord by the two masters of the art. As I remarked in the article about him, Pilsudski considers himself the custodian of Poland. He regards her as his charge, chastising her when she is naughty and rallying to her defense in the hour of need. He now feels that it is more important than ever before for him to be on the job at Warsaw. His presence means a big army.

Speakers at the Celebration. The Memorials Signed by 5,000,000 School Children and Public Officials are in Front of the Desk. The American Minister, John B. Stetson, Jr., is Fourth From the Left

Links in the Chain of Friendship

NO ONE need be told at this late day that American money and methods have penetrated wherever the trade winds blow. One good and sufficient reason is that we and the capital that we represent are badly needed in every quarter. It does not follow, however, that they are always unanimously welcome. Dissatisfaction over debts and resentment of our prosperity have inspired an attitude of more or less condescension in all the Allied countries. Our influence is tolerated. According to the prevailing European view, we are more than ever before a nation of vulgar dollar chasers, with our eye glued solely on the main materialistic chance.

With Poland you have the reverse picture. Everything American is welcome. Nor is it surprising. From Pulaski and Kosciuszko, who fought with Washington in the darkest of our Revolutionary days, through all the succeeding crowded years, we have had a strong kinship with her. It grows out of our common aspiration for freedom. Whatever the exaggerated degree of his political emotionalism—and politics with him is a passion—the Pole loves liberty. Patriotism is his fetish and he has endured martyrdom for it.

You may, perhaps, say that we have the same community of liberty-loving interest with France, whose gallant emissaries, Lafayette and

Polish School Children in the Parade

Rochambeau, duplicated the effort of their Polish comrades in the Revolutionary War. But recent events indicate that, unhappily, there is this difference: Where the French advertise their American participation and have never let us forget the fact, the Poles have all along regarded their contribution as a matter of course.

Moreover, the romance and tragedy of the Slav, and especially the Pole, have always appealed to us. We sympathized with every effort made for emancipation from the Russian yoke. We realized the inestimable service that Poland rendered civilization when, between the fifteenth and the seventeenth centuries, she thrice repelled the Ottoman and the Tartar invader. That obligation was increased in 1920, when Pilsudski's army turned back the red flood that threatened to inundate Northern and Central Europe. Poland stands today as the first line of defense against sovietism.

Most people of this generation have well-nigh forgotten another link with Poland. It grew out of a book entitled Thaddeus of Warsaw, which most of us read in our childhood. Obviously innocuous when measured with the present-day avalanche of hectic sex fiction, it served a good purpose for the land of its hero. More recent and permanent are the works of Henryk Sienkiewicz and Joseph Conrad, whose real name, it is interesting to add, was Josef Konrad Korzeniowski. No wonder he took to simplified spelling, so to speak, when he began to write fiction for an English-reading audience.

Rebirth

IN THE other domains of art the Pole has contributed more than one ambassador of pleasure. First in the list is Paderewski, who turned from piano playing to the premiership of his country in the troubled first period of post-war reconstruction. He found politics a trifle less harmonious than his own artistry, but he left the impress of unselfish service in the annals of the new Poland. To catalogue the other Polish artistic genius with which we became familiar means to enumerate a brilliant list which includes Modjeska, Sembrich, the De Reszkes and Hofmann.

The World War brought about a real rebirth of American affinity with Poland. Thousands of so-called Yank-Poles served overseas against the Central Powers and then made common cause with Pilsudski's legions against the Bolsheviki. With peace, American relief kept the wolf from the door throughout an area more ravaged than was Northern France. Poland was the real cockpit of the great struggle.

One reason why the Poles feel grateful to us is that we are the real authors of their freedom. In the swift rush of world events since the Armistice many people overlook the fact that the thirteenth item in Woodrow Wilson's famous Fourteen Points demanded: "An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant." Under the Versailles Treaty, this demand was translated into actuality. Poland became a free republic and the so-called Polish Corridor was established to provide the access to the sea, with Dantzic as the free port. The number thirteen was lucky for Poland.

Coming nearer to home, you have an estimated Polish population of more than 3,000,000 in the United States. Our mining and other industries are sprinkled with these Slavs. The 400,000 Poles in Chicago constitute the largest single Polish population outside of Warsaw.

Finally, there is that most important of all interests which is the economic. American capital is helping to build the new Poland. The recent investment of $10,000,000 by the Anaconda-Harriman interests in mines, smelters and other properties in Upper Silesia is only one indication of our growing penetration. Two-thirds of the outstanding Polish government obligations are in the United States. We are constructing $15,000,000 worth of public utilities. An American financial mission headed by Prof. E. W. Kemmerer has just concluded a program for the fiscal reorganization of the country. The American automobile rolls through Polish town and country, and in every picture house the Yankee film is preeminent.

The Sesqui-Centennial celebration was not confined wholly to Philadelphia. On July Fourth last Poland celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of American Independence Day with a fervor and on a scale never before attempted by any foreign country. Some 5,000,000 school children, together with every government official from the president of the republic down to the humblest village mayor, signed a memorial of greeting and congratulation to President Coolidge. There were speech-making and parades in all important centers. Amid the new European anti-Americanism, then at high tide, this demonstration of regard stood out in sharp relief.

A Land of Devastation

BEFORE going into the concrete examination of America in Poland, it may be well to have a brief preliminary look at the general economic situation. It will not only show how Poland passed from utter fiscal darkness into the dawn but also indicate the opportunities for development.

The Parade Passing the City Hall. Above—The Hoover Fountain at Warsaw, an Appreciation of American Relief

Fully to comprehend just what Poland has endured, you must be told that no other European country suffered such war devastation. She was literally fought over from end to end. Eastern Poland, for example, was passed over ten times by advancing or retreating armies. Three predatory powers, once the imperial masters, left her a wreck. It was part of the irony of fate that two went down in defeat while the third passed into economic oblivion. The ruins of the

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STUFFING

By EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"Excuse Me, Miss," He Said, as He Removed the Covering, "But a Gent I Met in the Street Asked Me to Give You This"

THERE were several people concerned in this story whom it is impossible within a limited space to describe. If you are on friendly terms with the great men of Scotland Yard you may inspect the photographs and finger prints of two—Harry the Valet and Joe the Runner. The experience will not be especially edifying. Lord Carfane's picture you can see at intervals in the best of the illustrated weeklies. He was once plain Ferdie Gooberry, before he became a contractor and supplied the army with odds and ends, and himself with an immense fortune and a barony of the United Kingdom.

The illustrations merely show a stoutish, middle-aged man with a snub nose, small, deep-set eyes, and hands so large and coarse that they seem everlastingly out of focus. It would be more interesting to the general run of readers if the captions beneath the pictures ran:

A particularly furtive man with a weakness for crooked dealing; his desire for popularity is tempered by an amazing meanness.

Unfortunately the law of libel operates disastrously for those who have a passion for truth.

In no newspaper, illustrated or otherwise, do the names of John and Angela Willett appear. Their marriage at a small registrar's office had excited no public comment, although he was a Bachelor of Arts of the University of Cambridge, and she was the grandniece of Peter Elmer, the shipping magnate, who had acknowledged his relationship by dictating to her a very polite letter wishing her every happiness. He also inclosed a copy of Mr. Kipling's poem, If, with the suggestion that she should read it to her husband every night. In some respects he had many qualities in common with Lord Carfane.

They lived in one furnished room in Pimlico, these two good-looking young people, and they had the use of the kitchen. He was confident that he would one day be a great engineer. She also believed in miracles.

Three days before Christmas they sat down calmly to consider the problem of the great annual festival and how it might best be spent. Jack Willett scratched his cheek and did a lightning calculation.

"Really, we ought not to spend an unnecessary penny," he said dolefully. "We may be a week in Montreal before I start work, and we shall need a little money for the voyage. Thank heaven there are no theaters on Christmas Day!"

They were leaving the day after Christmas for Canada; their berths had been taken, their tickets issued. In Montreal a job was awaiting Jack in the office of an old college friend; and although twenty-five dollars per did not exactly represent luxury, it was a start.

Angela looked at him thoughtfully, her lips pursed. "I am quite sure Uncle Peter is going to do something awfully nice for us," she said stoutly.

Jack's hollow laugh was not encouraging.

"You don't know Uncle Peter"—she was rather severe. "He is terribly fond of doing good by stealth ——"

"If he blushes to find it fame," sneered Jack, "I'm a much mistaken man. I can't imagine that old devil blushing at anything."

There was a tap at the door, and when the invitation was offered, the unpleasant but smiling face of Joe the Runner appeared. He occupied an attic bedroom and was a source of worry to his landlady. Once he had been in the newspaper business, running evening editions, and the name stuck to him. He had long ceased to be associated with the press, save as a subject for its crime reporters, but this the Willetts did not know.

"Just thought I'd pop in and see you before I went, miss," he said.

He invariably addressed Angela as "miss." She said she liked it because it implied such thrilling impropriety.

"I'm going off into the country to do a bit of work for a gentleman. About that dollar, miss, that you lent me last week ——"

Angela looked uncomfortable. "Oh, please don't mention it," she said hastily.

"I haven't forgot it," said Joe, nodding solemnly. "The minute I come back I'll bring it to you." And with a large and sinister grin he vanished.

"I lent him the money because he couldn't pay his rent," said Angela penitently, but her husband waved her extravagance away.

"Let's talk about Christmas dinner. What about sausages?"

"If Uncle Peter ——" she began.

"Let's talk about sausages," said Jack gently.

Foodstuffs was also the topic of conversation as between Lord Carfane and Prince Riminoff as they sat at lunch at the Ritz-Carlton. Lord Carfane emphasized his remarks with a very long cigar.

"I always keep up the old English custom of distributing food to the poor," he said. "Every family on my estate on Christmas Eve has a turkey from my farm. All my workers," he corrected himself carefully, "except old Timmins. Old Timmins has been very rude to me and I have had to sack him. All the tenants assemble in the great hall—but you'll see that for yourself, prince."

Prince Riminoff nodded gravely and tugged at his short beard. That beard had taken Harry the Valet five months to grow, and it was so creditable a production that he had passed Chief Inspector Malling in the vestibule of the Ritz-Carlton and had not been recognized.

Very skillfully he switched the conversation into more profitable channels.

"I do hope, my dear Lord Carfane, that you have not betrayed my identity to your guests?"

Ferdie smiled. "I am not quite a fool," he said, and meant it.

"A great deal of the jewelry that I am disposing of, and of which you have seen specimens, is not mine. I think I have made that clear. I am acting for several of my unfortunate compatriots, and, frankly, it would be embarrassing for me if it leaked out that I was the vender."

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THE SEARCH FOR OUR CASTLE IN IRELAND

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE missus talked for weeks, over here in Switzerland, at my frequent suggestions that we ought to slip down an Alp in Henri, our little French flivver, take the flivver over to Ireland on a Channel boat and then look up the O'Malley ancestral castle.

"Don't trifle with your luck," she'd yawn. "You might find it."

Girlie's own ancestry, I might as well confess, bears the taint of English blood—an unfortunate state of affairs that caused an unforgettable stir in the older generation of us Yankee O'Malleys when, some years after our marriage, the old folks got a hunch and forced me to come clean. The only one who ever even wrote to us again was my old Aunt Nonie, and she merely wrote three words to girlie, saying, "That explains you." And when Aunt Nonie passed on she ignored my children in her will and left her entire fortune, all in gilt-edged bonds of the Irish Republic, to charity.

Personally I've tried to lay off the whole subject, even in moments of tense domestic stress; but when the missus herself, during our recent hot arguments about finding O'Malley Castle, began to break in on me by singing the Battle of the Boyne—always pronouncing it "B'yne wa-a-ather," just to make it more difficult—I was there with the quick comeback. The musical part of the entertainment always came to a snappy finish with the first blast of my rich barytone rendition of Ireland Was Ireland When England Was a Pup!

The Never-Failing O'Malley Memory

BUT I rise to report progress. None other than the handsome helpmeet herself, together with my two children and the children's latest treasure, a partly insane St. Bernard mutt, have just finished a tour of Ireland with me in the little flivver. And in all Ireland I had only three run-ins that came to blows—a record, they tell me. Three bright little parties, who gave their names in local Irish police courts respectively as McGraw, Higgins and Donnelly, tried to make a monkey out of me when —— But I'll come to these mix-ups in their turn.

Girlie suddenly fell for the Irish trip, hook, line and sinker, one evening when she overheard me telling the children one of the countless tales of life in O'Malley Castle that my old Uncle Malachy, back in America, used to tell me when I was a lad. A marvelous memory for details of the old aristocratic castle life, Uncle Malachy had. The older he grew, strange to say, the sharper his memory for details became. Just before he died at the age of eighty-seven, therefore, his memory was amazing—especially when you stop to think that he had not even seen Ireland for eighty-two years.

The children ate the tales up—historic incidents about Uncle Malachy's sainted mother, who nightly used five-pound British bank notes for curl papers; or about the time she gave a young Prince of Wales a sound spanking—her soft lilylike hand strengthened with memories of six and more centuries of Sassenach misgovernment—that so frightened the young spalpeen that he never dared set foot in our castle park again; and about His Lordship, the great Ferganainm O'Malley, the time he lepped into the sea in full armor at the Battle of Clontarf, swimming and slashing at the fleeing Danes with his jeweled sword, until the blood of the miscreants made the sea run red, from Clontarf's pearly strands to the ugly coast of perfidious Albion.

"And then, children," the missus would butt in always, "His La-a-ardship lepped aboord his great shield av burnished steel and floated back to Clontarf's pearly shtrands, paddling with his jooled broadsoord."

Girlie's idea of a comic crack is as funny as a rainy Tuesday night in a hearse factory. And her brogue is rotten.

But one evening in our hotel rooms, in the course of my daily chores of feeding, bathing and bedding down the half-witted St. Bernard and the children, I happened to mention our ancestral antiques, describing the massive furnishings of carved rare woods as Uncle Malachy had described them to me. Because of their massiveness, I was explaining, they had to be left behind, Uncle Malachy's father having landed at Castle Garden with nothing but his nine small children and his jeweled dueling pistols.

While I feed, bathe and bed down the demented St. Bernard and the children, girlie, following her regular hard day of dragging round the local antique dealers' snares, always hits the couch and thus recharges her batteries until it is time to go to the night show at the movies—always leaving her door open so she can interrupt.

"The great houses of the gentry, children," I was saying, "although long deserted, are still crammed with these magnificent antiques. At least old Mr. Croker, who was over there last year, told me not a thing had been touched. The way I figure it, our Irish retainers were all too honest to touch anything, and the English interlopers haven't the nerve to take ——"

She was calling from the next room to me to get the flivver's little touring trunk down from the top of her cupboard. And it was dawn, and the half-wit St. Bernard insisted upon riding in the little front seat with the hand baggage and children and me, and girlie's historic hat blew off and disappeared as we were crossing the Jura Mountains into France round noon, and I all but collapsed as I staggered into a Dijon hotel toward sunset.

A Bird's Nest in the Hand

THAT'S how sudden our get-away from Switzerland was, once the missus had heard about our ancestral antiques.

As I am a bear at the steering wheel—none better—I'd have made Paris the first day if it weren't for the delay of searching for girlie's historic hat. Then when we had to give up the search, the missus, riding hatless down the Jura Mountains, thoughtlessly took her hands off the top of her head for an instant, and we had to stop and back up again.

Early in this second search I thought I saw the right article—I'd rather not mention what blew off mom's bare head—sticking to a bush, and it didn't improve her disposition when I hurried back to the car with my find, only to learn that I had retrieved a fuzzy old last year's bird's nest. But finally we found the second missing article; and in a little French village called Moutard the missus sent our little boy into the village general store to pick out a new hat for her to wear into Paris, and she had no head troubles thereafter.

The same evening, at Dijon,

(Continued on Page 131)

With Girlie's Entire Weight Draped Round Me, Holding My Arms and Screaming, What Chance Did I Have to Do My Stuff to the Big Bish?

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

By Corra Harris

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Superstition Mountains, Apache Trail, Arizona

ONE day, early in the spring of 1925, I hopped off in the high air of my own mind and started on my travels—no fogs or untoward winds between me and the farthest ends of the earth. Bodily speaking, it was safer going by rail than flying too artificially through the heavens in an aeroplane, but this was the only precaution I took against the law of gravity.

Birds are the best travelers, without maintaining any such thing as an aviarian tourist agency. They simply rise upon their wings and disappear, guided by their own beaks. This is the way to travel when you are bent upon recovering the liberty of your spirit and have no sight-seeing, cultural intentions toward your own mind that oblige you to stop over long enough to go through a cathedral or to take in an art gallery when you are too exhausted from the effects of seasickness to care a thing about art. But you must cram all these masterpieces in time to take the train that afternoon for some other place of damnable interest, where you force down a little more information by the same hurried, neck-stretching, leg-aching process.

I was too wise to let myself in for the tyranny of a tourist program. My ticket read to Santa Barbara, California, for no reason that I can think of, except that if you live in the North your migratory instinct is to go South, and if you are already in the South your wildest wing fancy leads you to go as far West as possible. I have noticed this about people in my section; they may be obliged by circumstances to go East upon occasion, or even sail for Europe for conscience' sake, but I never knew one of us who did not entertain the desire to climb over the western horizon of his little narrow days and go prospecting beyond for whatever he could find, preferably gold; but anything would do so long as he found it or saw it in the yellow light of the setting sun.

I had letters of introduction to some people in Australia, and reservations on a boat that sailed for Honolulu in June. I planned to stop at the Samoan Islands and visit the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson, to rest a while in that quiet place and consider certain circumstances connected with this incomparable writer's genius which have always puzzled me. How was it that a sick man in bed could fling the leg of his hero over a horse's back with so much vehemence, send him forth to fight, bleed and survive the dangers and hardships of a terrific adventure which Stevenson invariably copied in with the animation and vividness of actual experience? He retained to the last, even in this languid South Sea air, the same wind-whistling use of words, the same bristling frostiness in his literary style which he acquired as a youth tramping the heathery hills of Scotland in bad weather. Very few of his heroes ever sweat, no matter how hot the country is where their scenes are laid or what arduous labors they perform. A man must be the son of his father, but the mind Stevenson had was sired by immortal courage, and its dam was a storm-ridden night.

There is nosense in such reflections, but I was resolved not to be dumbly sensible during this journey. I coveted a little of that sword-flashing, lily-scented wisdom which lies beyond, and here high above the sea lay the dust of Stevenson, the bravest knight of the pen who has lived in my times; to have the leisure at last to sit down and thrash out my memories of him where his great battle to live ended was one of those boons of idleness I coveted.

I would catch the next boat, or the next one after that, and arrive sometime or other in Australia. Dear hearts, what rest and freedom there is in traveling ahead of yourself, with no fatigues of the journey to endure yet, and no hurried sensation in your mind about getting where you are going on time! For years and years I had been the slave of clocks that ticked too fast to tell the truth of the swiftly passing hours. My feeling now is that it requires considerable philosophy and some talent to become a tramp, to deliver yourself from the bondage of time, and to prefer poverty, rags and hunger to drawing this singletree of time behind you like a thrifty, dutiful citizen. It calls for a more gallant sense of immortality than saints have. Yet I never knew a tramp who showed the least sense of that kind about wasting time. Some mystery here! A fool practicing the philosophy and freedom of life like the lower animals, deriving no wing power from his experiences. Maybe we must serve a long apprenticeship to hard labor before we earn the right to idleness. Somebody pays for it. This is the reason I take no stock in certain Socialist doctrines. They are evolved by people who want to take a lifetime vacation at the expense of their fellow men.

If there was any chance of sailing directly from an Australian port for Italy I expected to spend the remainder of that holy year in the Pope's neighborhood. I like to thrust my knees against the hard stone floor of an ancient cathedral, bow my old Protestant head before an altar that has been kissed for ages by pious lips, without committing the indelicacy of saying the prayer of a foreign creed there. Catholics surpass all other Christians by the

A Peace Tower on the Road to Mount Rubidoux, Near Riverside, California

Corra Harris at Compiegne, France, 1914

nobility of the religious scenery they provide for worshipers. I have always found it easy to remember the Lord in such places.

I can step across the adverse doctrines of any other Christian denomination and worship without a qualm according to my own conscience. I can even bear with a heathen without trying to proselytize him, if his virtues and civilization prove that he believes in and obeys a noble god, but the man toward whom I maintain a lively intolerance is the one who makes a sort of golden-calf image of his own rational faculties and invites me to worship the thing. But let that go. I am a free lance when it comes to religious faith, and can be convicted of many contradictions by any kind of Smart Aleck.

Another reason I had for heading toward Italy was the desire to get a local impression of Mussolini. If you want a truthful likeness made of the person you really are, sit to a village photographer who is not enough of an artist to prevaricate in your favor by retouching the unflattering negative of your countenance. I have some of his gifts for receiving mental impressions of other people. And I was anxious to discover whether Mussolini is the poster of his political ambitions, the ideal of his own combustible imagination, or some kind of mediæval patriot. One writer pictures him as a demigod, another as a demagogue. No one has yet accused him of adopting the political philosophy of that other Italian statesman, Machiavelli.

Still, some lively accounts have been published of his paternal tyrannies in matters of government. Certainly his versatility varies all the way from the comic to the heroic. Very few reformers ever started a revolution by forcibly administering castor oil to their enemies. Very few despots ever kept a tamed king or fondled a pet lion without getting scratched. He is the only hero ever shot by a spinster and still surviving as the serious idol of his people. In short, he is the kind of great man who cannot be diminished by any kind of absurdity or ridiculed for his own whimsical brutalities. He seems to me the most notable example of atavism we have in the world today, without the sinister meaning this term usually conveys of reversion to a lower type.

He says some very smart things, such as that "Italy is too poor to maintain the extravagance of a representative government" such as we have. And heaven knows that is the truth! He is too thrifty to revive the mere appearance of the splendid scenery of Imperial Rome, but he has set himself to the task of supervising the rebuilding of its glories as if he were one of the original patriarchs who expects to live a thousand years. Meanwhile he actually is reviving the spirit and pride of ancient Romans in the breasts of Italians. He has not enough powder to spread imperially or enough power in this modern world to hold his high note. When it is all over there will be no Mark Antony to count his wounds and deliver his funeral oration. Nevertheless, Mussolini is a romantic figure of speech in an unromantic age who will leave the trail of a bright sentence behind him in the history of our times—which was reason enough for wanting to see him in the flesh.

This was as far as I had scanned the epic of my travels in advance. I had no definite point in view about where or when I should face about and start for home. This was to be a long pilgrimage, with countries and continents for inns by the way. Can you see me going away without my Scriptures, like a cheerful old graduate of the Lord, to have a good time, visiting mountain tops, inspecting heroes and practicing the simplest arts of human happiness, without having the least notion or fear of what would happen next?

Faith, Mrs. Harris' Daughter

I was disguised as an elderly woman in a black dress of archaic length, sitting, surrounded by dingy-looking bags, in a Pullman car attached to that train known as the Royal Palm. My hair was smoothed back, and I wore a pleasant expression, if I may be permitted to cast the benefit of a compliment upon my own countenance. But I was really no such person. I was a happy old soldier of fortune, mustered out and pensioned at last. I had no intention of doing another stroke of work or of ever conquering my soul again.

It was queer how I felt—very tired, but gay, released from my years, memories and former circumstances. I cannot be sure, but looking back now it seems to me that I had some of the symptoms of second childhood—a freshening curiosity about unimportant little things, the disposition to wave my hand, as children do to strangers, when we flashed past stations without stopping. I must have given the impression to my fellow travelers of being a lively old immigrant from the day coaches. I was ready to catch anybody's eye, smile, exchange the greeting of bobbing my head, with the hope of thus beginning a conversation. This was no way for a well-bred woman to act, but I had abandoned the manners and customs of my narrower years, even the artificial refinements so meekly acquired by long years of practice. I was abroad in the world where the motto is "Be yourself." This is a rôle which calls for more liberty and good will than any perfect lady ever dares exercise.

But no one took the least notice of my gentle blandishments. The people in that car appeared to be profoundly distrustful of one another, though they impressed me as being respectable. I was not dismayed, but went on gossiping about them in my secret mind until I probably knew more about them than they would have admitted. Little profit, however, is to be derived from the study and translation of Pullman-car types. They seem to rub out all their real copy as human beings and make up for the journey they are to take together. There is something cowardly about so much discretion, if you want to know what I think. But in all my travels I did not see a single man or woman in a Pullman who, by any feat of the imagination, could be propped up into the hero or heroine of a brave tale. No doubt great people are among them, but something in the atmosphere of the situation depresses them into the commonplace. This impertinent silence lasted for two days. Then a little bald-headed man who sat two sections beyond mine, and who had been studying a railroad folder all that time, suddenly leaped to his feet and strode down the aisle waving the thing and shouting:

"We are two hundred and fifty feet below the sea level!"

He repeated this cry several times on his way out to the next coach, much as a brakeman might yell the name of a station or a newsboy call out the headlines of a tragedy in the afternoon paper.

The only notice his fellow passengers took of him was to stiffen, as nice people do sometimes when another person makes a fool of himself. I could not repress a titter, knowing very well what was the matter with him. It was not because we were

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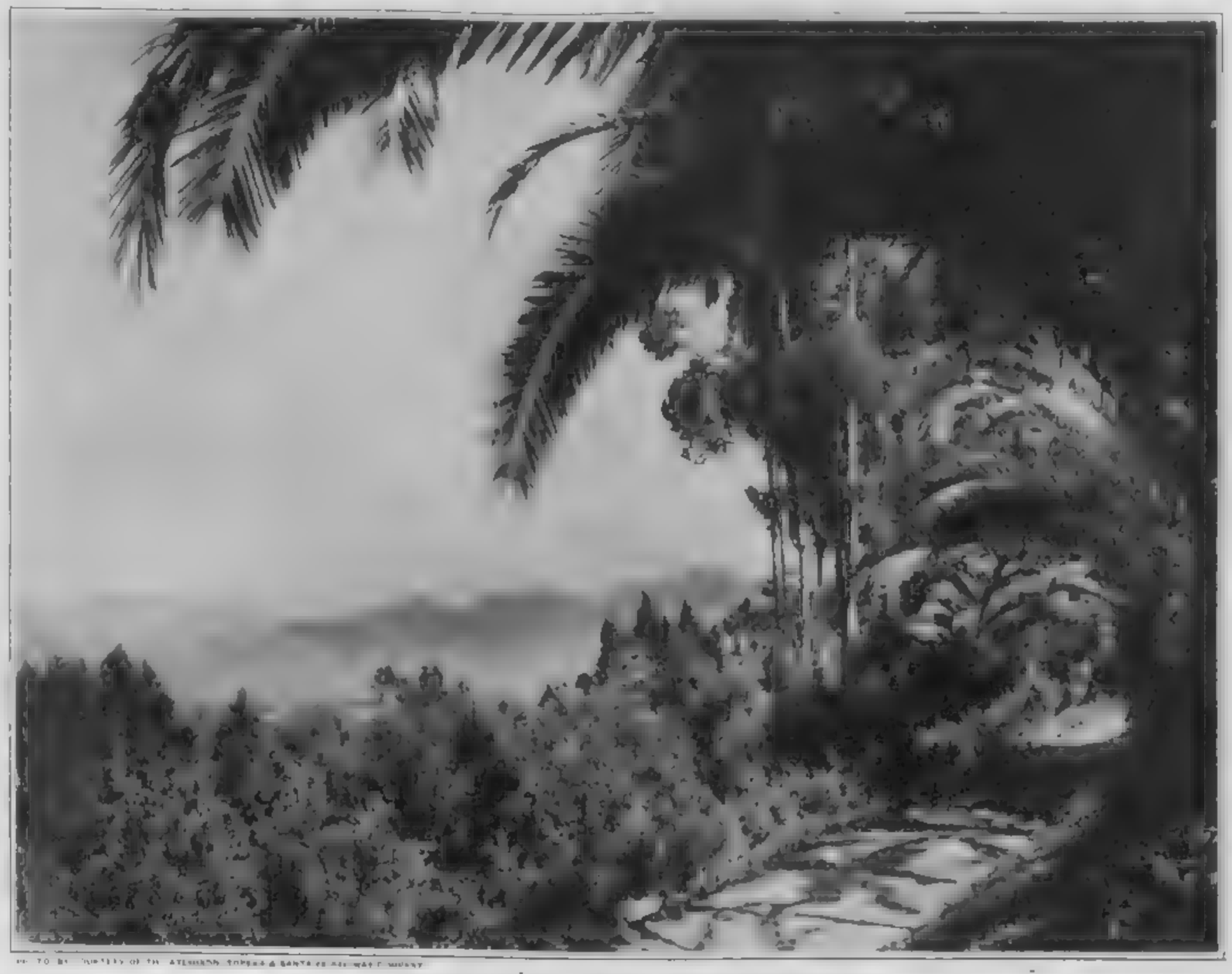

Snow, Foliage and Fruit in Southern California

THE SILVER CORD

IX

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

THE trip to New York was an eventful one to Harrington in a quiet way, though it seemed a bore to the rest of the passengers. For the first three days he hated to leave his bed, not because he was slothful but because he dreaded the moment of putting on clothes. With a sheet thrown across his loins, he would lie naked in his berth, reading and rereading all the mass of information on Haiti contained in the dispatch case. When the weather turned suddenly cooler, however, he took to dressing early and spent many hours on deck.

The detective, whose real patronymic was Williams, welcomed this change of habit with a subdued paean of joy, for Mr. Williams was a lonely and disconsolate man. He looked upon Harrington as his first friend after purgatory and scarcely left his side. For some time he clung to the name of Jones, and under its fictitious cover strove to ferret out news, or even so much as a glimpse by hearsay, of a young man handicapped by a monstrous nose.

He grew plaintive and painted a heart-rending picture of a youth driven to flight and the verge of madness by a horrible disfiguration.

"We're searching the world for him," he concluded sadly. "We want him to come back where he can be looked after right."

"What makes you think he's in Haiti?"

"Something somebody told somebody who told somebody else about thinking they'd seen a fellow with a nose like that."

"Did you trace all the somebodies?"

"Every one of them. I got back to the original one a lawyer in Port-au-Prince as black as my hat the kind that can talk English as good as you or me, but won't."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing; but he looked at me in such a way that I'm certainer than if he swore it on a pile of Bibles he saw my man—my poor brother."

"Leave it at 'man,'" said Harrington. "He isn't your brother any more than I am. You're looking for a fellow named Harry Jones who's wanted for murder and embezzlement."

"That's right, as sure as my name's Williams and not Jones. How did you know, if you've been doing the west end of the island, like you said?"

"I read a description of him in one of the papers weeks ago. I think it was Le Matin, but it may have been La Poste. Anyway it wasn't the sort of thing you could forget."

"I should say not! Now will you tell me how a fright like that could leave Leaming—as hustling a little city as you'll find anywhere—go back long enough to bump a man, leave again; and never have anybody see him—to take notice, I mean—until he walks off a ship in Haiti a month later?"

"I Wonder if You Know the Business That Has Brought Me to Leaming," He Began Tentatively. "I Don't, and I Don't Wish to Know," She Said Clearly

"How do you know it was a month later?" asked Harrington quickly.

"We don't. We're only going by dead reckoning, judging from the time we got the first inkling of a rumor, and counting from the boats he could have caught. One left the day he flew the coop, but he couldn't possibly have made it."

"Why not?"

"Because the man he killed was seen alive after Jones left in the morning. He couldn't have gone all the way back from Hoboken and still have caught that boat if he'd used a flying machine; so it's out."

"Just to kill time, I'd say he didn't commit the murder."

"Listen, and I'll tell you something about murders," said Williams patiently. "When a murder happens, there's just one thing you know for sure about it, and only one, and that's that somebody did it. Everything else—method, motive, identity, proof and the electric chair—starts from there."

"Perhaps it wasn't murder at all."

"Of course you'd say that to kill more time. If you find a dead man on a one-way track, and see a train hurrying away from him, it's natural to think he died by accident or on purpose. But this fellow Detwetter put up a hell of a fight. The top of the towpath was cut up like after a football game. The bushes were twisted and broken, and his face was clawed from his forehead to his chin."

"I didn't know that. He must have hated himself or somebody else pretty badly."

"Say, you've got a queer mind. What's the matter with somebody else hating him? That's easier, isn't it? Then there was the note, written in a hurry and in the dark."

"Or with his eyes shut," suggested Harrington.

"Say, who's the detective here, you or me?"

"Neither of us, as far as I can make out."

Williams sighed a quivering sigh. "There's a lot of truth in that," he agreed. "Have it any way you like about the note, but it named a man that had told old Detwetter to his face that very day he had no use for young Detwetter—a man young Detwetter had robbed of his girl—and that's the guy we'd like to find."

"Just how did the note read in English?"

"It said 'Find Harry Jones,' but you could only guess at the last half of Jones."

"The papers said it was pinned to the ground with a knife."

"That's right, and I know which way you're heading; but I'd call it more of a toothpick than a knife. It was on the end of his watch chain along with the pencil he used."

"What kind of paper—a nice clean sheet out of a notebook?"

"No; a piece torn from the top of a newspaper that came from the bank where Jones worked. There's a nice little rag for you to chew on—it came from inside Jones' cage."

"How do you know?"

"Because it was there in the morning and wasn't there in the afternoon."

"You seem to have a pretty strong case," admitted Harrington thoughtfully. "But you'd think that even with a small penknife Detwetter would have been able to mark up his man pretty thoroughly."

"Mark him up? Sure! Perhaps he did, but if he'd used an ax he couldn't have put a bigger sign on him than he was wearing already. When I think of what the boys will say when I get back without my man it makes me turn sick

inside. As for the boss—oh, no, that's too much. Between you and me and the equator, I don't think I'll have the nerve to face him. Why should I climb up a flight of stairs just to give him the fun of kicking me down again?"

"If I were you," said Harrington, "I'd jump on the boss before he jumped on me."

"Me? Jump on the boss? What for, and how?"

"Tell him you've had leisure to think and you're convinced there was no murder. Say you want a chance to go back to Leaming and prove it."

"I get you. I go in, make a few passes in front of his eyes and begin to talk in a soothing tone. I tell him there was no murder, and when he moans that he believes me, I'll go on and persuade him there was no embezzlement!"

"Perhaps there wasn't," said Harrington calmly.

Williams bounced into the air, tried to speak, stuttered, shut up, and stood staring down banefully at his tormentor. "Say," he said, when he could control his voice, "you remind me of a praying mantis—the kind that likes to eat its food while it's alive. Don't you suppose I know I'm down? Leave it to somebody else to pound my iron head on the floor."

"I'm not stringing you," said Harrington. "Of course, it's pretty dumb not to be able to track a freak—an elephant's trunk on two legs—but that's no reason you shouldn't use the rest of your brains. I'd go to the boss just as I said. I'd tell him I wanted to go back to Leaming and start all over again; and just to get him interested, I'd begin by saying there was no murder and no embezzlement."

"I see," said Williams, his eyes narrowing. "Reel out the kind of stuff you've been giving me, get him going, and then play him for a couple of months' more pay. Show him where we could sneak out of calling it murder, and tell him there's no proof of embezzlement until we trace a bond. Stall him. No, thanks. You haven't seen the boss. I'll give that job to you any time you ask for it."

"That's an idea!" laughed Harrington. "If there was enough in it to make it worth my while I'd take you up. I've always thought I'd like to be a detective."

"Like most little boys," growled Williams.

There the subject was dropped for the time being, but a day later Harrington reverted to it in a roundabout way: "That was a funny thing you said about the lawyer, Williams."

"What lawyer? I haven't said anything funny since long before I knew you."

"Not funny exactly. You said he looked at you in such a way you were surer than if he'd sworn it on a pile of Bibles that he'd seen your man. The funny part of it is that I know exactly what you mean. I'll go further. I'll say he meant you to know he'd seen him. He wanted to watch you squirm."

"By thunder, you're right! If I could have his smooth black neck in a stretcher, and a charcoal fire handy, I'd find out when and how Jones landed and where he went; but those days are gone."

"You're no fool, for all you couldn't get anywhere," said Harrington. "Every time you say anything about Haiti or its people, a sliver of rock-bottom truth crops out. For instance, his neck in a stretcher and a charcoal fire handy is exactly what you'd need. Nothing less would have done you the least bit of good."

"Say, what's the use of rubbing it in all over again? I know I'm licked. I've been told so and I've admitted it. What more do you want?"

"I was just thinking that if you're really right about Jones being in Haiti I'd like the chance to root him out."

"You would, eh? How would you go about it? Teach me something"

"The surest way would take a long time—several years perhaps. All you'd have to do would be to become a Papa Loi."

"All? Did you say all?" scoffed Williams. "Yes, I'll admit that's all you'd have to do. I suppose you'd learn their soapy lingo for a start-off."

"I wouldn't have to. I know it already."

"Are you joking?"

"No."

Williams looked at him with frank admiration. "Maybe it wouldn't be so cuckoo, after all, for you to take over my job," he said after a pause, during which his eyes contracted and began to bore into Harrington. "Not along the Papa Loi route, but as a side line to your regular business—whatever that is."

"I haven't any regular business," said Harrington "I'm through with being a coffee buyer, because the French market is all shot to pieces and I wanted to quit while the firm still thought I was a valuable man." He drew the letter which had been addressed to him at Les Cayes from his pocket and passed it to Williams. "Cast your eye over that." When it was handed back to him he asked smilingly, "Is there anything else you'd like to know?"

"Come now," said Williams, "I didn't ask you any questions. Let's quit kidding each other for a change Just how much would make it worth your while to throw the bluff into the boss you wanted me to try?"

"I wouldn't want much pay for that," said Harrington, after a pause; "it would be too much fun. Besides, I'm not such a fool as to think he'd hand me any money on spec. What's the value of the missing bonds?"

"Thirty-two thousand."

"In that case I'd be satisfied with 20 per cent of whatever I recovered."

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"Hello, Midge," Cried Mr. Frazier Nervously. "Didn't Know You Were in Here or I Would Have Knocked." As He Advanced Toward Her His Manner Was So Strained That Harrington Could Not Help But Notice It in Spite of the Fact That His Own Blood Was Thumping in His Temples Until They Ached

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 11, 1926

Love, Marriage and War

REGARDLESS of our opinion of the former Kaiser and his record, the interview with him that appears in this week's issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and the articles by Hermine that are to follow, have a certain historic interest and significance akin to that of the Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène, not so much because of their views on love and marriage as because of their revelation of the psychology of the former ruler of Germany and his attitude toward the war, his advisers, his abdication and his exile.

Throughout this interview and the following papers the former Kaiser betrays no "sense of guilt"—in which he is one with the German people—but rather a deep conviction of wrong and personal injury. Between the lines there is to be discerned a lurking hope for the restoration of the monarchy, in which, in our opinion, he is not one with the German people. He disclaims, as they do, responsibility for bringing on the war, but there is small possibility that Europe will modify its verdict during the former Kaiser's lifetime, unless it should be to decide that America was solely responsible. European propagandists, with one voice, are preaching that it was "our war." It would be quite in keeping with the propagandists' psychology to go a step farther and charge that America started the war. The first of these statements is just about as far-fetched as the other.

So long as European politicians knowingly and deliberately misrepresent America, her motives and her actions, can we trust any statements that they put forth? We must learn to view Europe in perspective, calmly and with open minds, and to dig beneath the surface for the real facts behind the propaganda that her politicians put out both for home and foreign consumption.

Up to Congress

SECRETARY MELLON, in his public utterances regarding the nation's business, never for an instant forgets the caution that must ever be uppermost in the mind of a successful finance minister. He may sometimes understate his facts, but he never overstates them. No matter how favorable the computations handed to him by his Treasury experts may be, even after they have applied suitable discounts to allow for adverse changes of conditions, the secretary is quite within his rights in knocking off further discounts for the purpose of making safety doubly safe. He exercises only common prudence in being unwilling to paint a rosier picture of our financial future than expert estimates warrant.

Mr. Mellon's factor of safety in forecasting tax yields and possibilities of tax reduction has never been too small. If it is open to any criticism at all, it is because it errs in the other direction. The President is scarcely less cautious than his Secretary of the Treasury; but when he is sure of his ground he is as bold as he is prudent. No one can seriously believe that when Mr. Coolidge proposed a horizontal cut in taxes on 1925 incomes he spoke without full knowledge of the situation or went off at half cock. To assume that he did either involves denial of everything we know about the Coolidge character.

The plan in question was made public on a Saturday. Taxpayers had a cheerful week-end figuring out the precise extent to which they would be immediately benefited. Then, on the following Monday morning, Mr. Mellon quietly slipped a lump of ice down their necks by suggesting that the discount be fixed at twelve and a half per cent and that it be applied, not to incomes received in 1925 but to those earned during the present year.

The obvious effect of the counter-proposal would be to defer relief by the span of one taxable period, even though it would exact lower payments in March and June of next year. The President's plan broke on the country as a pleasant surprise. Taxpayers felt thankful that he was looking out for their interests with even greater diligence than they had reason to hope for. The secretary's announcement aroused no such feelings of warmth, for lower rates on 1926 incomes had been so long and so confidently anticipated that their enactment had been fully discounted. Disappointment over his attitude was the sharper in view of his glowing summary of the prosperity of the country. His desire to postpone relief gave a rather flat and hollow ring to what would otherwise have been words of heartening cheer to the taxpayer.

The Latin proverb to the effect that he gives twice who gives quickly applies with the fullest force to tax reduction. The unexpected dime saved on current taxes would cause more rejoicing than the long-awaited dollar lopped off next year's bill. Congress has differed with Mr. Mellon so sharply in the past that it may do so again in the very near future, accepting the principle that immediate benefits create more good feeling than benefits too long deferred. Congress may even take up the challenge implied in Mr. Mellon's dictum that there is insufficient time to take action before December fifteenth. The nation's business is conducted at no fixed gait. Legislation sometimes drags like a weary tortoise; again, it gallops like the hunted giraffe. When the determining facts are as well known as they are in the present instance, speed is not hard to attain. Only the will to act is needed.

If Congress will speedily take effective action upon taxation affecting 1925 incomes, even the brief span of the short session will afford abundant time for scaling down rates on 1926 incomes in accordance with the new conditions that dictate substantial reductions.

Tax Relief by Discount

MOST clear-thinking voters, regardless of party, will resent any efforts of senators and congressmen to discredit Mr. Coolidge's plan for the immediate relief of taxpayers by a discount on their income tax. Ingenious inventions of selfish motives to account for the President's proposal are as ill-advised as they are improper; and for some time to come their inventors will be kept busy dodging boomerangs of their own throwing. Mr. Mellon's counter-proposals add to their confusion.

Our national capacity for absorbing political bunkum is stupendous. We crave the mild kick we get out of charges and countercharges and recriminations, even though we may not believe a word of them. We are as dependent upon the light vaudeville of party strife as we are upon radio, the sporting page and the comic strips. The addiction is one of our minor vices. It is harmless enough until we begin to take it seriously, until our craving for it is such that we will swallow practically anything that is handed us and allow to pass unrebuked the more flagrant attempts to mislead us.

One offense we should not tolerate is the disingenuous attempt to drag into politics national business which is not by its own nature political. An essential duty of any government, whatever its complexion, is to raise and maintain a fund with which to carry on. The task is one which requires business acumen, knowledge of resources, taxation experience, delicate accountancy and the science of the actuary. Politics crashes into the scene only as a heckler bent on breaking up the show.

The horizontal discount plan for the relief of income taxpayers is as sane as it is simple. It can be based upon known possibilities, upon the existence of an ascertained surplus. It leaves the structure of the existing revenue act undisturbed. The Government would not be committed prematurely to any scaling down of the tax except on incomes earned during a given year. No embarrassment to the Treasury Department would arise from its adoption; no dislocation of trade would follow it. Its simplicity makes it as easy to apply it to back taxes, those on 1925 incomes for example, as to future tax bills.

The discount plan is flat-footed recognition of the fact that the taxpayers can lay out their own money on their own families to quite as good effect as Congress can spend it for them. It accepts the principle that it is a bad thing to have too much money lying idle in the Treasury subject to needless or avoidable appropriation. It is fresh evidence of the clearness with which Mr. Coolidge visualizes taxes in terms of the labor and the sweat of the men and women who produce them.

Frightfulness

THE Sunday newspapers recently presented the picture of a young girl embowered in scarlet-leaved branches that she had just torn from some near-by tree. She was very young, very pretty and very thoughtless, as are so many of the host who are destroying the beauty and the life of the American countryside.

A majority of the Sunday and holiday crowds that motor out from the cities in the spring seem to have but one idea in their heads—to pull up the wild flowers by the roots, to tear off the branches of the blossoming trees and to defile with papers and refuse every beauty spot along the streams and the shady roadsides. In the autumn, the red and yellow branches that were spared in the spring are twisted off; and a certain low breed of gunner shoots at anything that sings or lives.

In the winter, a new pack of vandals chops down the young evergreens and sacks the woods of laurel and holly. Apparently, there is no closed season on beauty, no month of the year when the fields and woods are safe from the spoiler. Yet in a few minutes or a few hours all this loveliness, that would live the years around and beautify the country again and again, is faded and thrown on the ash heap. Year by year the unprotected countryside near the cities tends to become a dirty and desolate waste, littered with old papers and trash. New York has recently amended its code so as to make the destruction of certain wildflowers subject to severe penalties. Other States should do likewise.

The highways almost everywhere are disfigured by a plague of hot-dog stands and advertising signs that destroy the last vestige of their former attractiveness. Yet today, with villages and cities offering to both commercial locations only a few miles apart, there is no conceivable excuse for putting them where they are an offense to the eye—sheer "frightfulness" in the landscape.

If there is anything in America that cries for repression, it is the ruthlessness of the crowds that infest the countryside; if there is anything that demands ironclad regulation, it is the location of hot-dog stands and advertising signboards.

Nothing is more elusive than beauty—in the mere act of grasping it we destroy it. Only by sparing it can we make it our own.

HOW CONGRESS WORKS

By William R. Green

Chairman, Committee on Ways and Means

A VISITOR looking in on the House of Representatives may possibly see only fifteen or twenty members present listening to the clerk read the tedious details of an appropriation bill and wonder where the other members are and what they are doing. Or looking down from the Senate galleries he may see even fewer. On one occasion, when taking some constituents to see the Senate, there were only three members of that body on the floor. One was delivering a set speech, another was sitting in front of him, and the third, in the absence of the Vice President, was presiding, and seemed to be reading a paper behind his desk. There are days when nearly all the members are present, but these days are not frequent and occur only when some party battle is on or some very important measure is under discussion. If partisan politics is under discussion the galleries are often crowded with people who wish to hear the speeches, which on such occasions are more likely to be oratorical than informing.

Much time may have been spent in preparing these addresses, but they are made more for the purpose of influencing public opinion than for assisting in the legislative work.

Where, then, is the work of Congress done? The answer is that the most important work is done in the committees. There the bills are framed that eventually are enacted into laws. Starting with an indefinite proposition, days, weeks, and even months are spent in examining every detail of the proposed law and determining how the results desired by the committee can best be accomplished.

It does not seem to be generally understood that ours is a government by committees, yet such is the fact. The committee's action is subject to review by both houses of Congress and to a veto by the President, but in the main it is controlling. On the other hand, our President has far more power and influence than any king or president of any country in Europe where there is a constitutional government. He is the leader of his party, and unless there is substantial accord between him and Congress, little beyond routine business will be accomplished. His great power comes from the fact that the administrative operations of the Government are entirely under his control and he administers them through a cabinet which is appointed by and responsible to him. In European countries, as everyone knows, the government is by and through a cabinet; which, however, is a very different body from the cabinet under our constitution, since it is not responsible to the king or president, as the case may be, but to the lower house of the legislature. It is in fact a super-committee, over and above all other legislative committees, and beyond this, it is charged with the administrative operations of the government as well as the legislative program. If this program is not accepted by the legislature, it is the duty of the cabinet to resign, in order that a new cabinet may be formed or an appeal can be taken to the country at large through a new election.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss which system is the better, but one distinction might be noticed. If Congress does not approve a bill as presented to it by a committee, this does not prevent some action being taken thereon. In foreign countries the failure to present a satisfactory bill to the legislature often results in nothing being done. For more than a year the national finances of France have been in a critical condition. Cabinet after cabinet presented plans to the Chamber of Deputies, only to have them rejected, and nothing was done, until recently a cabinet was formed whose bill was approved. Under our system such a situation could hardly occur. Under either system there may be delay in committee action or in the action of the legislature itself, but under ours, if the matter is of great importance,

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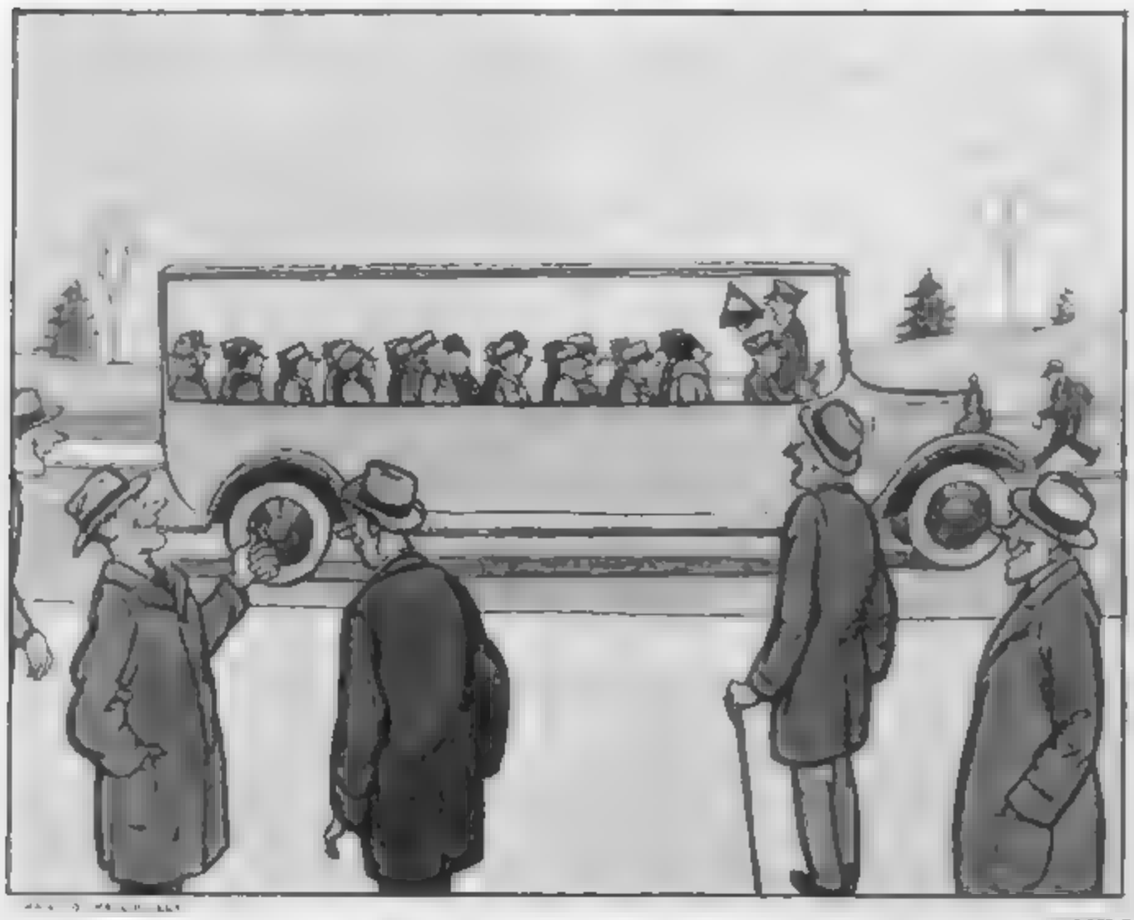
THE NEW HIRED MAN

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



The Visiting So-Called Hicks Use Sightseeing Automobiles, But—— NEW YORK SCENES *——the Native Variety Stick to the Ground*

Home, Sweet Home

ALONG the wintry street, alert and gay,
The streams of Christmas shoppers briskly flow.
Remote from all the merriment I stray
With lagging step, disconsolate and slow;
The dazzling windows fail to soothe my woe;
I gaze on toyland wonders unbeguiled,
And holly wreaths no joy on me bestow—
I'm an Efficiency Apartment child.

What hope for parlor golf or floor croquet?
What thrill in wind-up toys that come and go?
A circus calls for space, my parents say,
And engineering outfits clutter so;
No room to tinker with a radio;
A drum would drive the other tenants wild;
I can't have guns to shoot or horns to blow—
I'm an Efficiency Apartment child.

Tin soldiers have no field for martial fray;
On building blocks my father stubs his toe;
A rocking horse is always in the way;
A pup, my mother says, would be de trop;
For me no little trains run to and fro;
For me no monster packages are piled
Beneath a tree with candlelight aglow—
I'm an Efficiency Apartment child.

ENVOI

The bells begin to chime across the snow;
I seek my folding bed, unreconciled.
There ain't no Santa Claus; I ought to know—
I'm an Efficiency Apartment child.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Good Will to Consumers

Dec. 1, 1926

TOMPKINS CITY GAS CO., Cr., to M. Bishop, Dr.
To Gas .... 6000 cu. ft. at $1.50 per 1000 .... $9.00

If this bill is not paid by December twenty-fourth your gas will be cut off.

TOMPKINS CITY GAS CO. Dec. 5, 1926

Gentlemen: I am an old man; I will be ninety-five years old on Christmas Day. I have fourteen children, all dependent on me for support. I work from six A.M. to six P.M. as a trackwalker in the Subway, and from eight P.M. to three A.M. as an instructor in a dance hall. My wife, ninety-three years old, is in poor health and has been ordered by the doctor to spend the winter on the French Riviera. I am throwing myself into my work with that

(Continued on Page 129)

The Absent-Minded Celebrity Christens Her First Baby With Her Customary Ceremony

Santa Claus: What Do You Want for Christmas, My Little Man? A Sled?
Bobbie: Naw, I Want a Thermocoupled Milliammeter and a Supersynchronous Rectifier for My Radio Transmitting Set

Slow-cooked
Digestible

The difference is in the slow-cooking!

What gives to Campbell's Beans their extraordinary, delicious flavor? Slow-cooking! Quality beans, cooked the Campbell's way, yield a full meaty richness of taste that delights the appetite.

What makes Campbell's Beans so wholesome and so digestible? Slow-cooking! Every bean is cooked through and through until it is tender and easily digested.

What makes Campbell's Beans so popular? Slow-cooking—and Campbell's famous tomato sauce! That's the combination most people want and buy. Especially mothers. They know the importance of good cooking!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

THE JOY GIRL

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XIV

THE next morning Jewel was up and dressed early; she was down to breakfast; she was proud and serene. To their astonishment, they learned that it was her plan to go very early up to town. "I can go by train with you, father."

"Yes, my dear," said Courage, but he could not stop his startled glance which betrayed his thought.

Jewel assured him, "I am only going to Isolde, father."

"More hats?" said Mrs. Courage brightly, from her overcharged heart.

All the way up to town Courage was proud of his lovely daughter, whom his traveling acquaintances now saw with him on the 8:30 train positively for the first time. There wasn't another man on the train who had such a daughter, either in the first class or the third. But he was glad that now her glove hid the wedding ring that he so bitterly resented. They talked about Christmas, of what they would do, where they would go, what play they would see as the annual treat; and Courage asked her very fondly what present she would like. It was strange and wistful—and rather beautiful—that as soon as she no more belonged to them he seemed to have his baby girl back again. Neither of them spoke of Vicary, nor of yesterday at all. Parting at the terminus, they went separate ways.

"Do You Know, I Have Often Passed By This Place, and, Over the Net Blinds, I've Looked"

Jewel was at Isolde's. The small white-and-green shop, with the gay colors of hats decorating it like flowers carefully disposed, was empty save for Isolde herself. She was arranging her wares, humming a little song as she worked. Her fat corseted body, her fat powdered face, looked comfortable and good-natured. She looked up and saw Jewel come in thus miraculously early and empty handed

"Ah," said Isolde humorously, "she has come about that job after all."

"I have," Jewel answered.

"My dear," Isolde assured her with great pleasure, "it is here for you. You begin today?"

"At once."

"Why the change of mind?" asked Isolde.

Jewel answered: "Well, I've changed; life has changed. I want to work now, to help my people. I want to earn as much as I can. It is necessary."

"No ill fortune at home, I hope?" said Isolde vivaciously.

"No; nothing like that."

"Yet something has happened to you!" said Isolde quickly, stepping close. Jewel drew off her gloves. "You're married! Since when?"

"Yesterday."

"Yesterday? And—and you come out to find work today! He lets you?"

"He left me two or three hours after the wedding."

"Child!"

"He won't come back."

"My dear!"

"There was a great mistake—a ghastly mistake. Anyway, I am a married woman now; I don't hide it. Only, I haven't a husband."

"You must tell me more some other time," Isolde murmured kindly, and appalled. "When you want to talk just tell me. I could advise you perhaps, dear. I've seen a great deal of the world; I know men."

"I thought I did."

"Ah, there are lots of foolish babies like you!"

"I am not a baby," said Jewel. And, indeed, she felt very old, as the young do upon the first calamity.

So she went into the workroom and began once more to design her hats. She worked all that day, all that week, in Isolde's shop, turning out several little masterpieces. She had trained girls to sew for her, while her brain dreamed and her swift fingers built the model hats. And at the end of the week Isolde said, "It is a pity you can't pay the premium and come into partnership with me, isn't it, Miss Courage?" For she was still Miss Courage here. "It is preferred, in business," Isolde had explained; "so many gentlemen come in to buy these days."

To Isolde's suggestion Jewel replied, "That is my ambition."

"Your ambition then," said Isolde, "is no more entirely for idle days, easy times, boys and boys and boys! Your ambition is to work."

"To succeed. To succeed in something. I have debts."

When she said that she thought of her parents.

After a week that seemed endlessly long in the little house in Wallflower Road, there were two letters of special importance for old Courage and for Jewel. "I have a letter here from that Mr. Fleet," said Courage.

And Jewel stopped her reading of her own letter—that had brought tears to her eyes—to look up at her father across the supper table; with the tears arrested, with a flush of color on her cheeks and with a high-beating heart.

"Mr. Fleet?" cried Mrs. Courage; and softly—"You remember, Jewel?"

"I remember him, mother." The absurdity of it!

"I liked him," said Courage, squaring his shoulders and pulling at the ends of his little gray mustache, "a gentleman; a nice fellow. This is more than kind of him. He asks me, in a delightful note, to dine with him at his house one day before Christmas. He suggests two alternative days." They saw the gleam of pleasure in his face.

"I wonder what he wants," Mrs. Courage began.

"Wants? Nothing, mother, except to ask me to dine. Very nice and friendly of him. Read the invitation." Courage passed it over.

She read it, searching, but vainly, between the lines for any menace to her daughter. But the note was clearly just an invitation to dinner, suggesting sympathy, respect, understanding of the whole debacle. But it did not so much as hint at Vicary.

"Shall you go, Herbert?"

"Go? I shall be charmed to go. I shall choose tomorrow."

She stole a look at Jewel, who sat with her eyes fixed on her father, her lips a little parted. Her hand with the wedding ring on it crushed her own letter against her breast. "You're thinking of that beautiful sort of red room, Jewel?"

"It was beautiful, wasn't it, mother?"

Mrs. Courage tried to throw her husband a warning look, telling him to drop the subject of this Mr. Fleet and his Westminster house; but she could not catch his eye; he was reading Fleet's letter again and again. So she asked, "You have an interesting letter, too, darling?"

"Mine's from Flora, mums. They were married yesterday. They're at Brighton."

"So Flora's Mrs. Sandman," Mrs. Courage observed, still trying to catch her husband's eye.

"They'll be very happy, she and Hughie," said Jewel, the wedding ring seeming to burn through her silk jumper to her heart.

Mrs. Courage refrained from crying, "If only you'd had him how happy we might all be now!"

They sat watching Courage, whose lips were moving silently over the rereading of the letter. Jewel longed to cry out for it, but, keeping her cry back, tried to guess the words by the formations of his lips. Then he looked up anxiously, to say, "How about my suit, mother?"

"You'll want your dinner jacket, of course."

"Of course. I haven't put it on for at least fifteen years. The last time was the evening the office staff gave that dinner and smoking concert."

"I'll get it out tonight," said Mrs. Courage.

"It should be pressed, mother."

"Yes; properly. I won't try it myself. I'll take it to the little tailor round the corner."

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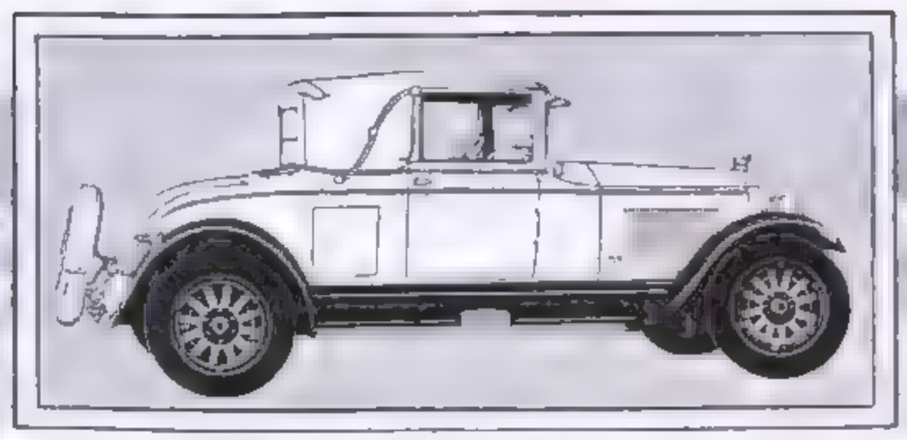
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Body by Fisher



The Convertible Coupe

~ ~ a new and very charming version of *Buick Beauty* ~ ~ ~

A car in a thousand, is this princely new open-enclosed Buick—the Convertible Coupe.

The name describes its adaptability and versatility. The top lowers for fair days. It raises in a moment, when the weather blusters. An open car today. Tight, closed-car comfort tomorrow.

Either way, the Convertible Coupe is a very charming motor car—styled for those who ask for the grace of the thoroughbred in the car they drive.

The colors of this newest Buick are in Coronation Duco—the year's smartest custom effects; the upper structure is of Lenox-grey, dual-texture top-weave; the upholsteries are of hand-buffed leathers, in tones to match the body colors; the windows raise even though the top is folded, and serve as wind deflectors.

The Convertible Coupe is built on the Series 128 chassis—and the engine is *vibrationless beyond belief.*

The performance, style, utility, and moderate price of this exquisite new Buick will win your warm approval.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

The GREATEST Buick EVER BUILT

(Continued from Page 34

"My figure hasn't altered much in size."

"No, no," said Mrs. Courage; "you'll be all right, my dear."

"I'll fetch it myself," said Courage, pushing his plate aside. "If you're both finished I'll fetch it now." He hurried upstairs.

"I'll clear the table while you look at the suit," said Jewel, rising to the task.

"Darling, it hasn't upset you, father mentioning Mr. Fleet?"

"No, no, mother; no, no."

But she shut herself into the scullery with the dishes, where her mother's anxious wondering eyes could not follow her. Of all things, now, it hurt to be watched; it hurt to be comforted, to be cared for; it hurt to be loved. So she washed the dishes, polished the knives and glasses, put everything away in just as good housewifely a fashion as her mother would have done. And still she was not ready to go back into the dining room. Still she was afraid that she might break and weep if her father did not hand her Mr. Fleet's letter. Yet she could not and would not ask for the letter.

Not once had he written or telephoned to her since her wedding day.

It was as if their passionate friendship, their strayed idyl, had finished with the closing of his front door upon the three of them a week ago. She tried to divert herself by reading Flora's letter again:

The Match Private Hotel,
Brighton.
December eighteenth.

My dearest Jewel: I can't help writing to you, though you never sent me any message about my engagement to Hughie, because I do hope we shall all be friends again. Hughie will come round to it in time. Oh, my dear, did you hear about my wedding? Aunt and uncle came up from the country for it, and brought mother, and aunt and uncle paid all the expenses and gave a reception at a hotel—quite a nice one, near Victoria, where they always stay. I was not married in white, owing to the time of year, and of course he can't afford to be extravagant; but I had a blue taffeta frock and hat, and a fur coat seal cony—that Hughie gave me for his present, and I have managed quite a trousseau.

I only wish, my dear, that you had seen my things. You could have given me some hints, I'm sure. You're so smart

The cake came from Gunter's

Quite a lot of people came to the wedding and reception My boss came, he gave us a silver teapot for a wedding present.

Now about being married: We always said we'd tell each other everything. We didn't know quite what we were talking about, I expect; but, oh, my dear, it's the only thing to be—married, I mean. Everything is different. A girl does feel she has a place in the world when she's Mrs. Somebody. It is wonderful I can't tell you. And there is something so holy about it Jewel

Oh, I am happy! We are having a gorgeous time here, late dinner of course, and dancing every evening in the hotel—we are staying at a hotel, as you see.

I am the luckiest girl alive. It will be the happiest Christmas of my life

With love, your affectionate friend
FLORA SANDMAN

P. S. I only wish you were as happy as I am

"And she didn't even know," Jewel thought in her young despair, "what had happened to me when she wrote that. She must be thinking I'm still being taken out, dining and dancing and all just as usual; and yet she writes, 'I only wish you were as happy as I am.'"

And she thought: "Flora and I were always different: she thought she envied me, but she never did really. She never really liked the cocktails and the parties and the things I thought were life. Flora's different."

She sat on the scullery table, swinging her feet. She thought of Flora with a pang—Flora Sandman—Mrs. Sandman, with a little villa at Barking all ready furnished to go back to after the honeymoon. But just now, until Christmas was over, there was the honeymoon.

Ah, there was the honeymoon! There was the wonderful time, with Flora as petted bride. There was a festive dinner every evening, with the kind and healthy Hughie who loved enjoying himself and sharing his enjoyment with others; dancing every evening with Hughie, who was a good dancer; fresh walks by the sea with Hughie; drives into the frost-sparkled country in the motorcycle outfit; companionship and love of Hughie.

Thinking of Flora and Sandman, Jewel knew why she herself felt so small and starved. No man had petted her, fed her, adored her, for a whole week. For a whole week she had worked by day and come home to grayness and middle age of evenings.

And this sadness sent her once more into a passion of longing to get hold of John Jeffrey's letter, steal warmth from it. And slipping off the table, she smoothed her hair, pulled her sleeves down and returned to the dining room

As she opened the door Mrs. Courage was cogitating: "I wonder how Mr. Fleet knew our address."

Courage was answering: "He could have got it from the directory."

"Didn't you think you knew his face somehow?"

"I don't think I did."

Jewel stood back against the door observing them. They bent over the suit, which was spread at length on the table, examining it minutely. Picking up a sleeve, Courage saw sadly that the elbow shone in a manner that no tailor could sponge and press away. That nap would never rise again. Touching buttons, Mrs. Courage murmured, "All frayed. I'll ask him what it would cost to put on new ones."

"Some men have been wearing white waistcoats with dinner jackets, the Tailors' Page in the Daily Note said the other day."

"I expect it's just a matter of taste. Your black will do."

"Have to."

"You'll enjoy tomorrow evening, Herbert."

"I shall. A man likes to dine with a man sometimes," he said with a gallant robustiousness.

Jewel came forward, looking around. And she saw John Jeffrey's letter, put aside, on the sideboard. "May I see it, father?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Courage, touchingly proud of the letter.

She stood leaning against the sideboard, turned from them, eating and drinking John Jeffrey's words. They were a strong cordial to her. And all through the letter—rather longer than a mere invitation was usually—she loved his gentleness, his tact, his understanding; the convincing expression of his hope that Mr. Courage would honor him with his company. And she wished that she could tuck the letter down against her breast, keep it as her one souvenir of him. For he was a man who had made her no gifts.

"Isn't it a nice letter?" said Mrs. Courage from the table.

"A very nice letter. He—he must have liked you, father."

"Liking begets liking," Courage responded with a fine airiness. "I liked him."

Underneath his airiness, his robustious assumption of looking forward to a man's dinner as such, she divined all the time her father's pleasure, his pride, his anticipation and excitement.

XV

WHEN Jewel came home the next evening her father had already returned and was dressing for the dinner with Fleet. There was high excitement in the house; almost an expectation, though, heaven knew, there was nothing to expect. But it was a long time since old

(Continued on Page 62)

"Have You Seen a Perfectly Marvelous Little Girl at a Little Milliner's Called Iceide? Everyone's Going There Because of Her, They Say"

THAT THE AMERICAN FAMILY MAY HAVE, AT A MODERATE INVESTMENT, A CAR THAT GRATIFIES THEIR FINER TASTES AS WELL AS SATISFIES THEIR EVERY NEED"

Product of GENERAL MOTORS

OLDSMOBILE SIX

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

By George Broadhurst

VARIOUS other plays of mine were presented, one or two succeeding and many more failing—for even a successful playwright is lucky if he averages one hit out of four productions—until I got the idea for Bought and Paid For, the starting point of which was the smashing of the door which eventuated as the end of Act II. From this point I had to work backward to the exposition and forward to the climax, and the process was extremely slow.

The story simply would not break—that is, divide itself into acts—for I had intended the breaking of the door to be the end of Act III. Nor could I see the comedy which in those days was considered necessary to success. Intermittently, and between the writing of other plays, I gave considerable thought to the idea, which proved stubborn and reluctant.

Finally I realized that one way or another I had to get it out of my system. It hung heavy on my mind, making me impatient and irritable, until one night I suddenly awoke with both the comedy and the development of the play clear to me in practically every detail. I jumped out of bed, went quickly to the room where I did my work, and for at least two hours wrote on the scenario as it had been presented to me by my subconscious mind. Then I went back to bed and to sleep.

Lionel Barrymore. At Right—In The Barrier, the Modern Version of Rex Beach's Popular Novel

In the morning I picked up the manuscript with mingled feelings. It was by no means the first time I had awakened and written under such conditions, but experience had taught me that some of the things which appeared vibrant and propitious at night sometimes were dull and useless in the light of day. On this occasion, to the joy of my heart, things seemed right. The play came with a rush. The first three acts were written in a week and the last act at a single sitting.

Drawing the Crowd From the Beaten Path

THE day on which I began writing I told Frank Craven that I was going to write a part especially for him. At that time he was, simply from lack of opportunity, a bit actor—that is, a player of small parts. I wrote the rôle especially for him and visualized him in every movement and in every line. William A. Brady accepted the play unhesitatingly and Craven was the first actor engaged. At that time his salary was $125 a week; but so true, vivid, unswerving, finished and workmanlike was his characterization that in two years, in the same rôle, his salary was $300 weekly, and in two years more it was $500. In any part that I have written no player has given me the joy and the warmth of heart that Frank Craven did as Jimmy Gilley in Bought and Paid For.

The play was produced for the tryout with Henry E. Dixey in the rôle of Robert Stafford. The result was such that Brady determined not to bring it to New York until the following October and to try then for a season's run. He made a contract with the Messrs. Shubert whereby it was agreed that it should come into the Maxine Elliott or the Thirty-ninth Street Theater on October fifteenth, these theaters being chosen because there were only four principal characters and two servants in the play and we desired an intimate house.

Between the signing of the contract and the opening of the coming season, during which the play was to be brought to New York, a theater called the Playhouse was built for Brady in West Forty-eighth Street, which was then entirely outside the theater district and was in fact quite off the theatrical map. The wiseacres again predicted failure for Brady, saying that the public would not go to a theater so far off the beaten track, and when his first production in it failed they felt confirmed in their judgment.

Brady then asked me if I would agree to the playing of Bought and Paid For in his theater. He was quite frank about the proposition, saying that he realized that it might be hazardous to the success of the play to produce it in a theater so far out of the way. He said also that it meant more to him than the production of any play he had ever made, as a success would establish his house. Remembering how gallantly he had fought for The Man of the Hour, and also because of our warm and sincere friendship, I promptly agreed. Armed with my consent, Brady went to see Lee Shubert, who met him as readily as I did and canceled the contract for the production of the play at one of his theaters.

With Julia Dean, Marie Nordstrom, Charles Richman, Frank Craven and Allan Atwell in the cast, Bought and Paid for opened at the Playhouse and the result is a matter of record. It proved to be the biggest hit both artistically and financially with which I have been so fortunate as to be associated. The measure of its success may be judged from the fact that the next season five companies were presenting the play in the United States, one company was playing it in Australia and another in South Africa. When Brady decided to produce the play in London it was arranged that Craven should go there to appear in his original part; that a Japanese who was playing the Japanese servant in the Chicago company should go also, because we thought it might be a novelty to have him in the cast speaking English, and that I should go to produce it. Craven and I sailed together and the Japanese was to follow. It was Craven's first visit to England and he enjoyed it hugely. He poked much fun in a quiet, good-humored way at the leading man, who absolutely failed to see where Craven was going to get a single laugh.

A Custom-Made Name

ON THE morning of the darkest day I have ever seen in London, Craven came in to rehearsal and said to the leading man, "Good morning. You have a fine night today."

"Beg pardon?" was the response.

Craven answered, "I said you have a fine night today."

The other actor stared at him for a moment uncomprehendingly, and answered "Yes, I suppose so," and turning to me, added, "May we go on with the rehearsal?"

Hale Hamilton was playing in London at the time, and on Sunday he took Craven to his first dinner at the Carlton Hotel, where Craven caught sight of the tall, dignified and powdered footman who takes the hats in the cloakroom. Craven gazed at him for a while, his mind reverted to the long days he had spent playing in stock, and then he stepped up to him and said, "Say, old sport, I've played you a thousand times."

The imperturbable footman, to whom this speech was about as intelligible as would have been an address on the binomial theorem delivered in Choctaw, turned to Craven an unblinking eye and said "Yes, sir; thank you, sir," his unfailing formula for replying to foreign gentlemen who spoke English words but not the English language.

We had been rehearsing about a week when the stage-door keeper brought me a card reading "Mr. Woolworth Gould."

I told him that I knew no such person and to ask what he wanted; but before he could return to do this, on walked the bland and smiling Japanese actor.

"Good morning, ever'body," he chirped.

"Is this your card?" I demanded.

He replied grinningly, "Yes-s-s! Woolworth biggest building in world, Gould very rich man. Fine name. Yes-s-s?"

I explained why we had brought him over and that it was impossible to use such a name for the actor playing that part, but he refused to give me his real name and no pleading or argument could make him do it. Consequently there was only one thing possible—I must invent a Japanese name for the program, which I cheerfully proceeded to do

On the opening night, at the end of the first act, I heard howls of anguish coming from the stage and rushed back to see what was the matter. So anxious had been the

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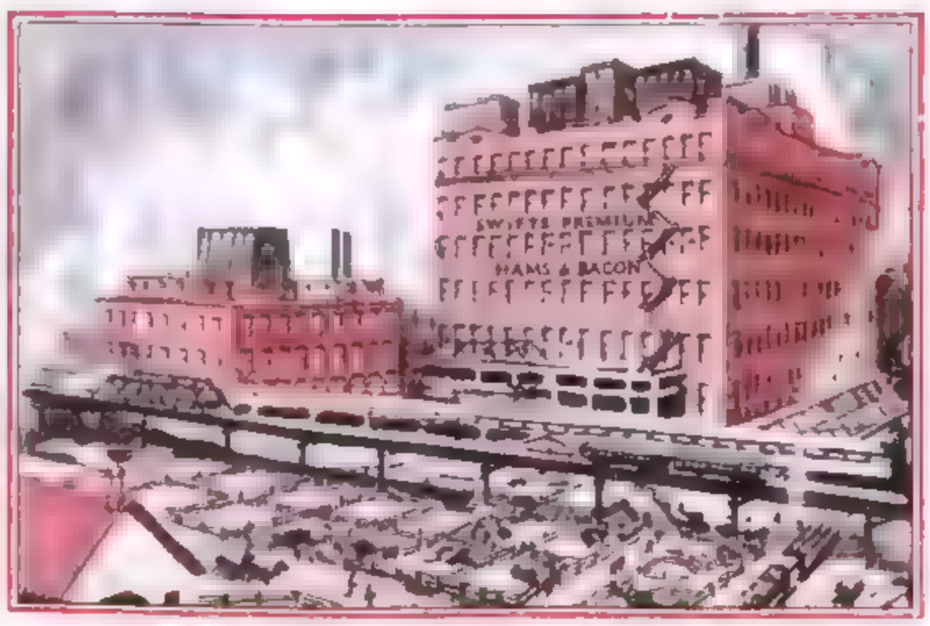
SWIFT

1-FARM



2-CENTRAL MARKET & PACKER

3-RETAILER

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Strictly direct marketing from farmer to final consumer is out of the question for the bulk of farm products.

The reason is that most farm products have to be transported hundreds of miles before the final consumer can be reached.

Swift & Company has developed direct marketing to the most practicable extent.

Our raw materials come from farmers direct or through their agents; our finished products are sold to retailers direct through our nation-wide distributing system.

There are no unnecessary steps or handlings in ***our*** marketing methods.

The result is that our products are marketed at the lowest possible expense between farmer and retailer. And the profit averages only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

Direct service to more than 300,000 trade customers

© S. & Co.

FRICTION
—the unseen enemy of production in your plant

2 Specific Causes of Industrial Waste

No executive wilfully permits waste in his plant. But he thinks waste is inevitable and he cannot put his finger on specific causes. Here are two:

1. Time out for repairs to machine equipment.
2. Congestion of production at one point which compels idleness at other points.

The first is due to faulty lubrication almost wholly. The second is frequently due to it.

Can an executive fairly say: "I am not interested in lubrication"?

* * *

In the wide-spread movement to reduce manufacturing wastes the Vacuum Oil Company takes a conspicuous part.

It is concerned with the *results* of lubrication, not merely making and selling oils. Results depend upon lubrication with *suitable* oils—that precisely meet the needs of each machine under the conditions of operation peculiar to the individual plant.

It saves industry millions of dollars by its precise prescription of oils and methods.

Ask us what we can do for you.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
***for* Plant Lubrication**

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

(Continued from Page 38)

Japanese to see his beloved Woolworth Gould in print that he had not waited until the end of the performance, as is the custom, to obtain a program, but he had sent out front for one to read at the first fall of the curtain, and on it he found neither his native name nor his adopted one. His correct Japanese name appeared on the next printing.

At the first matinée, Craven, who had played his part hundreds of times, forgot his lines—something he had never done before, and when I asked him about it, he said, "Why wouldn't I forget them? When I happened to look into the first entrance, there was the stage manager taking his tea."

The Playhouse, instead of being a detriment to the play, was, to my mind, one of the important factors contributing to its success. It was cozy, intimate and, as Burns Mantle wrote of it, every seat was a front one. In the vernacular, the actor could shake hands with the last row. It was, in short, the ideal house; and lucky indeed is the author who has his play presented under such conditions, for the wrong theater has killed many a play. By "wrong" I mean wrong in the size of both the auditorium and the stage.

A Side Line for Business Men

MANY a visiting theatergoer who has seen a play in New York, and has witnessed it later in his own town with the same cast and scenery, has been amazed at the difference in the two presentations and has invariably blamed it on the actors. The fault was in the house. In towns which have only one regular theater in which to present both plays and musical plays, the theater is always built to accommodate the crowds which the musical plays have to draw to make their presentation profitable. When this is done, the play, especially if it has a small cast, inevitably suffers because the auditorium is too large for its proper playing.

Hale Hamilton, in Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. At Right—George M. Cohan, Actor, Composer, Manager and Musician. At Top—Eddie Foy, the Popular Comedian

For the ideal production of an intimate comedy or drama, which must be played naturally to give the proper effect, there should not be more than fourteen rows of seats on the lower floor and the theater should be built fan shape and not tunnel shape. But in some theaters where plays are done there are twenty-six rows. If the actor plays naturally, the effect is lost to the last twelve rows. If he plays so that he reaches them he is overplaying to the first fourteen. This does not apply so much to farce as to other types of plays, because the action and speech are broader; but even in farce some of the effect is lost in too large a house. It was of one such house in Los Angeles that Eddie Foy said, "If I spring a new gag here, by the time it reaches the last row it's a chestnut."

It was the size of the New Theater, now the Century, in New York which killed that enterprise the moment it was born. It was a gallant gesture and every lover of the theater must regret its failure. But any practical producer of plays could have told the gentlemen concerned in it that under their scheme it could not succeed. It is absolutely impossible to produce opera or spectacular drama in the same theater in which intimate comedy and drama are presented.

When the second Founders' Dinner was given by the gentlemen who financed the New Theater various playwrights were invited. The speakers eulogized the undertaking and congratulated the founders effusively on the success of the enterprise. After the dinner Otto Kahn asked me what I thought of the venture.

"Do you want me to be merely a back-slapper or do you wish me to tell you the truth?" I inquired.

"I want the truth, of course."

"Then how is it possible for business men, such as the founders are, to pretend to delude themselves and think that they are deluding others? Everyone in New York concerned with the theater knows that your enterprise, instead of being a glorious financial success, is a magnificent failure."

"What do the playwrights think of the enterprise?"

"They look on it as rather a joke."

"Why?"

"Among other reasons, because you have looked on them as a joke."

"How do they come to that conclusion?"

"The New Theater was intended to be a national institution which was to be to the United States what the Comédie Française is to France. The corner stone of such an institution is the playwright, the man who makes everything else possible. When the first performance, an invitation affair, was given, how many playwrights were invited?"

"I don't know."

"Two, and one of these received his invitation because he was a star actor of the first magnitude.

"Later, it found that it had no plays. How did it go about procuring them? It put an advertisement in the New York Herald stating that playwrights who wished their manuscripts considered might send them to a lock box at the Madison Square Post Office. In other words, a recognized dramatist who could get $2500 merely for agreeing to write a play was to send his finished work to be put among the ruck of the unproduced and to be read by heaven knows whom."

"But we did not mean that to apply to established playwrights."

"Did you want their plays?"

"Most assuredly."

"What effort, aside from what I have said, did you make to get them?" To this there was no answer.

Since Bought and Paid For no major success has fallen to me. I have, however, had the full quota of failures and several hits. Among them was Today, which I adapted from the Yiddish of Abraham Schomer. It ran a season at the Forty-eighth Street Theater, though much of the run must be attributed to the skillful management of and the wide publicity attained for the play by its producer, Harry Von Tilzer. When produced, Today was considered a bold and wicked drama. Now it would be thought as insipid as a Sunday-school tract and as devilish as an ice-cream soda.

Another play was Innocent, in which Pauline Frederick appeared. It was adapted from the Hungarian of Armand Pastor. The effect of the war economically on the countries of Central Europe was brought home to me by a letter I received later from the Hungarian author, whom I have never met, imploring me to send him an order for fifty dollars' worth of supplies on the American organization having such things in charge in this country. He said that it would keep his family from starving, and I sincerely hope that what I sent him did.

A third play was Wildfire, written with George V. Hobart for that most charming of actresses,

Miss Jessie Bonstelle

Lillian Russell. The value of any man's judgment of a play before it is produced was exemplified at the dress rehearsal of this one. One of the managers interested in the production, but who had not seen the play rehearsed, sat stonily through the dress rehearsal, and when it was finished walked down the aisle and said, "Take my advice, Miss Russell, and don't even open in this play. It hasn't a chance in the world. It's terrible. . . . Good night." And he walked out.

A One-Way Sliding Wage Scale

IN SPITE of this bombshell, Miss Russell and the manager in charge went on with the production. Its first week in Cincinnati, in spite of the extra expenses of initial performances, showed a handsome profit, and I do not think that the play ever had a losing engagement. In fact, had it achieved a real run in New York, I think it might have been justly called a major success.

Wildfire played Los Angeles during Holy Week to nearly $13,000, which gave the company a profit of about $4000, even had salaries been paid in full. But it was the custom then to pay the company only half salary during Holy Week and the week before Christmas, because those weeks are the worst from a theater standpoint during the entire season. But let it be pointed out that for the holiday weeks following them, when business was the best in the year, the actors were not given any premium. Business being so profitable in Los Angeles, Miss Russell wired her manager asking if under the circumstances only half salaries must be paid the company—she received her salary in full—and the reply was: "That is our policy."

It was such things as this that caused the formation of the Actors' Equity Association. A few managers always dealt fairly with the actors, but many of them took every advantage of them that they could; and the weaker and more defenseless the actor, the more numerous and cruel were the advantages taken. There was no uniform or standard contract. Each manager had his own individual printed form, which the actor, unless he was one of the very few indispensables, could take or leave.

Some of these contracts were appallingly unfair. One firm, in addition to Holy Week and the week before Christmas, had a clause by which they were privileged to pay the company half salary for the week before election. This week they booked in Canada, where there was no election, but they paid half salaries just the same.

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TOSH MEETS THE COUNTESS

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"You're Through. Get Out From Behind That Counter"

THIS being a salubrity has its ins and outs, I'm here to state, and if it don't get me cockeyed sooner or later I'm a wonder. 'Course, I don't mean I'm fussed any by the window gawpers that collect in bunches and stare through the plate glass, or by the giggly flappers that just come in to look me over. That don't cramp my style none. In fact I kinda feed on it. And I expect Iris Illington was right—you gotta love your public.

But not knowin' whether you're on or off is something else again. As shifty as the weather, this fame stuff is. First you got it, roped and hog-tied, and then —— But let's linger over them headliner days when I was ridin' the world and was being touted as Tosh the Unabashed, the Green Mountain soda clerk who'd called a crown prince Gus.

For this new boss of mine, Mr. Kurtz, don't miss any tricks when it comes to grabbin' off a little free advertisin'. Not him. He's a Swiss, for one thing; and I understand his first shop was a one-man hole-in-the-wall down on the wrong side of Fourteenth Street. Now he has this twenty-stool, ten-table joint on Fifth Avenue that he calls Pierrot's, right where he catches the cream of the shoppin' trade. And I bet it wasn't just luck that got him here either.

Look how he plays me up after he's signed me on because of my press notices. I'd hardly got into a white coat and learned which was the strawb'ry tap and which the choc'let before he has one of them pieces from the paper, with my picture in it, pasted up on the mirror behind me, and another framed among the box candy in the show window.

Say, it was funny to watch the customers drift in and see which would spot me and which wouldn't. They'd pass over their soda checks and climb up on the stools, and while I was jugglin' the glasses maybe one would get an eye on the picture. They'd look from that to me and back at the picture, and then they'd either snicker or nudge the one next to 'em and whisper the news.

"Are you really the youth who said that to the crown prince of Sweden?" one old dame asks me.

"I can't deny it, lady," says I.

"Well, you ought to be deported for it," says she.

"I was—from Vermont," says I. "Little more sirup in the egg phosphate, ma'am?"

But as a rule the girls just giggled and the men stared. The ones outside who discovered me generally stopped to point me out to somebody else and explain what they'd read, and at times there'd be quite a little group gazin', with a few breakin' away to stray in for a close-up. So I knew I was a business getter.

Quite some different from the noonday rush up at Fink's drug store in South Adnock. There, if more'n five hit the soda counter at once, the old Doc would come hoverin' around, fussy, tryin' to help out and only gettin' in the way. But here I had 'em standin' two deep at times while I slung orders together as fast as I could make the motions. And they kept comin' and comin'. 'Course, not half of 'em noticed who I was, but enough got wise so my end of the counter was always the most popular, and that fact don't get away from them popeyes of Mr. Kurtz either. He's all the time paddin' up and down the shop and among the tables and behind the counters, and you can't leave an empty glass more'n a minute before he's waggin' a finger at it. Also he sees when the chicken sandwiches are runnin' low, and has an ear stretched for any howl that a customer may put up. At the end of the day I expect he knew just how much extra trade I'd brought in too.

Naturally I didn't have much time to get gabby with the rest of the force, although I did swap a wink here and there with some of the cute little table girls as they tripped past in their gray uniforms and dinky white aprons. There was a bobbed blonde I meant to have speech with when it came right. Looked like she might qualify as a little playmate. But the male part of our outfit certainly was a crabby bunch. There was five of us in the soda squad, workin' almost elbow to elbow, but all I got from any of 'em the first couple of days was sour looks. 'Specially from the one next to me, this bird with the kinky red hair and the thin neck. I made a few folksy stabs only to get an assault-and-battery glare.

"Lissen here, old Clover Top," I says to him, "are you tryin' to upstage me, or what?"

"Say, Fatty," he growls, "you save that village-cut-up stuff until you're shunted back to the sticks. Don't pull it on me anyhow."

"But what's the idea?" I goes on. "I ain't bit you on the leg or anything, have I?"

"Yah-h-h!" he yaps. "Ain't you, though? Say, I been Number One man here for three years runnin', and now the boss jumps you into my place just because you made a fresh crack to some prince and got your name in the papers. A stuffed hick like you! Huh!"

"Oh, it's a case of green eyes, is it?" says I. "Well, just think how glad the passers-by must be at havin' me to look at instead of you."

"All right, all right!" says he. "Be yourself. But I'm tellin' you that some day you're gonna overdo that act of yours and I'll be on hand to give you the laugh when you get the air."

Two of the others seemed to feel about the same, only maybe they wasn't quite so bitter. The little pimply-faced feller at the end of the counter, though, was inclined to be chummy. He was new to the shop, too, havin' drifted in from Jersey only a few months before.

"Don't mind 'em, Tosh," says he. "They been ridin' me pretty hard ever since I came, but I expect you can give 'em as hot comebacks as they need."

"If I can't," says I, "it'll be because my tongue has gone paralyzed. It's what you might call my salary wing, my tongue is. If I hadn't used it free I'd still been up in Vermont, wouldn't I?"

I'll admit, though, there wasn't as much chance for me to show my talents in Pierrot's, Fifth Avenue, as there had been at Fink's in South Adnock. 'Course, I was servin' a hundred where I used to serve one, and I guess some of 'em was real ritzy people; but how you gonna call folks by their pet names when you don't know who or what they are?

(Continued on Page 44)

"I Wonder, Sir," Says He, Droppin' My Bag on a Chair

Champion X—exclusively for Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors—packed in the Red Box—
60 cents each
Set of Four $2.40

Champion—for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box
75 cents each
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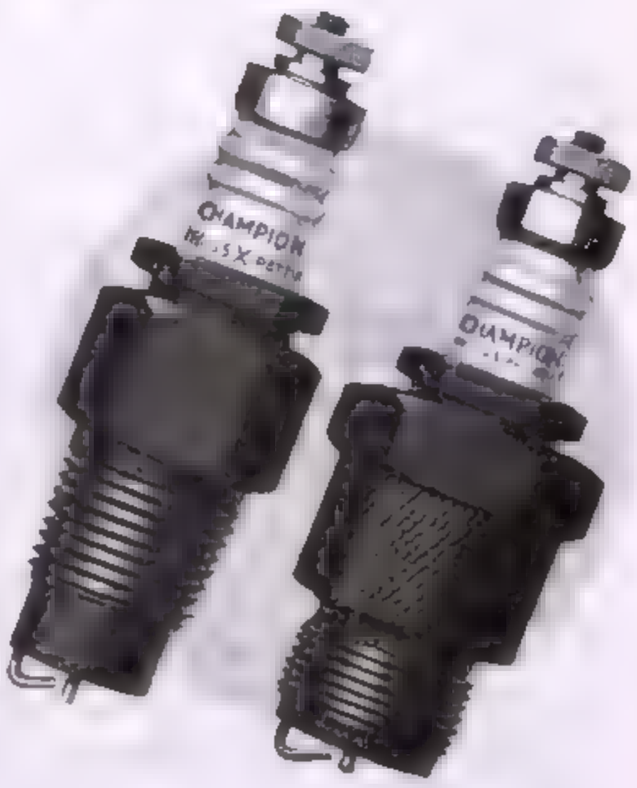

CHAMPION
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All Champion Spark Plugs are of two-piece, gas-tight construction, with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes.

"Say, 'Auntie,' Says I, "Who's Doin' This Dustin' Job, Anyway?"

(Continued from Page 42)

Besides, they was all in such a rush. They came in for drinks, not conversation.

And after the first few days they seemed to forget that tale about me and the crown prince. It was old stuff, I expect. Others had made the front page since—a girl channel swimmer, a guy that was gonna fly across the Atlantic, the winner of a big fight. The clipping with my picture in it was still pasted on the mirror, but it was gettin' kinda faded, and I think Reddy had sort of smeared it up on the sly. Only now and then somebody glanced at it. I saw I was edgin' out of the spotlight, but I didn't know what could be done about it.

Then, about the middle of the second week, something broke that I wasn't lookin' for. Along about two o'clock it was, as the sandwich lunch rush was just dwindlin' off. I know I'd shoved an egg malted at a mild-voiced gent with a lavender necktie, when there's this little flurry at the entrance and in surges a young mob, mostly flappers, who are followin' a lady in a floppy hat. I needed only one look to spot who it is; but if I hadn't seen I could have told by the whispered buzz that went around.

"That's Miss Illington—Iris Illington!" they was tellin' each other, excited.

And of course it is. She's got on that marble-statue make-up, and her million-dollar eyes are registerin' the girly-girly stare as she lets on not to know that she ain't wanderin' alone through a daisy field. Trailin' her close is that snippy French maid who tried to bar me when I crashed the gate at her Gloriana suite. And say, don't it give you an ache the way people make a fuss over these movie stars?

Why, even Reddy forgets his grudge against me and says behind his hand, "Know who that is?"

"Huh!" says I. "Why shouldn't I?"

For I was still sore at the way she'd strung me along when she was up in Vermont with that big stiff of a stage director, Godfrey Marlow; promisin' to place me in a stout-boy part in her new piece, and then when I come down here to remind her of it havin' me thrown out like I was something the cat had brought in. And Reddy asks if I know her by sight!

I don't claim she remembers me, understand. She was pushin' past my section when my mild-voiced customer steps back with his drink and waves for her to take his place at the counter, as graceful as an orchestra leader bringin' in the second row of violins. She gives him one of her dazzlin' smiles and the next minute she's puckerin' her rosebud lips, puzzled.

"Now let me see," says she, glancin' at the soda list.

But I don't wait for her to stall around. "I know," says I. "A lime carb, without—eh, Iris?"

And you should have heard the gasp that comes from the line. "Why—why," says she, starin', "if it isn't my friend the fat boy!"

Say, I expect some would have let her get away with it. I might, too, if I hadn't had such a gallery and had this sudden hunch how I could give 'em a jolt.

"You're part right, Iris," says I, "but the rest is all wrong. I may be fat and all, but I got my own ideas as to who my friends are."

"Oh!" says she, sort of hurt and plaintive, and edgin' off almost as though I'd made a pass at her. "Then—then I think I prefer to be waited on by someone else."

"Suit yourself, Miss Illington," says I, haughty. "Here, Red, you check."

Well, it was soon over, and she has sailed out with her string of sappy admirers; but I might have known Mr. Kurtz would be hoverin' around with his ear stretched. He comes at me like a hornet, his popeyes glittery.

"Say, who do you think you are, young man?" he snarls.

"Me?" says I. "Why, I'm Jermiah MacIntosh Whaley, otherwise known as Tosh the Unabashed."

"Well, do you think I hire you to insult my customers? If there's any doubt about it, I'll tell you—I don't. And you're through. Get out from behind that counter."

"Oh, all right," says I. "No need to get steamed up about it. I'm just as ready to quit as you are to have me. This ain't the only soda-jerkin' job in New York, you know."

"G-r-r-r!" says he, or something like that, as he watches me peel off the white coat.

I'd collected my hat and what pay was comin' to me, and was marchin' jaunty out the front entrance, when somebody touches me on the arm. It's the gent with the ladylike voice and the lavender tie. He's a tall thin guy, with a little blond mustache twisted to a pencil point at the ends, and he has a crook-handled walkin' stick hung on his arm and wears gray gloves, just like he was on his way to a tea fight or a cake-eatin' contest

"Pardon me," says he, "but may I ask if you are still—er—unabashed?"

"You bet I am," says I. "I may be out, but not down, and I ain't draggin' me heels any."

"Quite so," says he. "Then the descriptive title conferred on you by the press must have been more or less merited."

"Eh?" says I.

"I've been reading of your encounter with Gustavus Adolphus," says he, "and I happened to discover you in the soda shop. That is why I came in, and I was just in time to learn that you are no more impressed by a celebrated screen star than by a crown prince."

"They all look alike to me," says I. "People are people, ain't they?"

"But most of us are so apt to forget that fact," says he. "I was especially struck, however, by your attitude toward the somewhat belligerent person who discharged you. You seemed to have no fear even of him."

"Well, if you gotta walk the plank," says I, "why not go with your chin up?"

"A simple philosophy," says he, "but not easy to practice, Mr. —er ——"

"Tosh is the name," says I.

"Ah, thank you, Tosh," says he. "And I trust you'll not think me merely curious, but I would like to know if there are not some persons of whom you might—er—stand in awe."

"If there are," says I, "I ain't met 'em."

"Really!" says he, twistin' the pencil points and starin' at me. "But then you have never encountered my Aunt Sarah."

"What's she like?" says I.

"Ah!" says he, and gazes sort of blank at the traffic. "I wish you could meet Aunt Sarah. Do you mind walking as far as my car? I believe it is waiting in the next block"

"Is she parked in it?" I asks.

"No, thank goodness," says he. So we walks along and he says, "Am I right in understanding that you are without employment at present?"

"Absolutely," says I.

"Then," says he, "perhaps you will permit me to offer you a situation."

"Drug or drinks?" says I.

That has him rubbin' his chin for a second, but he finally gets it. "Ah, I see," says he. "No, I do not own any kind of a shop. But I am in need of a —— Now let me think. Oh, I have it—a secretary!"

(Continued on Page 202)

"Ah, Tosh," Says He, Beckonin' Me In, "Enter. This is to be Your Domain, Your Exclusive Bailiwick"

NEW PATTERNS . . .
in rugs that will make your rooms *lovelier* and your housework *easier!*

SEE the delightful new patterns in Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs! New motifs that will appeal to you as something different, prettier, and more interesting than you have seen before in smooth-surfaced floor-covering.

Every part of the house has been provided for—from kitchen to guest-room. The six designs at the right give a hint of the variety and charm of the entire assortment. What an opportunity they offer to brighten and beautify your home with rugs which represent the latest ideas in floor-covering design.

Decide now to get rid of shabby floor-coverings. You can so easily afford these attractive ones—these new, labor-saving *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs which lighten cleaning duties so wonderfully.

None of the dust and fatigue of heavy sweeping. None of the drudgery of beating. A light easy rub-over with a damp mop—and the smooth, sanitary surface of Congoleum Rugs smiles with cleanliness. Think of the leisure and comfort you can have!

Your local dealer will gladly show you his stock of the new *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs—the floor-covering that lies flat without fastening. All sizes from 9x15 foot rugs to small mats. And prices were never as low as they are today!

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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
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Above is shown the popular "WALES" design—Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 372

The Secrets of "Color Magic"

Don't fail to write for a free copy of the helpful, home-beautifying handbook offered below. It will show you how you can easily improve your rooms—make them really artistic—without spending a mint of money.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

THIS is the Gold Seal Guarantee which enables you to pick out genuine Gold Seal Art-Rugs from those which merely look like them. Insist that this Gold Seal appears on the face of the rugs you buy!

I Want Harriet Wilson's "Color Magic in the Home" as written by Anne Priest Rose, who tells how I can make my home more attractive without spending a lot of money. I enclose 10 cents in stamps or coin. Mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for a copy.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

THE SILVER CORD

(Continued from Page 29)

"I'll say there's nothing the matter with your nerve," gasped Williams. "If you want to be a detective I won't stop you. I'll hand you my job, and at the same time I'll hand myself a bouquet for dragging you into the office. But let me post a warning. If you don't make good with your first long breath the boss is man enough to give us a ride down the stairs together. Now make up your mind whether you were joking or not."

"I'm not joking," said Harrington.

x

IT WAS natural that Harrington should have gathered from Williams' talk an entirely erroneous impression of the offices of Delano & Dobbs, Inc. They were not reached by stairs, but by an express elevator to the fourteenth floor. They comprised a suite of nine rooms, presided over by an office boy, six stenographers, two filing clerks, two private secretaries and an office manager. This was merely the working skeleton of the concern—the inside force. Above it were John F. Delano, the son of the famous founder, and D. T. Dobbs, the present brains of the firm. All around it, radiating occasionally into the farthest corners of the earth, were the pitiless tentacles of the octopus—the plain-clothes men.

Once intrusted with the tracking of a fugitive or a stray, Delano & Dobbs, Inc., never quit, nor could they had they wanted to. Partners might come and go, the heads of the institution might die, there might be an entire turnover of the detective force, but the records remained. They were the by-laws of every ambitious cub, open for anyone in a position of trust to read, learn by heart and remember. There was a private file containing the scalps of confidential sex or matrimonial sniping forays; but far from being honored by its distinction, it was heartily despised and its increase confided to neophytes.

The heavy business of the partnership had reputable insurance companies, surety associations and fiduciary institutions on one end, and correspondingly weighty criminals on the other. Contrary to the most entrancing branch of fiction, there was no rivalry whatever between the police and Delano & Dobbs, whose motto of Get Your Man was merely the preliminary to landing their fee. They cared not a rap who got the praise if they got their money, and their indifference amounted to genuine dignity.

In fact, anyone entering their premises unwarned would have been convinced he was in the offices of a worthy and enterprising law firm, and the impression would have persisted until he met Mr. Dobbs.

Mr. Williams left Harrington in an anteroom while he went in for a preliminary interview with D. T. Dobbs, known sometimes by his three initials, but more often as the boss. Williams was gone for a long time—almost an hour. When he opened the door to beckon, he was mopping sweat from his forehead, though it was a cold March day and the room was amply ventilated.

"This is the boss, Mr Harrington. I've been telling him about you"

Harrington stood before a man who looked like a walrus He had a full, drooping mustache and dewlaps hanging from his squared jaws His face was absolutely expressionless, but his eyes, though they rarely moved, had the same penetrating quality as those of Williams, but carried to a higher and more alarming degree They met Harrington's—pounced on them in fact—and tried to stare them down.

"What's your interest in this case, Mr Harrington?" asked Dobbs, his face and his eyes stationary, his lips scarcely moving.

Harrington took his time: he took exactly as much time as Mr. Dobbs had taken before he had fired his opening shot. Then he answered, "Money and amusement."

"How much money?"

"Twenty per cent of what I recover."

"And expenses, I suppose."

"Actual expenses, but no salary."

"You saw our man in Haiti. You know exactly where he is." The two sentences came out like bullets, but Harrington's face remained as expressionless as his assailant's. "I say you saw him. Did you hear that? I tell you, you know exactly where he is. You thought you could come up here and peel off 20 per cent besides the reward just by prancing around and playing you wanted to be a detective." Harrington was wondering how the same God could have made Beard and Dobbs. But Dobbs, behind his pressed-leather face, with Williams looking on, was rapidly coming to the boiling point. He rushed like a bull. "When you told Williams you hadn't run into the man we're after, or heard of him, you were a sneak and a liar."

Harrington smiled. The reason he could smile was that he was looking at Dobbs a mile away. "You big bladder of fat," he said without emotion, "I thought you had brains."

He turned and, with a wave of farewell to Williams, started for the door.

"Mr. Harrington!" called Dobbs pleasantly. "Now that that's over, do you mind coming back?" Harrington paused and faced him, puzzled. "Oh, it's all right," continued Dobbs. "I'll retract and apologize. I'll even act pretty and offer you a chair."

"An apology doesn't cover that sort of thing," said Harrington, as if deliberating. "I ought to spit in your face."

"Go ahead," said Dobbs, looking at him steadily. "I mean it. If you think spitting in my face will make us all square, go ahead and do it, and we'll start even. What's more, I won't reach for anything except my handkerchief."

Harrington smiled and accepted the proffered chair. He talked with Dobbs for an hour and a half. He showed him his credentials as a matter of form, and then started in to back them up with a bird's-eye view of Haiti that made Williams sigh with envy. He covered its commerce, contours and customs. He divided it by strata, geographically and racially. He dissected its social composition from Columbus to the buccaneers, from the French to the marauders, from the Black Conquest to the fall of President Sam and the American intervention.

He balanced the marines against the natives, and the officers' wives against the white diplomatic and commercial ladies who had to mix in colored government circles—and pretend they liked it or get out.

Williams gasped, but did not recognize himself as Harrington's principal informant when he went on to trace bickerings, sadness and rancor to their writhing roots, and ended up by delivering the entire struggling mass into the cavernous maw of Papa Loi.

"I don't believe it," said Dobbs, as one who does believe.

"It isn't fashionable to believe it," conceded Harrington, and went on: "Good government springs up for a day or a year and looks as flourishing as a castor-bean plant You can't see voodooism for the leaves But when they drop, there's Papa Loi, and he's been there all the time, asleep in the kindly shade. If your man's on the island he knows where—but a lot of good it will do you to know he knows."

"Why won't you go straight back and stay there till you get him?"

"Because I'm not sure he's a murderer or an embezzler."

"Wait a minute—wait a minute," drawled Dobbs "Feel for the soft spot in your head. What do you think this place is—a Sunday-school library?"

"I know all about your dope," said Harrington, unflustered. "It hasn't got you anywhere, has it? As far as I can see, this is a gymnasium. You're riding a stationary bike, and you hate to get off it because you think if you only pedal hard enough it will take you somewhere."

"Did you hear that, Williams?" said Dobbs, without anger. "I guess we'll have to swallow it whole."

"I'd rather start all over again for myself," continued Harrington, "and the surest way of avoiding your bike is not to believe anything you believe."

"There's always something in that good old rule, no matter how silly it sounds," admitted Dobbs. "Go ahead. Williams will fit you out with all the powers we've got, and I'll add a letter of my own to the bank."

As soon as they were out of the private office and its door was firmly closed Williams turned on his companion and spoke with a newborn deference: "Say, for nerve, brass, iron and all the tin in a peddler's wagon! Never carry a gun, boy, never carry a gun!"

"Why not?" asked Harrington, with a laugh.

"Because it wouldn't be fair—it wouldn't be fair to the lion." He nodded his head sorrowfully. "And he's going to give you one of his letters—a thing I've worked five years to get, and never got."

When Harrington received the letter, together with his credentials and instructions, he would scarcely have given it due weight had it not been for Williams' envious remark.

It contained only a single sentence: "The bearer, James Harrington, who will identify himself, is a man I trust," and was signed D. T. Dobbs, without any superfluous "Yours truly" or other empty formula. Somehow it managed to suggest the professional pride of its author as well as his crashing brutality, and Harrington could not help feeling a bit of pride in himself for having won it simply by discoursing on the distant island of Haiti. He might have been somewhat humbled could he have been present at Mr. Williams' next interview with his boss.

"Williams," said Dobbs, "forget Haiti and buck up. If you don't quit reciting your piece about the black cradle of heat, sin and sorrow, the boys are going to take you for a phonograph and you'll have to live on the nickels they drop in your slot. There's only one chance you'll ever have to go back there."

"One chance!" mouned Williams. "Please take it away."

"Yes, there's one chance," continued Dobbs, without a smile. "You may have to go back to find out who this James Harrington is, where he was born and why."

Williams threw up his head, suddenly sobered. "Why didn't you ask him? But you didn't have to You heard him talk, and you know as well as I do he was born and brought up south of Lake Oneida, east of Buffalo and north of the Pennsylvania line."

"You've named the exact locality," commented Dobbs dryly 'As for why I didn't ask him, I didn't ask him because I don't want to know I may want to know sometime, but I don't want to know now; so be careful you don't tell me any more than you have."

"But you gave him one of your letters!" exploded Williams, frowning.

"Sure! He's as honest a man as ever walked into this office, and he's got a brain like the works in a Swiss watch. I suppose if you'd been in my place you'd have tried to show off by hitting 'em a crack with a hammer."

Williams' frown deepened. "Colored blood, eh? Fishkill Landing, or something like that. Is that what you're thinking?"

"I don't know what I'm thinking. All I know is, it's natural for every native-born American to tell the world about the village where he first saw the light of day, but this man talked fast for an hour and a half without coming any nearer to himself than Haiti"

"Missionaries, perhaps," suggested Williams. "They breed 'em quiet like him. But there weren't any down there; I inquired and I know."

"There you go," said Dobbs unpleasantly. "We've got a good machine to do a certain job, and you want to take out the wheels and look at them. You leave him alone and I'll leave him alone."

xi

HARRINGTON had had ample occasion to get accustomed to thrills, but his sensations on starting out for Learning had never yet been approached. It seemed to him he was learning the meaning of excitement for the first time. In spite of the fact that neither Williams nor Dobbs had shown the slightest suspicion as to his identity, it still seemed incredible to him that he would be able to pass himself off as a stranger in his home town after an absence of less than four months. In any case, he was going to give it a try. Caught today, he would be no worse off than ——

His thought broke away from him at that point, turned and began to rush backward. It seemed to him he whirled and ran after it like a man after a runaway. No worse off? It would show him! It led him first to the positiveness of Dobbs and Williams, two old hands at their business, that there had certainly been a murder. From there it leaped to the crucial question as to what boat Harry Jones had caught. Then it appeared to round on him and ask point-blank how he would prove, if called upon to do so, by what ship he had reached Haiti. For a moment the question seemed absurdly easy to answer, but when he had pondered it for a while it became first tantalizing and then preposterous. His mind sifted out the amazingly small number of people who could by any stretch be classed as actual witnesses.

What was the chance of finding the urchin he had picked up in West Street and bribed to buy his sandwiches? He himself couldn't possibly recognize the boy, nor even describe him. What was the chance that the man who had called to him on the pier would remember a passenger with a package who had not looked around? Then there was the colored lawyer who had refused to talk to Williams—probably the man who had seen the dreadful Harry Jones step from the limousine. Was there any reason to think he would loosen up for another white man, equally a stranger? None.

As to the woman who had befriended him and guided him into the hills, would she betray Harry Jones because James Harrington asked her to? Never. He knew those people—he knew them so well by contact and absorption that he would be disappointed if the lawyer ever went back on his close-mouthed hatred of all whites, and broken-hearted if the woman ever failed to keep her faith.

Finally there was Beard. But of course! Good old Beard! Why hadn't he thought of him before? Beard could establish everything. He could give book and verse, day and hour —— Just as the looking-glass, hurled from the top of the precipice, had fallen, plunged and crashed, so did Harrington's thoughts now fall, plunge and crash.

Yes—yes, indeed. There was Beard, who was as liable today to extradition and seven years in the penitentiary as he had been on the day he jumped his bail!

So the question wasn't quite so absurd after all—it was preposterous. He hated to admit, however, that it was unanswerable, and he was still toying with the hypothetical problem when he walked up to the

(Continued on Page 48)

Postum is *now* the favorite mealtime drink in two and a half million homes

A gain of 500,000 *homes within two years*

HALF a million new families who tested Postum—compared its delicious flavor, its effect on health, its convenience, its economy—and made the wise decision.

Many members of these families have sent letters describing their experiences. The letters were written in confidence, so are not published. But we wish you could read them! Then you would realize that the Postum advertising does not exaggerate. We have thousands of letters which are stronger testimonies for Postum than any advertisement.

You know the qualities of whole wheat and bran. You know how completely wholesome they are. Imagine a skillful blending of them—whole wheat, combined with additional bran, then roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. That's what Postum is!

Compare such ingredients with caffein—an artificial stimulant that excites the nerves, repels sleep, and tends to disturb the digestive organs.

Make the thirty-day test of Postum, *then* decide! Judge what the change has done for your general physical condition within the short period of thirty days. Learn how satisfying, how enjoyable this drink is—a steaming hot beverage with a *different* flavor. To hundreds of thousands of others this thirty-day test has been a revelation.

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Carrie Blanchard's Offer

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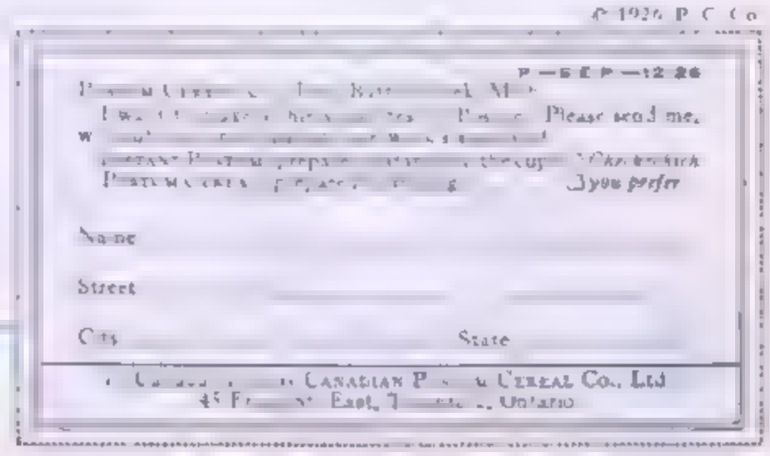
"Or if you would rather start the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you would prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."



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BRIDGE by RADIO

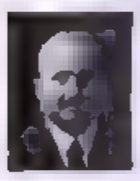
Week of December 13th

When your partner doubles one no-trump, what does he expect you to do? Get this puzzling Bridge problem straight in your mind by listening in on the radio, after you have played this hand over yourselves.

M. C. Morrison, Chattanooga, Tenn., dealer, South—
Spades... K 8, 3
Hearts Q J. 10, 5
Diamonds A, Q 10, 4
Clubs A, 10

Milton C Work, N. Y., West—
Spades.. A Q 6 5
Hearts..... X 9 7
Diamonds..... K, 6, 3
Clubs K, 3, 2

W. E. Davis, Chattanooga, Tenn., North—
Spades 9 7
Hearts .... K 8 6, 4
Diamonds.. J 8, 5, 2
Clubs 9, 7, 6



Wilbur C. Whitehead, N. Y., East—
Spades..... J, 10, 4, 2
Hearts 3, 2
Diamonds..... 9, 7
Clubs..... Q, J, 8, 5, 4

Tues., Dec. 14, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WTAM, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WWJ

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WRC..... Radio Corp..... Washington
WGY..... Gen'l. Elec. Co..... Schenectady
KPRC.... Houston Post Dispatch..... Houston
WFAA.... Dallas News..... Dallas
WSMB.... Saenger Amusement Co.. New Orleans
WSB..... Atlanta Journal..... Atlanta
WMC Memphis Commercia Memphis
WDBO Rollins College..... Winter Park
WDAE Tampa Daily Times..... Tampa
WSUI Wisconsin News..... Madison
WOAW Woodmen of the World..... Omaha
WDAF Kansas City Star..... Kansas City, Mo.
KOA Denver
KGW Portland Oregonian Portland
KPO Hale Bros. San Francisco
KHJ Los Angeles Times Los Angeles
KJR Seattle Times Seattle
CFCA J. R. Booth, Jr..... Ottawa, Can.
CFNC Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.... Toronto
CKAC La Presse Montreal
CKY Manitoba T. C. Winnipeg
CFQC Electric Shop Saskatoon
CFAC Calgary Herald Calgary
CJCA Edmonton Journal Edmonton
CKCD Daily Province Vancouver
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Write your name and address in margin, and mail to The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada [illegible] Bridge Bureau, 30 Ferry Street, New York.

(Continued from Page 46)

wicket to buy a return ticket to Leaming. Nothing less than his profound abstraction can explain the mental lapse during which he recognized Bill Cosgrave, a boy he had known all his life, standing next in front of him. A sickening feeling of panic seized him; in the fraction of a second he realized his hand was about to slap Bill on the back and that he was too late to stop it!

At the blow Cosgrave turned, amazed, but seeing the expression of horror on Harrington's face, he was quick to smile. "I guess you thought I was somebody else."

"Yes," stammered Harrington. "I—I beg your pardon."

"That's all right. I've done it myself more than once and I know exactly how you're feeling. Forget it."

He picked up his change and made way for Harrington, who was biting his tongue hard, not from vexation but to keep it from crying out the name his pulse was thundering: "Bill! Bill! Bill!" That certainly had been a narrow squeak! He watched to see what car Cosgrave got into, and then went back to buy himself a chair in another. As soon as he was seated he relaxed and took himself to task. If he had been measuring things with a yardstick instead of with one-inch calipers, he wouldn't have been worried as to whether or not he could clear himself of a murder of which he knew himself innocent. And if he hadn't been worried, most assuredly he would not have slapped Bill Cosgrave on the back.

It was only after the train started that the significance of another side of the incident swept over him. Cosgrave had looked at him under circumstances calling for intent observation, he had heard him speak, and he had not recognized him. In fact, it was the extent of his surprise at finding a stranger when he had every reason to expect to see a friend which had given Harrington the time to gather his scattered wits and utter a noncommittal phrase. If Bill Cosgrave, having known him in every stage of his youth, had accepted him for a complete stranger, then who was there who would not? He began to see the close shave in the guise of a godsend which enabled him to look forward with scarcely a qualm to the ordeal of meeting all Leaming face to face. When he got down from the train he lingered purposely until Cosgrave came by, and spoke to him.

"They told me the Tilman House is the best hotel here. Is that right?"

"None better," said Bill. Then, as he recalled their former encounter: "You a stranger in Leaming?"

"Very much so," answered Harrington.

"That was a fool question," continued Bill, "after you'd asked me about the hotel. Do you want to walk or ride?"

"How far is it?"

"About five blocks, on the corner of State Street."

"I'll walk if you'll tell me which way."

"I'll go along with you. Is that bag heavy?"

"No; I hardly know I'm carrying it."

The streets were a mess of slush, but the crossings and sidewalks were reasonably clear, and Harrington welcomed a companion at his side. It made him less conspicuous and gave him a chance to appear to gather a lot of information, each item of which reduced the liability he was under of making a slip in future by showing too great a familiarity with his surroundings. He asked so many questions as they walked along that he himself was subjected to very few in return.

"Going to be here long?" Cosgrave managed to slip in as they arrived before the door of the hotel.

"I don't know," said Harrington. "I've got some business with one of your banks and I can't say just how long it will take to clean it up. I'm certainly much obliged to you for showing me the way and the town."

"That's nothing," disclaimed Bill. "Funny the way you slapped me on the back, wasn't it?"

That was one question Harrington had prepared himself to answer. "Yes," he said with a smile. "I'd like to get a photograph of the man I took you for and show it to you. You'd forgive me, all right."

"Shucks! Things like that are always happening. My name is William Cosgrave."

"And mine is Harrington—James Harrington."

The Tilman House had not been modernized; it had been rebuilt from the ground up after a fire just before the war, and Harrington was able to secure a comfortable room and bath overlooking State Street. Through the window, only slightly opened at the top, he could catch a glimpse of the State Street National Bank to the left, and had directly before him a full view of the small parklike square around which were grouped the post office, the old First Presbyterian Church, the new town library, the newer high school and the city hall. Since its fine trees were bare of leaves, he could look three blocks beyond the square and distinguish the line of Oak Street, but not its individual houses.

He was thus in the very heart of the region where he had been born and raised, and it gave him a shock to see that though he could not put his finger on a single detail of actual change, the whole scene looked strange, as if he had been away for years instead of months. He was puzzled and a little more than disappointed, but only until he realized that the change was in himself. He was James Harrington, reborn on a mountainside and fathered by the Beard of God. No wonder he could not see with the eyes of Harry Jones.

He went into the hotel dining room for his dinner and then spent the evening in his room, though he would have liked to take a stroll. But he hardly dared. He did not wish to subject himself to the temptation of going from one point to another until he had visited every haunt of his boyhood; there would be no sense in going out of his way to arouse curiosity. He remembered the key under the mat at the side door of his own house. What if it was there still? He might not be able to resist its invitation. No; he was much better off in his room. He unpacked his things and smiled at the thought that every one of them had been a gift from Beard, who despised possessions. Then he read for a while; but the electric light, the hissing of the steam radiator and the sight of the telephone beside his bed made him restless.

He dragged the one comfortable deep chair in the room before the window, turned out the lights and sat down. By closing his eyes he was able to conjure up a vision of the ledge with its tiny yawning house, its sheltering mango tree, its glimmer of a flat sea—far down, far away, shimmering beneath a brazen sun. The straddled figure of Beard, grown to huge proportions, stood at the edge of the abyss. What a mane of hair! What a beard and what a voice! He could hear it from here—a rolling murmur: "While your memory holds me up between the mountain and the sea."

His head fell back. He slept the whole night through with scarcely the twitch of an eyebrow or the movement of a limb.

Nevertheless, his sleep was not altogether untroubled, for he dreamed that while out for a walk he met his runaway thought. Never before had he known what an independent, unattached thought looked like. This one was as big as an ordinary marble and had spidery legs, and arms which it held akimbo. These threadlike limbs sprang quite naturally from its ears and jaws, because it was all head and no body, and as another natural consequence, its eyes and mouth were enormous. It kept saying over and over, like a frog croaking, "The murder, the boat, the proof; the murder, the boat, the proof."

But when he awoke it was to a feeling not only of vigor but of gayety. He ran the tub full of cold water, stripped and shaved. When he came out of the icy bath he was spluttering and blue; but even before he touched it with a towel, his tingling flesh had turned pink as a sea shell. He laughed aloud. Awake, he could see the joke. Was there anything funnier, more Irish, than a fugitive who couldn't prove his own flight? The next moment he was absorbed in one of the least considered though most continuing of the joys of life—the feel of fresh linen on a rejoicing body. He went to the window, raised it and looked out on a late March day, bright and warm with the first whisper of coming spring.

He stood back and stared. Down there he could see Harry Jones running to meet his father; Harry Jones off to school; Harry Jones, captain of his football team, hero of the town and friend of all. Then—Harry Jones, the bank clerk, the eyesore, the flitting shadow, dragged down by the burden of his nose. He could see him walking unseen before the eyes of his friends, speaking only in monosyllables under his breath, hiding away to eat in the Slop Chest, sitting back like a toad ashamed of his loathsomeness in Jack's Cellar, fleeing along the towpath to the solitudes beyond Jasmine Pool to escape the horror of himself.

The extraordinary thing was that James Harrington watched Harry Jones with the interested detachment of a spectator watching an actor on the stage. As if he were merely intent on getting nearer to the footlights, or perhaps as if he were going to look up an old friend behind the scenes, he presented himself at the State Street National a little after nine in the morning. But he did not inquire for Harry Jones; he asked for an appointment with the president of the bank.

Mr. John Frazier's stenographer came out to ask the nature of his business. Harrington knew her well; she was an institution—a clever girl of indefinite age who in a larger town, or in a bank less conscious of its country origin, would have been called the boss' private secretary. She was the last individual an impersonator would have picked to be the first woman of his previous acquaintance to look him over, and he should have thrilled to the danger of facing her. But at that moment he was so completely James Harrington that the risk he ran did not occur to him until hours after; as a result, even if Miss Walker had felt a vague sense of being in a familiar presence, his attitude would have persuaded her she was wrong.

"Do you mind telling me why you wish to see Mr. Frazier?" she asked. "Perhaps it isn't the sort of thing he attends to himself."

"Oh, yes, it is," said Harrington with a smile. "Just tell him there's nothing new to shout about, but I was sent here by D. T. Dobbs, of Delano & Dobbs. I'll suit my time to Mr. Frazier's convenience."

"Delano & Dobbs," repeated Miss Walker, frowning; then her brow cleared. "I remember."

"They represent the Bankers' Protective Association in the matter of the missing bonds," continued Harrington. "They've also had a retainer from a Mr. Detwetter."

"Yes, yes. Please sit down, Mr. Harrington. I'm sure Mr. Frazier will wish to see you at once."

"You might take in my credentials so he can look them over first," said Harrington, and handed her an explanatory letter from the firm, as well as Dobbs' personal recommendation.

The few minutes he sat waiting were a genuine strain, because he was at the threshold of the juncture he had visualized as the true beginning of his adventure. Whether he were recognized at the start or not had never seemed to him a matter of major importance—at least, he had had no reason to regard it as such up to the passing worry of the question put to him by his runaway thought. What did matter tremendously was how he should measure up to the situation once he was sure that James Harrington was to have a free hand That moment had now come. He was about to see himself as others saw him—not his present, living body, but that dead

(Continued on Page 51)

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-equipped beater drive in the plant of the Central Paper Company, Muskegon, Michigan; with insert airplane photograph of the plant

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The One *Specified* Belt—and the G. T. M.

Five Different Belts took on identical jobs in the plant of the Central Paper Company, Muskegon, Michigan. They went to work at the same time, on drives requiring the same horsepower, using the same diameter pulleys and speeds. They were all good belts, yet one of them outlived the other four by more than a year, because it was *specified* to its work by the G. T. M. —Goodyear Technical Man.

If you are a paper mill man, you know there are not many harder transmission belt drives than this particular one. It carries a heavy load and employs a small pulley traveling at high speed to drive the big beater pulley. It was on the same battery of these beaters that they installed the four belts bought in the usual way, and for the fifth, called on the G. T. M.

The G. T. M. made a careful study of the drive before he said a single word about duck, ply, friction or any other belt ingredient. In co-operation with Mr. C. W. Smith, the Chief Engineer, and Mr. G. A. Knitter, the Master Mechanic, he noted every factor involved—pulley diameters, center-to-center distance, horsepower loads and motor r.p.m. He also took into consideration every pointer those officials gave him on operating conditions in the plant.

Then he recommended the 6-ply, 14-inch endless Goodyear Transmission Belt that handled that beater drive for 28 full months. One by one the belts that started out in competition with it wore out under the stress of that gruelling job. At the end of 14 months, the last of them was gone—and still the G. T. M.-specified Goodyear Belt rolled on, *for 14 months more!*

In that plant today there are no less than 148 Goodyear Belts in active service. As fast as new equipment is needed, another Goodyear Belt comes in—specified to its particular duty by the expert G. T. M. Other Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods are there, too—Goodyear water hose, steam, air and acid hose, and Goodyear sheet packing.

"I've never seen better," is Chief Engineer Smith's comment on the Goodyear Belt record, and he adds that throughout the mill he has less trouble with Goodyear equipment than with any other.

It stands to reason that a belt properly specified to its job has a better chance to perform more economically and efficiently than a belt bought just as so much belting.

If you have a belting problem, involving either a single belt or an entire plant, it may pay you well to get in touch with the G. T. M. in your neighborhood. You may depend on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods he recommends—Transmission, Conveyor or Elevator Belts, Hose, Valves or Packing—to give you efficient, low-cost, economical service over a long, long time. For details of the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan or other records of Goodyear performance in your industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

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GOODYEAR

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Coach or Coupe	$645
Four-Door Sedan	$735
Landau	$765
Light Delivery (Chassis Only)	$375
1-ton Truck (Chassis Only)	$495

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

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self which had breathed, lived and failed in these surroundings. He was in a sober mood when he was admitted to the president's private office.

John Frazier was a contrast in every way to Old Man Detwetter, who had called him the best friend he had in the world. In the first place he was so much younger as to be almost of another generation, but he had inherited so many family characteristics that he was a visible continuation of his immediate forbear. As a consequence he had probably fallen heir to part of Mr. Detwetter's consideration, unconsciously passed on from father to son. He was small boned, and at the first glance, almost dapper in appearance; but as his personality gained ascendancy over his clothes his stature seemed to increase.

He was the only business man in Leaming who could patronize an out-of-town tailor without arousing either criticism or local animosity. Even the fact that he paid a New York bootmaker forty-five dollars a pair for his shoes had come to be accepted with pride as part of his individual distinction, long since recognized as an asset to the town. For there was another side to John Frazier, known to every shopkeeper and farmer within a radius of twenty miles, as well as to certain metropolitan bankers of national renown. He was as honest as the rising sun and as impartial as a pouring rain.

He ran his bank to make money, but a prosperous bank presupposed not only a prosperous clientele but a prosperous city in a prosperous country. As a logical result, there was nothing which affected the reputation of Leaming that had not come to have a bearing on his own conduct. Strangely enough, and yet naturally, the broader were his interests, the narrower became his orbit. There had been a time when he also could have moved out to become a national figure in finance, but the more he did for Leaming, the more did Leaming fence him in with walls of his own building. Being what he was—what he had grown to be—he could not have lived anywhere else. What is more significant, he would not have lived elsewhere if he could.

Fortunately for his country, he represented a figure not unusual in American life—the man who has not lived up to the extent of his talents, who has been frustrated and narrowed by his surroundings, who carries deep within him a sense of failure, and who is yet the pillar upon which others lean and the perennial, living source of others' strength. Nobody who knew him would have recognized this description as a picture of John Frazier, so let it be added that he had sleek black hair, dark eyes, a reluctant smile, a cold manner, and that he was generally considered a hard nut to crack, though full of meat. He subjected Harrington to a deliberate inspection before he asked him to sit down.

"I asked your secretary to warn you there's no startling new development in the business I've come to see you about, Mr. Frazier."

"You needn't have bothered. I had just been reading a letter from your firm. They tell me the protective association has agreed to give up 20 per cent for the recovery of the stolen bonds."

"Do you see any objection to that?"

"Not an objection, exactly, as it doesn't come out of our pocket. If it had I wouldn't have agreed."

"Why not? Because it would be compounding a felony?"

"Not exactly, either. But it would weaken our case against the culprit if he ever comes to trial."

"We might as well start straight, Mr. Frazier. Let me ask you a leading question. Do you believe your former employe, Harry Jones, is surely guilty of both murder and embezzlement?"

"Who doesn't?" asked Mr. Frazier, showing moderate surprise for the first time.

"I don't," said Harrington. "I can't afford to."

Mr. Frazier half turned away in his swivel chair, picked up a flexible paper cutter and began bending it. He sat for a moment without speaking, then he faced squarely about. "Just what do you mean? As you said, let's get this straight—where we're starting from and where you intend to end up."

"Everyone else has believed as you believe, and got nowhere. They've found out nothing any schoolboy in your town couldn't have known within an hour of the tragedy."

He paused purposely, and Mr. Frazier again thought for a moment before he spoke. "That's true. When you put it that way it's extraordinary."

"I mean to head the other way, and move. I intend to hold deliberately to the theory that there was no embezzlement and no murder."

The paper cutter snapped in two. "Young man," said Mr. Frazier, his eyes astonishingly luminous, "if you could prove that, I'd be willing to give you the entire thirty-two thousand out of my own pocket."

"Did you think as much of Jones as all that?" asked Harrington, controlling his voice only by imagining himself a mile away. The blood was racing in his veins. If this was a sample of what was going to happen to him how far could he go with the masquerade?

"Jones?" said Mr. Frazier, frowning. "What Jones?"

"Harry Jones," said Harrington coldly, icily, still from a mile away.

"No; you misunderstood me," continued Mr. Frazier impatiently. "I don't feel one way or the other about him." His voice deepened. "But I would give any man thirty-two thousand to wipe the smear from the face of this town. It would be worth more than that to have it clean again."

"Just the same, Harry Jones is the crux of this whole business," said Harrington, still coldly. "What he was and how he became what he was is the only key that will unlock the door I'm looking for. I'm going to build him up from the start through the people he used to know, and follow him wherever he went. I mean all the way. You may think I'm a fool, but on the other side of the ledger we have my opinion that everybody who has touched this case so far is a blockhead."

"That strikes a fair balance," said Mr. Frazier, with his hesitating smile. "But before we settle down to business, do you mind telling me how a young man like yourself happens to be one of D. T. Dobbs' detectives?"

"Am I so different?" countered Harrington. "Or is it because I'm young?"

"Neither. It's your manner and the way you're dressed. You don't talk or look like a professional bull."

"I'm not. I happened to come up from Haiti with Williams, the man who went down there on this case. The more he told me about it, the more I was struck by the fact that there's every reason to believe in embezzlement or murder, but absolutely no proof of either. That thought kept coming back at me in spite of anything he could say. Then it struck me he might be right about one thing—Harry Jones must have gone somewhere and it may have been to Haiti. Now if he's anywhere on that island, nobody alive has a better chance of getting in touch with him than I have. That's where we come to the 20 per cent. I was out of a job, so I proved to Mr. Dobbs that I know Haiti like an open book."

"I'm surprised at Dobbs, but that only raises my opinion of you, Mr. Harrington. I'm sorry I can't see much chance of your pulling down your commission."

"Mr. Frazier!" The name came out like a bullet.

"Yes?"

"Was Harry Jones the kind to steal thirty-two thousand dollars? Don't think it over for an hour. Answer!"

"No."

Harrington had tried Dobbs' favorite method, and this time it had worked. He arose with a smile and started for the door.

"One moment, Mr. Harrington," said Mr. Frazier dryly. "You're clever, but don't be too clever. I shall want to qualify that answer. Please come back after banking hours."

XII

"LET'S take a walk, shall we?" said Mr. Frazier when Harrington returned at four o'clock. "It's too sloppy to go far, but I'd like to show you around a bit." To Harrington's surprise, he was led first to the Slop Chest, and then to Jack's Cellar. They did not enter either, but stood outside, watching an occasional customer come or go. "It's only lately I knew there were such places in town," explained Mr. Frazier. "I'd seen them, I suppose; and I had certainly heard of Jack's Cellar, but somehow they never took on shape to me before last fall. I'd always placed them out of bounds and out of mind."

"Why do you show them to me?" asked Harrington automatically. He was shocked at the unremembered sordidness of two of his most familiar haunts.

"You'll know before I get through," said Mr. Frazier, with his slow smile. Ben Brosnahan popped up out of Jack's Cellar, nodded quickly at sight of Mr. Frazier and started away.

"Hello, Ben!"

Brosnahan stopped and turned. "Hello, John."

"Come over here a minute. I've got someone I want you to meet." When Brosnahan had crossed he continued, "This is Ben Brosnahan, Mr. Harrington. You two ought to know each other."

Brosnahan gave Harrington his hand and a wide-eyed stare. "Why?" he asked.

"Because Harrington is one of Dobbs' men. He's up here to make a first-hand study of your old friend, Harry Jones."

"That's not fair, John. Harry wasn't any friend of mine. But I'll give Mr. Harrington all the help I can."

He left them, and again Mr. Frazier took the lead, back to State Street, past the bank, across the park and over to Oak Street. There he stopped, almost opposite the house in which Harry Jones had been born. "It's too bad it's winter," he remarked. "You can hardly imagine how lovely this street looks in summer. The town is crowding in on these old houses. Sooner or later they'll be so boxed up with solid city they'll have the life squeezed out of them."

"That's the drawback to prosperity," said Harrington. "It's the most destructive force on earth."

"If you mean it roots people out of where they were, I guess you're right. Did you have a talk with Mr. Detwetter at the bank today?"

"No; but I saw him as he went out."

"That's about all he does nowadays—walks in and out. Well, there's the Detwetter place, the fine old house that's set way back. That's where he was born. Over yonder is the house I've lived in all my life, the one with the high columns. In between is where Harry Jones began—and Jack's Cellar and the Slop Chest are where he ended."

"I see," said Harrington. "You've qualified your answer."

"But I'm not through yet," said Mr. Frazier. "Come on over to the house, where we'll be out of the slush."

"Can't we drop in at the Jones place on the way?" asked Harrington. "It looks abandoned."

"And it is. It's just as he left it, even to the key under the mat in front of the side door. They had an idea he might come back, and they've been keeping a pretty close watch."

Harrington thrilled for the first time to a sense of danger, vague and remote, but present nevertheless. It was just as well he hadn't gone straight to that key the night before. He might have explained himself by quick wit and an assertion that he had known of it through Dobbs; but as a matter of fact, there was nothing in the office records he had studied to show that the

Continued on Page 53

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 51)

people he represented knew about the key. He wanted to get into the house for a special reason and returned to his suggestion, which Mr. Frazier accepted after characteristic hesitation.

It was Harrington who stooped over, found the rusty key, and after some trouble opened the door. They cleaned their feet as best they could on the rotten mat and entered, but Mr. Frazier remained in the side hall, while Harrington went on. The house had a musty, unlived-in smell; but it was not dark, as the curtains had not been drawn or the blinds closed. A thick coating of dust was on everything—even on the big Bible lying on a shelf just where it had been placed on the evening Harry Jones had broken with Midge Frazier. His mother had never opened it again. Now Harrington's fingers itched to lay hold of it, but the dust stopped him. He longed to draw out the heavy book, flip up its cover and glance at the flyleaf—perhaps tear it out.

"Come on, Mr. Harrington," called Mr. Frazier. "It's as clammy here as a flooded cellar."

"This place must be worth quite a bit of money," said Harrington as they picked their way along the brick walk between the two oaks. "Why haven't you sold it?"

"We expect to, but there's a lot of red tape to be unraveled first. It may be a year before we can get an order from the court."

"Couldn't you rent it in the meantime?"

"I suppose that could be arranged under the circumstances, but who would want to live there?"

"I would," said Harrington. "I'm here to start way back at the root of things, and I'd like to rent the Jones place for a month."

Mr. Frazier stared at him, and then laughed. "I take off my hat to you, Mr. Harrington. But I can't help saying I'd like to see such thoroughness applied to some other job." They were mounting the steps of his own house. On an instinctive, almost automatic impulse, Harrington threw back his head to look up the high fluted columns. How often Harry Jones had done that same thing, impressed to the last by the objects which had given his childhood its first notion of the majesty of height. "They're good, aren't they?" continued Mr. Frazier's voice from far away.

"Those old-timers," said Harrington in acquiescence, "had a knack of proportion we seem to have lost. I doubt whether you could get a good architect to try to copy this house."

"How did you know?" exclaimed Mr. Frazier, surprised. "That's the exact truth. One of our greatest men in that line told me once that if ever my house burned it was gone forever. I told him I would rebuild to the exact plans and specifications, and he laughed at me. He said a thing I've never forgotten—'You can't copy an enduring spirit.'"

He led the way through the broad hallway, past the drawing-room, to the door which opened at right angles on the library. As he threw it open a girl sprang to her feet and faced about. Evidently she had been sitting on the couch before a wood fire, reading the book she still held. The shades and curtains on the two high windows at the back of the room had not yet been drawn and she was flooded where she stood by a slanting shaft of light. Every line of her body was etched in a sharp silhouette—short hair, short jacket, short, fold-over skirt, slim legs, and planted feet. Boyish, but she looked as no boy that ever lived.

"Hello, Midge," cried Mr. Frazier nervously. "Didn't know you were in here or I would have knocked." As he advanced toward her his manner was so strained that Harrington could not help but notice it in spite of the fact that his own blood was thumping in his temples until they ached. "This is my daughter, Mr. Harrington."

Midge tossed the book on the couch. When Harrington held out his hand she thrust her fingers into the tiny pockets of her jacket and looked him straight in the face, but not in the eyes. She was younger and harder, he was thinking, and forgot to withdraw his hand. Then he glanced down and saw it there, still outstretched. He scarcely heard her say, "How do you do, Mr. Harrington?" as she passed him on her way to the door. He let his hand drop and by good fortune it encountered the back of a chair, which he seized to steady himself. It was not Midge's manner that troubled him—it was simply that he had seen her and she had spoken to him.

"I apologize for my daughter," said Mr. Frazier, in clipped, crisp tones, almost as if he were repeating a formula.

"I'm sure she didn't mean to be rude," murmured Harrington conventionally as he recovered himself.

"You are wrong. She meant to be exactly as rude as she was. But don't take it personally, please; she dislikes to have any young man sprung on her without warning. I had forgotten she was home, and you had to pay the fare. Sit over here, and let's go into this Harry Jones business right. To start with, what do you know already?"

"I know he had a bulbous nose."

"Yes," said Mr. Frazier, and paused. "That was the beginning of the end."

"You told me he was born next door," prompted Harrington.

"Born and grew up there. He used to be in and out of this house like a tadpole—a sort of older brother to my daughter, until he turned into the only frog in the pool. Not an engagement, exactly—just one of those tacit understandings. As nice a boy as you'll find anywhere, but everything came too easy for him—games, studies and a fine girl. Then there was his father."

"What about his father?" asked Harrington, a little too quickly.

"Oh, I'm not one of those psychology fans," said Mr. Frazier reassuringly. "All I mean is Jimmy Jones went down and under in the face of two bluffs. He never could get up his nerve to call our bluff at the bank or to call his wife's bluff in the kitchen. Between us, I guess we about killed him."

"You say it pretty coolly, Mr. Frazier," said Harrington, leaning forward.

"Why shouldn't I?" He frowned, but not with annoyance. "If a banker got to regretting God's mistakes as if they were his own, he'd die of remorse once a week. I didn't make Jimmy Jones; all I did was to pray he'd lam me in the jaw with a resignation so I'd have something to prove he couldn't be held down."

"He had a wife and child," Harrington could not keep himself from saying. "What if you had accepted the resignation?"

"If I'd done that," said Mr. Frazier slowly, "half of Leaming would have stoned the windows of the bank while the other half was drawing out its deposits."

Harrington sank back in his chair as if he had just finished rowing a hard race. "Folks around here did like him then."

"Of course we liked him—a lot of us loved him. I don't quite make you out. All I'm trying to do is to get started on Harry Jones, but you won't let me."

"That's right," said Harrington with a laugh. "I'll try not to interrupt again."

"The first hard thing Harry ever came up against was that nose of his, and I'll admit it was pretty awful. But I said to myself, here's where the boy will show his stuff, and he did. He showed it the way a grub shows his belly—white front and back, white all over."

Harrington was glad the dusk had crept into the room. "No ship has a soul until it has crashed upon a rock," he muttered to himself under his breath, driving his finger nails into the palms of his hands. "Get out your yardstick. It isn't what you pay that counts."

"He traveled like a toboggan on a slide," continued Mr. Frazier's even voice, "from his home next door, from this house, and from the sort of people we are, down to Jack's Cellar. You'll have to study Jack's Cellar for yourself to get what I mean. Perhaps when you've done that you'll understand why my sober and unhurried judgment says that what was left of Harry Jones might have embezzled or murdered without turning a hair."

Harrington arose and stood for a moment with his hand resting on the mantel, looking into the fire. "Don't you suppose," he asked presently, "there was something going on inside young Jones that none of you took the bother to see? Of course there was. His nose changed frightfully and you assume he changed just as horribly behind it. I say he didn't; that he was simply scared and lost, but he himself was the same boy you'd always known."

"That sounds fine," said Mr. Frazier, "but if you'd been here you would have seen that his friends didn't desert Harry Jones; he deserted them and himself."

"So you withdraw the no I squeezed out of you this morning. After careful study you think he was the kind to steal."

"You needn't try to trap me again," said Mr. Frazier, "and you needn't try to make me into some kind of ogre either. It's my business to be open-minded in the face of evidence. The Harry Jones you and I are talking about wasn't a clean, upstanding boy. He was a man who hadn't only gone downhill all the way but had rolled himself in the mud when he got there. His very brains stand against him, because anyone who could plan such an escape could easily line his pockets before he went. I'm not petrified; change the evidence and I'll change my mind."

"That's fair enough," said Harrington. "I'll see what I can do."

Five minutes later he was standing in Oak Street, looking speculatively at the side door of his own house, when he saw Mr. Detwetter approaching from the opposite direction, head down and muttering audibly. The old man seemed to be on his way home; but when he had got halfway up the walk between the street and his front door, he struck his right fist into his left palm, turned and started back again. Presently he reappeared and repeated the entire performance.

As he walked away for the second time Harrington caught up with him. "Good evening, Mr. Detwetter."

"Eh? What? Who are you?"

"My name's Harrington—James Harrington. I was sent up here with a letter to the bank from Delano & Dobbs."

"To the bank, eh? Well, then, why don't you take it there?"

"I did. I've had two long talks with Mr. Frazier, and now I want to see you."

"What about?"

"You have evidently forgotten Delano & Dobbs, and I'm not surprised. They are the people who are supposed to be solving the mystery of the lost bonds and your son's death."

"Mystery!" whispered the old man hoarsely. "There's no mystery about my boy's death. He was murdered."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Harrington. "I wish you and I could talk over the circumstances together. It might lead to something new."

The old man stopped beneath a street light and seemed abruptly to come to life. He straightened up his head and looked Harrington over deliberately. "Do you mean to say it might lead to where Harry Jones is now?"

"I want to start with that," said Harrington soothingly. "The firm has a vague rumor he's in Haiti."

"They had that three months ago."

"One minute, Mr. Detwetter. I'm not here to go over old ground in the old way. You knew Harry Jones all his life, didn't you?"

"I knew him before he was born, and I hope to know him after he's dead."

"Don't let's rush ahead," said Harrington, trying to speak lightly. "I want to find out from the people who knew him best just what kind of a fellow he was."

"What's that got to do with what he did? Who cares what he was like before he did it?"

"I do," said Harrington. "I care a lot, because there's a possibility he didn't do either of the things you think he did. Try to remember back. Was he the sort of boy to steal?"

"I don't care anything about the bonds," said Mr. Detwetter dully. "He could have had them, and welcome."

"Let's be fair," persisted Harrington. "If you had had the choice between trusting Harry Jones with a lot of loose money and any other boy of his own age—even your own son—wouldn't you have been inclined to pick on Harry?"

"What are you trying to say?" demanded the old man, his eyes bulging.

"I know it's hard for you to go back to that black day, Mr. Detwetter, but you must realize that justice can't stop at hurting people's feelings. You'd rather talk with me than have things dug out of you piecemeal on the witness stand, wouldn't you?"

"No, I wouldn't. There's nothing I'm not willing to say here, or on the witness stand, or before the judgment seat of God Almighty. What do you want to know?"

"The answer to my question. Would you have trusted Harry Jones or your own son?"

"Like a fool, I would have trusted Harry Jones. What does that prove? It proves I was a blind idiot—so blind I couldn't see that what God had made rotten outside was rotten inside too."

"I didn't mean to stir you up, sir," said Harrington, his face white. "I'm afraid we won't get anywhere unless you can tell me more calmly just what happened between you and Jones the last time you saw him."

Mr. Detwetter interlaced his sausagelike fingers in a pitifully ineffectual gesture and dropped his flabby chin on his chest. "That's what follows me around," he muttered. "It's what won't let me sit down or rest. I went back on my own flesh and blood, as fine a boy as ever lived. Full of spirit—too full of spirit for a lump like me to understand, until it was too late. I sent him to his death. I delivered him into the hands of his enemy."

Harrington's eyes opened wide; he could scarcely believe his ears. He glanced over his shoulders to left and right, making sure they were quite alone. "Go on," he whispered. "Tell me what happened."

"I told Jones my boy had better look out for somebody else than him. I told him John Frazier had said if Julian was his son he'd take him out some night and drown him. Then I looked up and saw Harry Jones' face—the face of a murderer, only I didn't know it. I called him back, but it was too late. He didn't come back. He went out and drowned my boy."

Harrington gave up. With a muttered good night, to which the old man made no reply, he turned and walked off toward the hotel, his own head drooped in thought. If the absurdity of his being tried for the murder of Julian ever came to pass, Mr. Detwetter would become an awkward but convincing witness for the prosecution. In four months the old man had undergone a change only less radical than the miraculous transformation of Harry Jones into James Harrington. There was no doubt he believed genuinely in the goodness of the son of whom he had said, "Either I don't know him, or he's no good." As for the kindliness he had always shown toward Harry Jones, it was hidden forever behind the veil of his clouded mind.

All he could see now was the hideous ogre which had flashed out on him for a single moment of a lifelong acquaintance. That lived, and all that had gone before was dead.

Harrington looked up at hearing the approach of a crisp step. Midge Frazier was coming toward him from the direction of State Street. She had on a small hat, but otherwise she was dressed, in spite of the chilly air, just as he had seen her an hour before. The slimness of her body reminded him of when she was a little girl, but the energy with which she drove it forward was subtly different. It was forceful without being buoyant, active without the unseizable vibration of youth, supple without

being pliant. In short, it was hard. He raised his hat as she approached.

"Miss Frazier?"

She stopped short and looked at him. "Yes?"

"I wonder if you know the business that has brought me to Leaming," he began tentatively.

"I don't, and I don't wish to know," she said clearly. "I left the house to avoid you."

She spoke the words without emotion and passed on. Before he had recovered from the shock she was crossing the street toward her home. He walked slowly to the hotel, ate his dinner in a half trance, and went immediately after to his room. There he sat down, opened the dispatch case and searched through it till he found a supply of foreign note paper and envelopes. He wrote two letters to himself and a covering note of instructions addressed to the firm that had recommended him so strongly, though he had never seen one of its members. The next morning he took the train to a neighboring town and mailed the packet at the main post office.

By the time he returned to Leaming he found that news of his business there had begun to spread. People looked at him with interest. Women seemed surprised at his appearance and turned their heads to look again; men showed an inclination to approach him, and answered his most insignificant remark with an eagerness which invited further questioning. Everyone was willing to talk about Harry Jones, and so multifarious and dissimilar were the pictures drawn that Harrington grew genuinely confused. It seemed incredible that four months could so distort the familiar presence of thirty years.

More than ever, he felt himself to be divided from the flitting, changing shadow of his former self. This creature with as many facets as a cut stone and as many tentacles as an octopus, which had come to life in the imaginations of others, could scarcely be expected to touch the James Harrington of today.

As a consequence he went about more boldly than ever. With a confidence bolstered by immunity even from his own inward thought, he persuaded Mr. Frazier to rent him the Harry Jones house and proceeded to identify himself with all the habits of its previous tenant.

He had moved in as soon as certain details and the necessary housecleaning had been attended to, but he waited until night, when shades and curtains were drawn, before he permitted himself to take down the family Bible and flip open the cover. The yellowed flyleaf was there, marked with paling brown stains. He laid the book open beneath the light and started reading the names, skipping the dates. "James Jones; James Cawder Jones, Elizabeth, Mary, Thelma, George; Harvey Jones, m'd Prudence Harrington; James H. Jones; James Harrington Jones, Jr."

He sighed, and then leaned over more closely. After the last name there was a question mark written in pencil. He raised the book to his eyes, and as he stared the pencil mark seemed to grow larger and clearer. Had it been there when he last studied that page? For the life of him, he could not remember. He thought for a long time, then he set the book down, placed his fingers on the flyleaf, pressed, and drew it slowly outward. The old paper crumbled neatly at its junction with the binding; the leaf came away as if it had been on the point of falling out. He folded it and put it away in his pocketbook.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Your Banker Wants to See You

RIDING home on the commuting train the other evening, I happened to voice a pet ambition to my seat mate.

"Some day," I told him, "I'd like to sit on the directorate of a small suburban bank."

"Here too," he agreed. "But isn't it a shame that the friendly, small-town bank isn't better appreciated?"

That was a new idea to me. I thought everyone appreciated the banker, respected him and even envied him. I asked my neighbor what he meant.

"I'll give you an example. A man in my department at the office came to me last week and asked if he might have some personal advice. He looked as though he had been hounded by mince-pie nightmares for weeks.

"After beating around the bush a while, he came out and said he needed some money to pay bills incurred through a siege of illness. I thought he was going to say a couple of thousand at least.

"'Just how much do you need?' I asked.

"'Three hundred and fifty dollars,' he answered, almost breathlessly. 'I have investigated salary-loan plans, and it seems to me that the interest is excessive when you count the cost of the investigation of credit which they make.'

"Now I happened to know that this man owns ten shares of the common stock of our company, and this stock is selling on the market at well over a hundred. I told him the obvious thing.

"'All you have to do,' I suggested, 'is to take this stock to your bank and borrow three hundred and fifty dollars on it. The bank will hold your stock as security and will charge you 6 per cent interest. You can make arrangements to repay the principal of your loan at your convenience. When the loan is repaid the bank will return your stock.

"'Meanwhile you continue to draw dividends on your stock, and as it pays around 7 per cent you are actually making 1 per cent on the deal.'

"Would you believe it? That man looked at me in horror! 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'I couldn't borrow from the bank! Think how I would feel, asking a fine man like Mr. Davis, vice president of the bank, for a loan.'

"I talked to that man for an hour. I told him that the bank was in business to hire out money just the same as the old livery stable was in business to hire out horses and wagons. I assured him that the whole transaction was honorable and sound. I showed him how our business borrows money frequently to meet its short-term needs for cash. The man finally left, promising me that he would see the banker the next day.

"He came in the next afternoon, all smiles. 'Would you believe it?' he enthused. 'Mr. Davis shook hands with me and said he was glad to do business with me!'

My seat mate went on to cite other examples of bank shyness which had come to his notice. A while back, he told me, his firm had issued rights on its stock. For every ten shares held, a right was issued entitling the holder to purchase an additional share at par. Many employes owning stock were bothered about finding the cash to purchase the additional shares to which their rights entitled them.

"I had to explain to them," my neighbor went on, "how they could borrow on their stock in order to get cash to take up the new shares. They were all bank shy."

"What other examples have you had of the usefulness of the bank in meeting money emergencies?"

"Lots of them! We had a case the other day of a man whose lease had expired and who could not find another house to rent in the section in which he wanted to live. What he did find was just the home he and his wife wanted, but it was for sale. This man was making enough money to carry the house very comfortably. Yet he came to me with tears in his eyes and asked how he could get money for his down payment. He said he couldn't bear to sell the few bonds he had taken so long to accumulate.

"They were good bonds, and, of course, he had no trouble at all in borrowing on them. Incidentally, the acquaintance he built up with his banker developed some suggestions for other investments when he gets ready to handle them. He had been just a shade too conservative and in a few cases was getting only 4 per cent, where he could safely make switches which would give his dollars a chance to earn five and a half or six. The banker told him another thing too. He explained how the partial-payment plan works, so that one may draw interest on money deposited as part payment for bonds or preferred stock.

"I'd say that the house emergency that hit that man was one of the most fortunate things that could have come into his line of progress. It has opened up the whole idea of investment for him, and now he is studying the thing just as he studied radio four years ago.

"So much for examples of men who have been too conservative about money. Here's a case on the other side. We have a young fellow with us who learned about the stock market through friends of his who played and cleaned up—once. He got the idea that buying on margin and selling short were smart things to do and that they led to sudden wealth. You know what happened.

"As a result of a tip he bought a string of something or other on margin. The stuff went down and when he got through squaring himself with the broker he was minus a perfectly good savings account which had taken years to build up.

"This chap was in my office one day and remarked that Wall Street was a gang of pirates. I asked him to tell me about his experiences, and he gave me the whole story. That was just at the time those rights were issued, and fortunately this lad still had a few shares of our stock. I urged him to go to his banker and borrow enough to take up his rights. This he promised to do. 'And when you talk with him,' I added, 'ask him whether the Stock Market can ever be considered as a place for investment.' He looked a little surprised at this, but promised to do as I suggested.

"A few days later he came in and told me about his chat with the banker. That able adviser had assured him that far from being Captain Kidd's reincarnated haven, Wall Street is a place where you can buy and sell things at a profit. The choice and method of operation are up to the operator. But with these rules observed, it is possible to buy and sell in the Stock Market on an investment basis:

"1. Before buying a stock, find out how long the company it represents has been in business, how many shares are outstanding, what the firm has earned for the last five years, and whether the market for its products or service is increasing or decreasing.

"2. Buy only listed and active stocks.

"3. Try to limit your purchases to the securities of companies with whose business you are familiar. For example, if you are in the machinery business, stick to the securities of companies in the same or allied lines.

"4. Never buy on margin.

"5. Never sell short.

"6. Never buy more than you can pay for at the moment you buy.

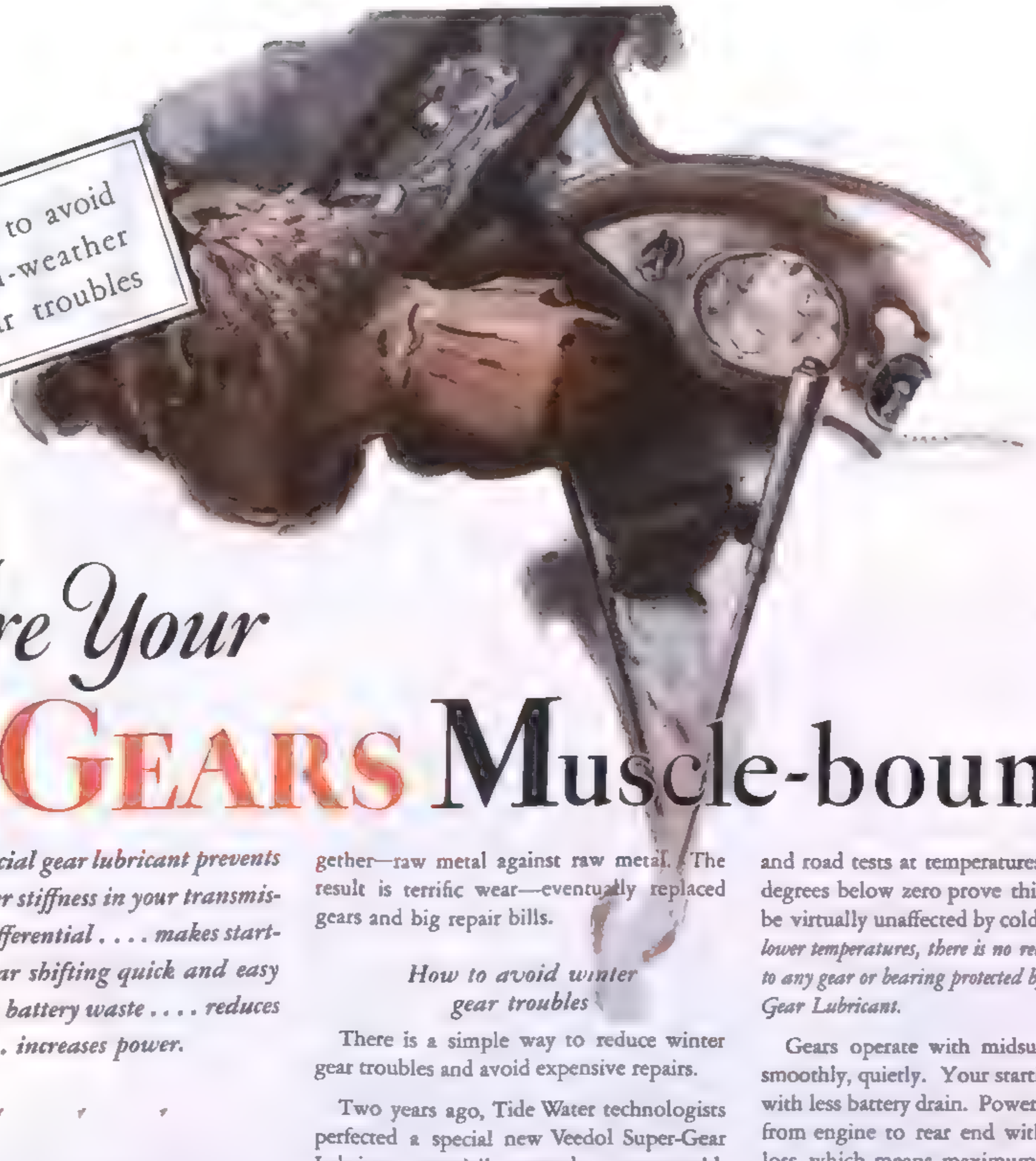
"Our young friend added a seventh rule of his own devising which pleased me more than the rest. 'Rule Number Seven,' he added, 'is that I won't buy anything without talking it over with this man at the bank.'

"You know, the more I see of the crying needs of the average young man for sound investment advice, the more I think that we ought to take up financial health as we have physical health. We make regular visits to the dentist as a matter of course. Periodic physical examinations are accepted practice.

"What young men, and probably countless older men, need now is the regular examination of their investments by their bankers to make sure that the investments are healthy and that they are growing as they should."

—CHARLES LOOMIS FUNNELL.

How Did You'se Know We Was College Guys?



Are Your GEARS Muscle-bound?

HOW *a special gear lubricant prevents cold-weather stiffness in your transmission and differential . . . . makes starting and gear shifting quick and easy . . . . lessens battery waste . . . . reduces repairs . . . . increases power.*

ON these frost-bitten mornings, is your gear-shift stubborn and muscle-bound? Do you shove and yank and grunt, and finally let your clutch in, to the tooth-jarring tune of clashing gears?

That's annoying—but it's worse! For it means that the lubricants in your transmission and differential have become stiffened by the cold. And stiff lubricants are no protection from destructive friction. The fast revolving gears slice through the solidified lubricant as a knife cuts through a cake of soap. And unsheathed gear-teeth gnash together—raw metal against raw metal. The result is terrific wear—eventually replaced gears and big repair bills.

How to avoid winter gear troubles

There is a simple way to reduce winter gear troubles and avoid expensive repairs.

Two years ago, Tide Water technologists perfected a special new Veedol Super-Gear Lubricant especially created to meet cold-weather conditions. Hundreds of laboratory and road tests at temperatures as low as 10 degrees below zero prove this lubricant to be virtually unaffected by cold. *And, at even lower temperatures, there is no record of damage to any gear or bearing protected by Veedol Super-Gear Lubricant.*

Gears operate with midsummer ease—smoothly, quietly. Your starting is quicker, with less battery drain. Power is transmitted from engine to rear end with a minimum loss, which means maximum power at the wheels where it will do the most good.

And always your gears are shielded by the tenacious Veedol "film of protection" which safeguards them from the wear and tear of destructive friction.

Stop today at the nearest orange and black Veedol sign. Have the old fair-weather lubricant flushed from transmission and differential and refill with Veedol Super-Gear Lubricant.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities. © T. W. O. S. C. 1926

VEEDOL
Super-Gear Lubricant

This lubricant, particularly suited for cold-weather use, is a most flexible all year 'round lubricant. It maintains practically a uniform consistency over a wide temperature range and will function perfectly at seven ten degrees below zero. It will not channel in cold weather, nor thin out to the extent of flowing away in warm weather.

It is of extremely high lubricating value, has great cushioning ability to withstand pressures and sudden shocks, and prevents loss in transmission of power. It helps to quiet noisy gears. It is recommended for use in transmissions and differentials of all types of vehicles, including underslung worm drives.

In milder climates

The added quality that makes Veedol Super-Gear Lubricant safest for cold-weather use also makes it a superior lubricant in any climate. Car owners in California, Florida and throughout the South can have quieter, longer-wearing gears by having them lubricated only with Veedol Super-Gear Lubricant.

VEEDOL
SUPER-GEAR LUBRICANT

Do this *NOW!*

Stop at nearest Veedol Dealer's. Have old gear lubricants (not designed for cold weather) flushed from transmission and differential and refill with Veedol Super-Gear Lubricant. Then your gears will operate as smoothly and safely as in midsummer.

Built This

Note Details Found Only in Costly Cars — Nowhere in Cars of Essex Price

Essex Has These Fine Car Details

Motor With Famous Super-Six Patents—Gives absolute smoothness.
Front End Timing Chain—Adjustable for wear.
Chain Driven Generator.
Roller Valve Tappets—For long, quiet wear.
Aluminum Alloy Pistons—For smoothness and efficiency.
Radiator Shutters and Moto-Meter—For motor heat control.
Air and Gasoline—Cleaned of impurities.
Automatic Ignition Advance.
Rear Axle with Four Pinion Differential.
Oil Lubricated Chassis—With oil capacity for hundreds of miles.
Balanced Tubular Propeller Shaft.
Aluminum Transmission Case.
Ball Thrust Bearings in Steering Gear and Front Axle—Give easy steering.
Adjustments to Take Up Wear.
Spring Shackles—Adjustable for wear.
Ventilated Crankcase—Preventing oil dilution.
Extra Size Chromium Steel Springs—Giving unexcelled riding qualities.
Oversize Brakes—Very efficient.
Body—Rigid, Comfortable and Attractive.
Genuine Plate Glass Throughout.
Walnut Steering Wheel—With wheel adjustable for driving positions.
Adjustable Front Seats—For individual comfort.

ESSEX COACH
$695

ESSEX SEDAN
$795

F. O. B. Detroit, plus War Excise Tax

The secret of Essex success is simply that its good quality goes all the way through.

Thus throughout, Essex does not merely put quality into things easily seen, but it puts the finest construction into hidden parts that you never see, except in the long, quiet operation of the car. Nothing is skimped. There are no substitutes for finest quality.

Just glance at the Essex details shown in another column. You will find these practices duplicated in many high priced cars, but never elsewhere in the Essex price field.

These differences are not so overwhelmingly apparent in a comparison of new cars. But they show up after months of hard service in the way Essex cars stay young, smooth, snug, quiet, with the snap and dash of new car performance. They are revealed in Essex economy of gas, oil and maintenance, its freedom from repair needs and its long lasting reliability.

Roller valve tappets, adjustable front end timing chain, adjustable spring shackle bolts and other chassis features to take up wear, together with ventilated oil and motor protected from dust and dirt, assure the long satisfactory service for which Essex is famous.

More than 900,000 motors of its exclusive Super-Six principle have established the supremacy of this design beyond all comparison. Easy to drive and operate, no car, regardless of size or cost, is more comfortable riding.

Back of these great results are years of development, experience and unlimited resources, which make this value, quality and price exclusive to Essex.

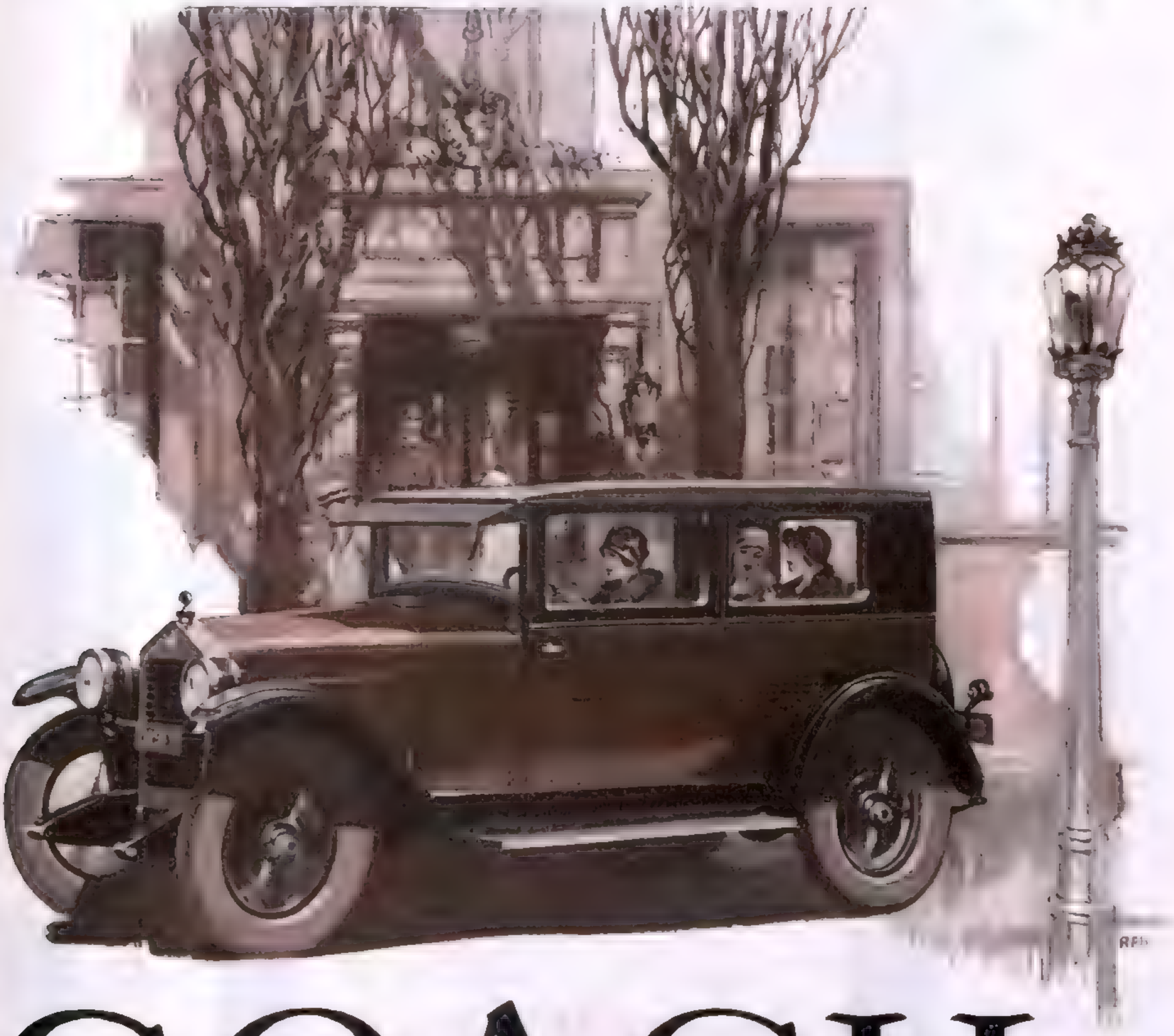
"A 30 Minute Ride Will Win You"

ESSEX "6"

OPTIONAL COLORS

Essex is now furnished in either two-tone color effects or baked enamel of lasting luster and beautiful striping.

Fine Car Way



COACH

For a MERRY CHRISTMAS

A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

EVERBADY FLASHLIGHTS DISPEL DARKNESS AND DANGER

and a BRIGHT *New Year*

No. 2672—the Eveready 3-cell Focusing Spotlight with the 500-foot range, $3.75, complete with battery.

HERE is the present with a past. It has proved its acceptability as a gift for everybody, from six to sixty, year after year. Eveready Flashlights are extremely good-looking—they are intensely useful—they are inexpensive.

This is the ideal combination for Christmas giving! An Eveready Flashlight!

Save wandering and wondering this year by deciding right now to give an Eveready Flashlight to everyone on your list. It will brighten their lives every day and night in the year. It will guard their steps in the dark and lighten the nightly chores.

To be sure of the newest and best flashlight features, insist upon getting genuine Eveready. Only Eveready has the new, convenient ring-hanger for hanging up the flashlight when not in use—the greatest single flashlight improvement in years.

No. 2616—the Eveready 2-cell Flashlight with the broad beam $1.15 complete with battery

THE RING-HANGER

This is an exclusive Eveready feature. Hinged, metal ring in end-cap for hanging up flashlight when not in use. Ring snaps securely closed, out of the way, when flashlight is in action.

Genuine Evereadys also have the safety-lock switch, which prevents accidental lighting and consequent wasting of current; octagonal lens-ring, which prevents rolling when you lay the flashlight down; beveled, crystal-clear lens; durable, all-metal barrel, etc.

You cannot give *more* and spend *less*. You cannot choose a gift more universally welcome to men, women and children. Give Evereadys this Christmas to everyone on your list. You'll be glad you did . . . and so will they who receive them!

There's an Eveready Flashlight for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

No. 2619—the Eveready 3-cell Flashlight with the broad beam. $2.75, complete with battery

No. 2604—the Eveready 2-cell Flashlight with bull's-eye lens. $1.85, complete with battery.

No. 2671—the Eveready 2-cell Focusing Spotlight with the 200-foot range $3, complete with battery.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

—they last longer

A WOMAN MERCHANT OF THE NORTHWEST

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

A Farmer Would Enter Goodfellow's, Firm Set to Buy His Wife a Plain, Sensible Coat; He Knew What He Could or Could Not Afford. He Would Depart Astonished, Half Elated, Half Ashamed, With a Handsome Fur Garment on His Arm. Elizabeth Quinlan Had a Way With Her

WITH no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents he rushed into the lists where rank and wealth and genius were arrayed, and competition fell before him as from the glance of destiny."

This was written rather grandiosely of Napoleon. But change the setting. Instead of the sordid and sanguinary battlefields of a war-drunk Europe, put our own country a generation ago, and more particularly, the great, rich, undeveloped stretches of the Northwest, with the vast, unexploited wilderness scarce a stone's throw away. Instead of destructive military exploits, substitute a constructive battle—the building up of a splendid mercantile success—and finally, instead of the famous little French corporal with no friend but his sword, put a potent little blue-eyed Irish-American girl with no friend but her headpiece and no fortune but her character, her talents, her dreams, who waded fearlessly into a job in a field hitherto held to be exclusively masculine, and seeking no favors, demanding no odds, established herself on an absolute parity with men and achieved an outstanding success as a merchant of the Northwest, winning not only a substantial fortune but also, what is more important, a solid reputation for mercantile integrity, high standards and ideals. With these alterations to fit the American scene and eliminating the bombastic quality of exaggeration, the description of the little corporal touches off a few high lights in Elizabeth C. Quinlan's career as merchant of the Northwest.

A Romance of Hard Work

THE story of her life is the story of a romance—a romance typically American. It could not have happened in Europe, where, with rare exceptions, constructive genius in the common mass is frozen out or stamped on or deliberately pinched off while still in the tender bud, the Old World environment being unfavorable to such efflorescence. But also, and even more characteristically, it is a romance of hard work. Analyzed, her success is seen to be no accident, no miracle. Executive ability, broad vision, shrewd business insight and financial sagacity, personal magnetism combined with the gift for dealing with her business associates, customers and employes so as to create strong bonds of loyalty and affection.

These qualities of leadership have been cemented together into success by the powerful glue of hard work; of incessant labor; concentrated, unremitting endeavor; an ever-vigilant eye on detail; toiling day after day and far into the nights without reserve or limitation, through sickness, heartbreak, failure, mistakes and those somber moments of loneliness, doubt and soul dismay which assault even the most reliant woman who strays from the traditional path of her sex out into man's battling, bedeviled world. Sacrificing, striving, building toward a goal with what Napoleon called a two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, and Americans designate colloquially by a brief, four-lettered word. A romance of hard work, yes; but the game was worth the candle; and the biggest element of the whole romance she told me, musing over her rich and varied experiences—experiences which would make a three-decker novel of the American realistic school—lay in that selfsame factor of hard work.

But let us turn back the leaves of the years and see how this success, at first only a lively little dream, took on shape and substance. It began with two young clerks in Goodfellow's store, the best in town at the time. But that was thirty-five years ago and Minneapolis was still young, primitive. It is difficult to realize that some of these great, prosperous cities of steam and steel in the Middle West are little more than a generation old. Also it should be remembered that thirty-five years ago the idea of specialty shops for women's apparel had not yet been born in America. The multitude of little stores selling evening gowns, wraps, sports clothes, elaborate negligees and diaphanous lingerie, which now dot the continent and are to be found in even moderate-sized towns, were not even dreamed of then. Nobody sold such charming, gay, frivolous fripperies for the very good reason that nobody wore them or had any use for them in the simple social relationship of pioneer life.

In Goodfellow's store and others of its class they carried heavy woolen and cotton union suits, long racks of calico Mother Hubbards, stiff petticoats of drill or corded sateen and perhaps a few tailored suits which looked as if they had been designed by the devil in a rage Contrast these garments with the gauzy lingerie, fur and lace-trimmed negligees, imported gowns and ermine wraps now sold as a matter of course every day in the week in that same street It is a volume of history in itself.

On Their Own

BUT civilization, with its twin sister, sophistication, was already striding with seven-league boots toward the great, unexploited West, and Elizabeth Quinlan, at that time a slim, wide-eyed Irish girl clerking at Goodfellow's, began to dream a dream The sealskin coats helped; their fur was so soft and deep; and even then she adored lovely things, and as a saleswoman she was to the manner born The coats hung on long racks, and the slim young clerk tried them on for the customers, exhibiting their beauty, their fine quality, their style. Her sincere enthusiasm was contagious. A farmer would enter Goodfellow's, firm set to buy his wife a plain, sensible coat; he knew what he could or could not afford. He would depart astonished, half elated, half ashamed, with a handsome fur garment on his arm. Elizabeth Quinlan had a way with her.

And one day she said to Fred Young, another clerk, "Suppose we open a ladies' store and carry only ready-to-wear garments for women? You know—everything they need; a department for hats, another for dresses, coats, underwear, and so on. Not general merchandise; not stuff by the yard; just ready-to-wear women's apparel."

That was the beginning of the idea. Highly individualized specialty shops—though that term had not yet been invented—under one head, housed under one roof.

"Why should a good woman customer have to go down the street to the milliner's for a hat and some other place for her shoes?" she demanded. "Why not sell her everything she needs right in one place, keep her trade and specialize along those lines?"

Well, at first it was only a dream, an idea to play with at lunch hour and dull intervals between customers, for between them they didn't have a bean. Just youth, enthusiasm and a magnificent belief in themselves. But they talked it over endlessly until the seed began to grow, and finally Young decided to try a shot at it and asked his fellow clerk to go into partnership with him.

She replied to him, "Give me a little breathing space. I must have time to think this over, for if I decide to go into it I'll go in heart and soul and make it my career. And I'm not sure I want to do that." For at that time life was calling—calling hard. So she went East, visited friends, pondered, fell into long silences, put away the thought, then took it out again and looked it over, and the final upshot of the matter was that she said yes. The idea of being a merchant appealed to her, and Young, who always declared she was the best investment he had ever made, gave her nature leeway and let her call the tunes.

The new firm started out with half a floor. It was the ground floor, and the rear half at that, for they were too poor to hire the front. They started in on a shoe string, and they didn't have even the shoe string; they had to borrow that.

"Well, I remember that first loan of Elizabeth's," said a friend. "It was on her home. And I remarked to her after we'd biked out to see it one evening after hours, 'It's well the president of the bank hasn't seen this house or he wouldn't loan you a cent!'

"'Pooh! He'll never come away out here to see it,' laughed Elizabeth. 'He knows I'm a good gamble.' And so the deal went through."

In due course they started the new venture on the ground-floor rear. There were just the two of them. No clerks. What alterations they put in they made themselves, for they didn't wish to sink the ship with debts before they could get up sail. Fred Young constituted himself guardian of the till, managed the finances and kept the books. Elizabeth took care of the sales, drummed up new customers and bossed the purchasing end. The buying was done chiefly in Chicago, and with their scant margins they had to mind their *p's* and *q's*. You are to imagine them counting the dollars—Young, the watchdog of the treasury, always cautious, conservative, hanging back, afraid of going broke; Elizabeth all for expanding, stretching out, confident she could sell the goods. She'd want to buy six dresses and her partner would try to peg her down to three; excited consultation would ensue.

"But look here. I know where I can sell those six dresses right now," she would exclaim. "There's Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones," she would nick off on her fingers the names of her various customers, and in the end Young would yield. "All right. That's your end. If you've got the customers go as high as you like." And the dresses always sold.

The first precarious year passed, and the young woman merchant began to feel stirrings and strivings after greater things. The scale was too small; it cramped her style; and presently she began to egg her partner on to buy in quantity instead of by half dozens; and, as time went on and her good judgment demonstrated itself in increased sales, he trusted her more and more with the reins of government and confined himself to the accounts. But he was fighting a losing fight with an incurable sickness which confined him for years before his death to his room, and upon his partner devolved the entire burden of running affairs. She it was who did the hiring and firing, planning, expanding, buying, dealing with other merchants and approaching bankers for credit.

Going After Goodwill

THESE were the crowded formative years in which she learned to tackle her job like a man; to keep her eyes and ears open and her mouth shut; to pay her bills on the nail; to ask no odds merely because she was a woman in a man's world playing a man's game; to supervise personally her own business in every department and detail and insist that her policies be carried out; to make her own plans and fix her own goals and standards, instead of blindly imitating other firms which seemed to be making good, until presently she began to hang up a record among her associates, quite independent of her sex, as a merchant of enterprise, integrity and sound common sense. Her character began to pay dividends in the shape of confidence and respect in the quarters where such qualities are tranamutable into coin of the realm. Hard-headed bankers did not look down their noses and hem and haw when this particular young merchant breezed into their offices for a loan. Moderate credit—which was all she wanted in those early years—was always on tap. Then, after years of illness which prevented his active participation in business, her partner died in 1912; but she had been in the saddle all through his protracted sickness and so now she went on alone.

"It's amazing," said a friend, "to see how far she has gone. She has the qualities of a man—vision, executive ability, big ideas and the courage to work them out. I've watched her career for thirty years, watched her build her organization from the ground up. She deliberately chose a merchant's career, counting the cost. Her life is a romance, but it is essentially a romance of hard work. From the first she built solid foundations; going after the good-will of the Northwest; strengthening her mail-order department; welding together a strong organization; paying high for first-class merchandise and first-class help; ever insistent on courtesy, service and good manners among her employes; always ready to advise them in their private troubles, and helping them through sickness; going right out on the floor and teaching them how to handle customers and sell her goods; giving promotion and fashion talks, until finally all this heavy initial spade work began to tell in increased sales and prestige, and she became one of the outstanding merchants of the Northwest."

These are the bare bones of her career. Some of the concrete details of that struggle, together with glimpses of her business philosophy, Miss Quinlan told me, sitting in the executive offices of her new building which—store, ground and contents—represents an investment of approximately $5,000,000 conjured out of nothing by her brain and her two capable hands.

"The hard part of those early years came when Mr. Young fell sick," she said, "for then I had to take over his work in addition to my own. Before that time I had been too busy to bother with the financial side, but now I was forced to hire an expert accountant and buckle down and learn all that end of the game. It was rough sledding for a while, but I realized I had to grasp the financial factors very firmly or sink. And, of course," she laughed, "I hadn't any intention of sinking from the very start."

Trimming the Windows for Easter

"WHAT complicated matters was the fact that I had to be absent a good bit of the time, burning the road to Chcago, New York and Paris in order to keep in contact with my markets. Presently I saw I had to have more help inside the store. I could not cover the outside and the inside at the same time, and the outside job was one I could not delegate. And then it was I first heard of that fabulous creature called a merchandise man. That was what my good business friends told me I needed. Well, I didn't know what kind of an animal that was or what it was supposed to do, not to mention how much it would cost. But the name sounded alluring, and when they assured me he'd take all the care of detail in the store off my hands and leave me free for the buying, planning and policies, it seemed simply heavenly to me. I decided that if only I could snare a merchandise man I'd be the happiest woman in the world.

"'And what might these wonderful creatures cost?' I asked. They mentioned a salary of $5000; it might run to $6000 or $7000, they said. I threw up my hands.

"'Heavenly powers!' I cried. 'Why, there's not a single soul in my whole organization to whom I pay more than twenty-five dollars a week.' My own salary, of course, went right back into the plant.

"Still it has always been my policy never to consider money first. I have always been willing to pay for the best in merchandise and personnel. They're cheapest in the end. So I thought it over, and then went to interview a merchandise man who had been recommended to me.

"Well, I was ushered into his office and stated my case and outlined my needs. The merchandise man finally consented to take charge and I closed the deal thankfully and returned in a kind of seventh heaven of delight. Surely now the internal machinery of the organization would function in a perfect fashion.

"So I let him loose on the store and departed for New York and Paris to buy clothes and study styles. I was gone three months. And all those three months I was free from worry and kept thinking to myself with childlike faith, 'What a marvelous thing is a merchandise man! Blessings on whoever invented him.' In the spring I returned from Europe, remained in New York a few days and then decided I would run down to Atlantic City for a week.

"I arrived home the Saturday before Easter Sunday. Now I have always taken especial pains in dressing my windows for Easter week. It was my habit to supervise it personally, often doing the work myself. I liked to have some of our loveliest gowns in the windows; something exquisite, provocative, springlike, rare. Something to make the passers-by pause and catch their breath in sheer delight at the delicate loveliness displayed. There's a whole art in window dressing. It's a sure index of the taste, the standards, the policy of the store. It's a direct advertisement to the public of the class of goods you stand for and the type of clientele you are trying to win.

"Nobody had met me at the station because at the last moment I decided to take them by surprise. I didn't want them to prepare for me, you see; and absence quickens the perception. I wanted to give my store the once-over like a stranger, as if it were a competitor's layout. As I approached our corner I hurried on eagerly, wondering what beautiful, artistic display my merchandise man had arranged. At the end I fairly ran. But the first view of the window halted me dead in my tracks. Imagine my horror to discover that my important Easter display consisted of a drab group of marked-down winter coats! And not even my best-looking winter coats, at that. They were of covert cloth, sensible, plain, without an atom of allure. And plastered all over them in plain sight, for all the world as if it were a fire sale, were price tags and a big ugly black placard which read: 'Former Price So-and-So.' Marked down covert-cloth coats for an Easter display! And price tags in my chief display window which had never shown a price tag in the whole course of its career! A display window's function is to exhibit choice and lovely things, and incidentally lure the public inside. If a passer-by is sufficiently interested to desire the price he can satisfy his curiosity by walking inside.

"Well, I blew into the store, had the curtain of the display window pulled down and dressed the window myself with the prettiest things I could find. That little episode taught me one thing—there's nothing in a name. The acid test is performance every time. Several times I've hired people who have been of no use to me—not with my policy and the high-grade merchandise I sell. But I don't regret the money I lost on them, for they proved to me they weren't what I wanted; and it's worth money sometimes to know what you can't use."

Putting Myself Into My Ads

"IN THE early years I had to do everything—the hiring and firing, buying and selling, studying the markets and my customers' needs. Among other things I had to write the advertisements. In the daytime I would be so overwhelmed with a thousand details that I had no leisure; so I wrote them in the evening and took them over to the newspaper office around midnight. Often I would be so exhausted that I would drop down into the nearest chair and go fast asleep. It was drive, drive, drive, those days, every minute of the time.

"Well, in that way I came to study the subject of advertising in order to see what made some advertisements succeed and others fail. Some advertisement writers, even though highly educated and trained, are no good. Their stuff doesn't sell the merchandise. They just don't take with the public. Well, that puzzled me. Sometimes I've hired a high-priced individual to take care of the advertising, only to discover that my sales were better when he was off on a fishing trip; I lost money when he stayed on the job. And, thinking it all over, I decided that you have to put yourself into the advertising—your personality, your feeling. You have to lure the public, like fish, with tempting bait. And my public was a cultivated, discriminating group of taste and refinement, for which you cannot use the same coarse bait you would need for a fire sale. So, after one or two unsuccessful tryouts with advertising men, I decided I could do better handling that department myself. And often when I got through working on those ads I felt like a washed-out rag. All my warmth, vitality, had gone out of me into them; but those were the ads which brought me the best returns. And even now I keep a personal eye on that department, because through it I speak directly to my public about my merchandise, my standards, my ideals"

(Continued on Page 197

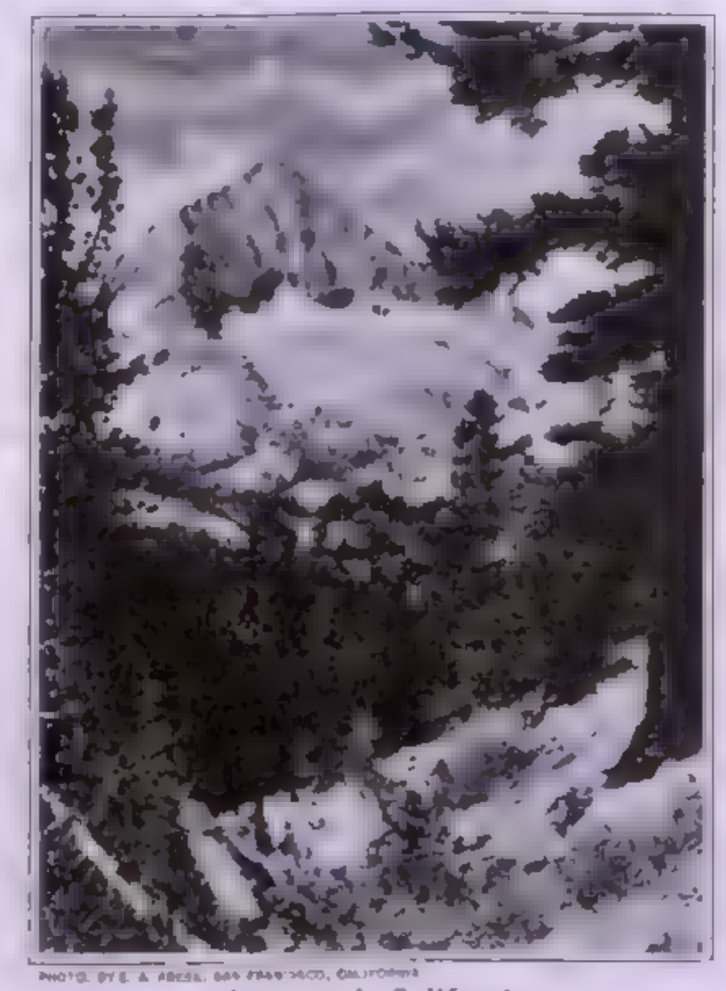


PHOTO. BY E. A. ABBEY, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Arrowpeak, California

KRAFT CHEESE

INVITE the "Kraft family" to join your family this Christmas season. There'll be a variety of occasions where a variety of cheese from the select "Kraft family" can grace the meal and delight the diners. Many varieties, but one quality—*Kraft*.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
NEW YORK—CHICAGO—POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT-WALKER CHEESE CO., LIMITED, Melbourne, Australia
KRAFT-MACLAREN CHEESE CO., LIMITED, Montreal, Canada
Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

KRAFT CHEESE
KRAFT CHEESE
KRAFT CHEESE

THE JOY GIRL

(Continued from Page 36)

Courage's company had been sought—and by such a man! It reimbued him with something of the self-respect, the confidence and the buoyancy with which, long ago, he had embarked on this life in Wallflower Road. He was almost brave again.

"I may," he said to his wife as she hovered about their bedroom, proffering her services—for very perfectly she understood in her small and simple way the immense value of every small and simple tribute at such great moments in indecisive and timid lives—"I may, my dear, be going to make a friend really worth making; a good deal younger than myself—true; but a man of intelligence; an intellectual man; I could talk to this Mr. Fleet. It seems a long time since I actually talked with men."

"In the train——"

"In the train, my dear, we City travelers who meet in the third-class carriages—what are we? Worms; rabbits; just working through our day, returning to our burrows at night! The life is stultifying, my dear. Routine work in an office; routine pay; routine Saturday afternoons and Sundays off, but nothing to do with 'em that doesn't cost money. The life of we poorly paid City workers isn't human. A man like me," he said, when he had pulled on his dinner jacket and stood regarding himself in it, "is capable of so much more."

"I know you're not satisfied," said Mrs. Courage lovingly, "and no wonder."

"I am capable of much better things," he repeated.

She said, "It is marvelous the way your patent shoes have kept; hardly the beginnings of a crack."

He looked and looked at himself in the glass. And still his old dreams floated about his head. He had thought he was over them, beyond them, but he wasn't. As he saw himself once more in evening clothes, carefully tied tie, white silk handkerchief and all, he felt once more—as he had done when young—as if he walked to the open gate that admitted to the highways of the world and all adventure. Every morning, waving good-by to a bride in a doorway, setting forth to run for the 8:30 train, he had felt like this when he was young; he had seen the golden gate flung wide and the shining road through.

"I haven't altered much," he said. And she knew that he had altered barely at all. "I'm not the same man here, in these, that has to bow and scrape to the clients who come into our office."

"That," said Mrs. Courage sweetly, "is just dissembling. In business everyone has to dissemble."

He nodded agreement. "Jewel would like to see me."

"She certainly would."

"I'll go down."

Mrs. Courage said a thing that had been in her mind since yesterday evening, when Fleet's letter had come: "You're fond of going out yourself, Herbert. It's only the opportunity that's lacking. Can't you, now, understand how she longed to be out—be gay? And you can understand my feeling about her, can't you, dear? All that you've ever wanted for yourself—money, influence and position and the notice of people—I've wanted for her. All that has ever fretted you, fretted me—for Jewel. You understand?"

Courage turned to her and said remorsefully, "I understand, my girl."

"It's hard to be contented."

"I never shall," said Courage, with his usual feeble fierceness. And he kissed her, and, hand in hand, they went down.

"Jewel!"

She was home, and setting the table for supper. She came into the hall and admired her father, his gray smiling face and bright eyes. An adventure had befallen him.

"I believe father feels just as I did going off to the Tree Top Club and leaving you both sitting here!"

"Go along with you!" said Courage.

"Yes, you do," said his wife, with the cheekiness of a little hen sparrow.

"It's nice to be appreciated," Courage owned. "Bucks a man up."

"And a girl up," said Mrs. Courage quickly.

Jewel leaned in the doorway watching them. And whereas before she had been feeling quite certainly that life had ended for her at twenty, now she seemed to see that life would still go on. She saw newly that deep down in these elderly gray diminished people was rooted the instinct of living. They still lived and hoped, smiled, enjoyed, and looked for the adventure round the corner. They were not merely parents; they were also people. If she were like this presently, to the world dim, faded, negligible, inside herself the furnace would not quite have died down; it would be there, stoked, ready for the infrequent blaze of a joy.

"I wish you were coming too, my dears," said Courage, going toward the front door.

"No, you don't," answered his wife in a gay voice. "It's a man's party. Enjoy yourself!" So he went out in fine heart.

Ever since he had been young he had enjoyed a frosty night. Stars in the sky and a tingle in the air and a hard ring underfoot pleased him. He was no longer a failure and a drudge, but the sought-after guest of a man like John Jeffrey Fleet. At the office that day he had mentioned the name casually; his fellow clerk had responded, "Why, Fleet's Steel Trust—a big concern."

"He's a nice fellow, Fleet," said Courage, his heart swelling so that he could barely keep the swell from his voice.

"A bit literary, I've heard," suggested the other. "An original sort of chap; does what he likes, they say."

"I'm dining with him tonight."

"You! We're coming on! Leaving here then?"

"Oh, why?" said Courage nonchalantly. "Why? It's not a business but a social engagement."

So now he came splendidly to the important house. He had in his mind a slight regret that he had visited it only a week ago, asking for the chauffeur and not the master. But he eased himself with the reflection that the butler couldn't possibly guess the import of that. And, indeed, when he opened the door to see the little man standing on the doorstep, Batters, the perfect, had for him but the slight respectful gleam of welcome that he habitually bestowed upon a remembered guest. Taking Courage's hat and coat, he ushered him again into the wine-red room. "Mr. Courage."

"I have a good name," Courage reflected. John Jeffrey came forward. And again Courage thought: "What a splendid young man! If only he'd been the chauffeur! Chauffeur or not, I'd have liked him for a son."

"This," said John Jeffrey, "is very kind of you, Mr. Courage." And he brought Jewel's father—upon whom nervousness had descended palpably—to the hearthrug before the roaring fire, and they stood there; for it is easier for a very nervous person to stand than to sit until he feels better, and John Jeffrey knew it; and at once Batters came in with cocktails.

"Your special, Batters?" said John Jeffrey, smiling.

"My special, sir."

Courage stood on the hearthrug, pouring that magic down his throat; feeling, within a minute or two, better dressed, taller, more complacent, *au fait*, with this business of dining in such a house.

"How's your daughter?" Fleet asked.

"Very well, indeed, thank you. She has taken a post and is trying to forget her troubles in work."

"Splendid!" said John Jeffrey, surveying the dignified small man.

"She is a splendid girl."

"I know it—I mean, I feel sure of it."

"Of course it has been a tremendous blow to her mother and me; an only child, and such a lovely girl. But what we have to do is to stand by her."

"A family's strength is in unison," John Jeffrey observed weightily.

Then suddenly old Courage asked, "Where—where—where's the fellow?" And he ran a finger round his collar as if it became tight. Fleet saw the veins corded in his spare neck.

"He has rage, this poor little man," he thought. He answered: "He crossed to France that night. I couldn't tell you where he is now. He may be driving in any country in Europe; he had good references as a chauffeur on the Continent."

"So much the better," said Courage, with a quick sigh.

"I'm afraid it didn't occur to me till too late that he should have been stopped—on the ground of desertion. I hope you won't blame me."

"I don't blame you. I—I thank you."

"I don't suppose you yourself thought of such a course in the confusion of the moment. But I——"

For a long moment Courage was silent. Then his eyes met Fleet's and a look of warm and friendly regard passed between them.

"I did think of it, in this very room," he said.

An exclamation broke from Fleet. He thought, "He has silence too, this poor little man."

Courage said softly, "Let him go." And again that look, deepened to complete accord, passed between them.

"Dinner is served," said Batters.

Following his host to the dining room, Courage sighed at the beauty of the house. In such a house, in leisure, would he wish to live his days, very dignified. And when they came into the dining room he saw a dinner table the like of whose appointments he had never seen before in all his meager life. Old Waterford glass and Georgian silver on a table polished like a mirror; a high centerpiece, holding the richness of grapes and peaches, filled his eye. And according to his accustomed habit—though with no malice to John Jeffrey Fleet, whom he continued to esteem—he asked himself bitterly, "Why should one man have so much and another so little?" evading the answer, as he always evaded it, in the way of mediocrity that never admits its own shortness of weight and quality.

Fleet had taken thought over the ordering of that dinner; simplicity and no complications had been his aim; though at the same time the dinner, by its excellence and elegance, should pay compliment to the guest.

They had oysters, consommé, saddle of mutton, fruit tarts with much whipped cream, a miracle of a cheese soufflé; and they drank one of the best clarets in the world, and a port of like caliber; and with the coffee there was 1811 brandy, so that old Courage, by the time they were finishing, was as mellow as the wines themselves.

It was a long while since Courage had smoked a cigar—years. He was no longer nervous with the slightly hostile nervousness of the uninitiated. Fleet was a beautiful host, and he seemed no stranger. All through dinner that faint sense of memory kept recurring to Courage, and his wife's words: "Don't you remember seeing him somewhere before?" He began to be sure now that somewhere he had seen this big lean young man prior to that other meeting.

"I seem," he said as they sat over their brandy and cigars, "to recall you somehow, somewhere. Can you remember, Mr. Fleet?"

"I can remember," said John Jeffrey. For some while Courage sat looking at him. "I was out-of-doors in a car; but you were at a window, I believe," said John Jeffrey.

He could see again the white lace curtains of the little house and the outline of a watchful face behind them.

Courage suddenly banged his frail fist down on the table. "You were the fellow in the car on Sundays!"

"Yes."

"But you mostly had your coat collar pulled up—a big overcoat; brown, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"But she said—my daughter said—you were a friend of a friend of hers!"

"Girls have to explain their diversions somehow, no doubt."

"But I don't understand. How and where did you first meet?"

John Jeffrey sat explaining to Jewel's father the affair of that brief masquerade. But he touched but lightly on the love of Jewel and himself; so lightly, indeed, that it passed old Courage by.

"No wonder," he said, "that I've wished it was you she married. No wonder!"

John Jeffrey was silent, swirling his brandy round the goblet.

"You see," said Courage, "my daughter has always been so much admired—one young man more or less hardly seemed to count with mother and me. When you drove up in your car—well, it was just an improvement on the motorcycle outfits, we thought; and that was all. She—she always managed her own affairs. Would. You couldn't—couldn't tell her then."

"And now?" Fleet asked gently.

"Now? . . . Poor little girl!"

Courage dropped his head on his hand and sat there thinking. "What a lot of different patterns," he said, "are weaved into life, aren't there? All these things and people in her life—they'd make a book. They would indeed. And she's only twenty. Young people live so swiftly these days."

"Do you regret that?"

"No," said Courage. "It is dangerous, that is all. No backwater for the young girl of today! Always out in the stream where the tide is fastest! They will embark. We may have been wrong, my wife and I, not to be harder, stricter. But what would one do with a beautiful young girl? She was so eager to live, and we'd forgotten how. She dreaded having to fall into such a life as her mother leads; often she's cut me to the quick with things she's said about it—not realizing what she said, you understand. She always declared there was no reward for the woman who stayed at home, cooked, cleaned, sewed, as her mother had to do. Indeed there isn't, when one meager income has to do for two—and three. I suppose we must expect a young girl to escape from such things if she can. The old warn the young, but often, in spite of the old, the young are right. The world has changed so!"

"I know," said John Jeffrey; "so they tell me."

Courage smiled, quite in fatherly fashion. "Ah, I forget you're young too. No, the world isn't what it was when I was a boy. People are more rebellious, and they rebel with success. People want more, and by George, they get it, Mr. Fleet! They will not consent to take any orders without explanation. And then, too, it's more of a treasure hunt; everyone thinks he's got a chance. Now the world's an oyster to be opened by all. It tempts them.

"Where my wife, when she was young, would have thought a little music at home, or a whist drive, or going to a sacred concert some Sunday was treat enough for a lifetime, my daughter wants dances, motoring, night clubs, days on the river; and she gets them; and, sir, she can go clothed in silk from top to toe. She can make more money designing a few hats than an ordinary respectable young girl ever heard of in my young day."

"The world improves; it sees the light."

"The red light!"

"No, no; the stars."

(Continued on Page 67)

Can You Tell the Difference

between genuine Chase VELMO Upholstery and the cheaper grades of Mohair Velvet often used as substitutes?

YOU can—after the car has been on the road a few months.

VELMO upholstery will look fresh and attractive after years of continuous service. But if one of the substitute mohair velvets was used, the upholstery might soon begin to prove disappointing. VELMO is the one fabric that is "engineered" to withstand the gruelling tests of motor-car travel, and the different grades of this perfected "travel fabric" are as carefully adapted to the cars in which they are used as are the motors in those cars.

Chase VELMO is made in a variety of qualities adapted to the most expensive as well as moderate priced motor cars. Among those using VELMO are:

CADILLAC. In custom built models.
DODGE. De Luxe Sedan
ELCAR. All closed models
GARDNER. Standard Six and Eight Cylinder Sedans and Broughams
JORDAN. All closed models
KISSEL. All Sedans, Broughams and Coupes
LINCOLN. Optional equipment in both standard and custom models
MARMON. Optional in all closed models
NASH. Advanced Six and Special Six four five and seven passenger enclosed cars

REO. De Luxe Sedan.
STUDEBAKER. Standard equipment of Standard Six Country Club Coupe, Standard Six Custom Victoria, Standard Six Custom Sedan; Special Six Brougham, Big Six Club Coupe; Big Six Sedan, Big Six Custom Brougham; Big Six Seven passenger the President
STUTZ. Optional equipment in all "Safety Chassis" closed models at a slight additional cost.
VELIE. Royal Sedan.
WILLYS-KNIGHT. Standard in all Great Six enclosed cars.

Chase VELMO made by Sanford Mills, Sanford, Me.
World's Largest Weavers of Mohair Pile Fabrics

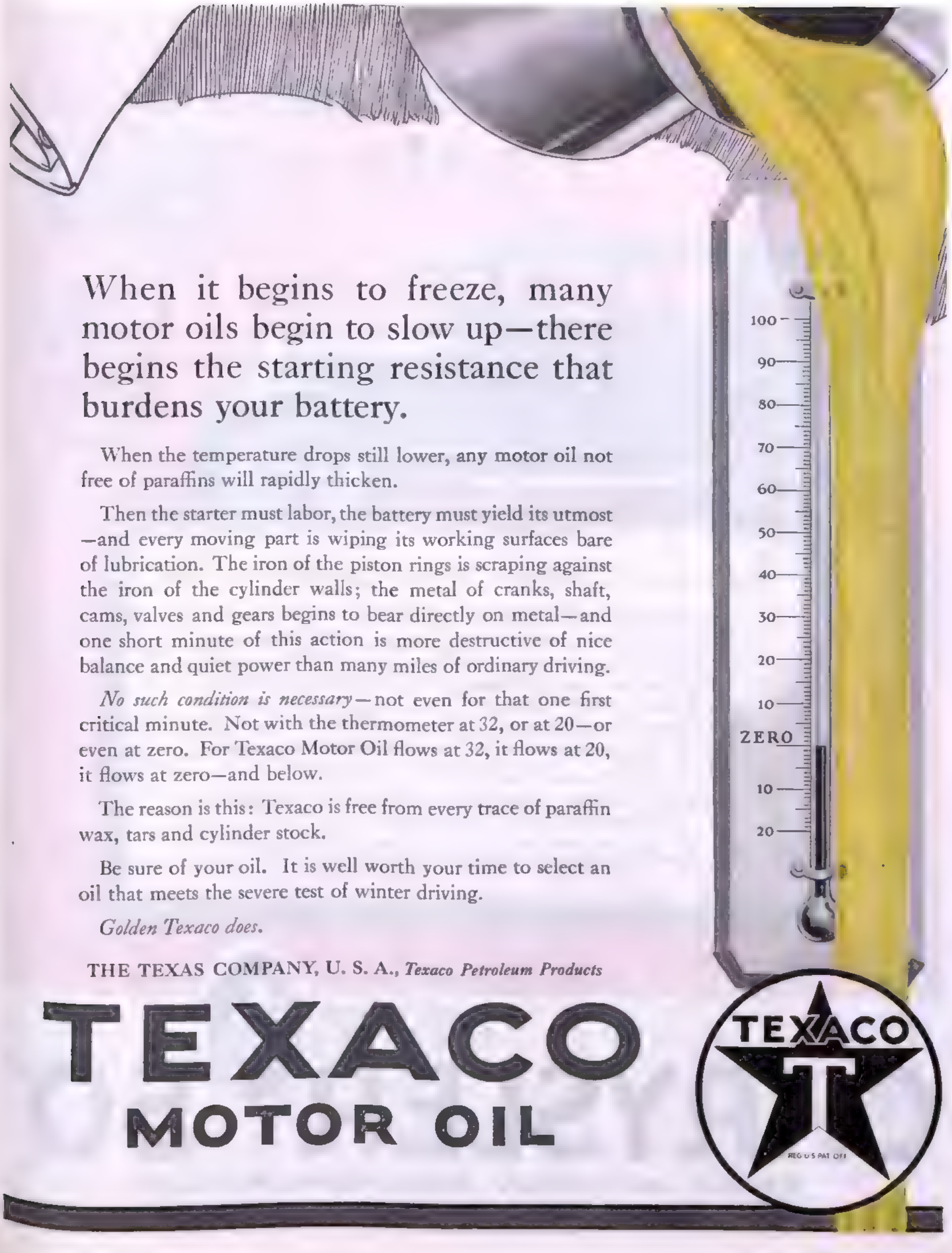
L. C. CHASE & Co., Selling Agents, Boston
New York Detroit San Francisco Chicago

Left in the snowbank overnight—

In the morning TEXACO flows freely!

By this simple demonstration one motorist showed his neighbor the wisdom of using free-flowing Texaco for winter driving.

But you needn't wait for the first cold, snowy night to make sure of your oil. Try it with another oil—and Texaco. Draw your own conclusions. Place the two bottles in a jar of crushed ice and salt. A half hour is enough! The temperature will drop to about zero, yet Texaco still flows freely.



When it begins to freeze, many motor oils begin to slow up—there begins the starting resistance that burdens your battery.

When the temperature drops still lower, any motor oil not free of paraffins will rapidly thicken.

Then the starter must labor, the battery must yield its utmost—and every moving part is wiping its working surfaces bare of lubrication. The iron of the piston rings is scraping against the iron of the cylinder walls; the metal of cranks, shaft, cams, valves and gears begins to bear directly on metal—and one short minute of this action is more destructive of nice balance and quiet power than many miles of ordinary driving.

No such condition is necessary—not even for that one first critical minute. Not with the thermometer at 32, or at 20—or even at zero. For Texaco Motor Oil flows at 32, it flows at 20, it flows at zero—and below.

The reason is this: Texaco is free from every trace of paraffin wax, tars and cylinder stock.

Be sure of your oil. It is well worth your time to select an oil that meets the severe test of winter driving.

Golden Texaco does.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A., *Texaco Petroleum Products*

TEXACO
MOTOR OIL

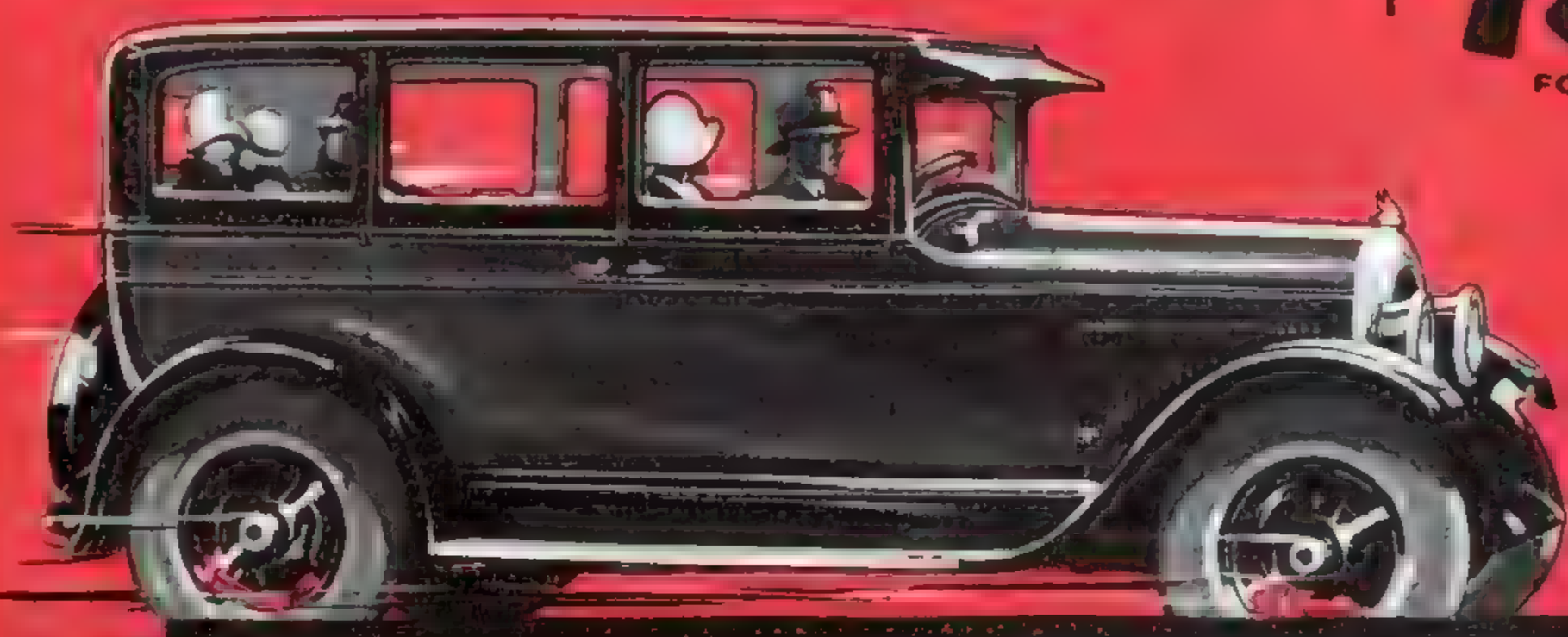
TEXACO
REG U S PAT OFF

COMPARISON BRINGS OUT VALUE

$750 FOR COUPE

$780 FOR COACH

$830 FOR SEDAN



Contrast the Chrysler "50" with Ordinary Fours

No one can call up in his mind a mental picture of the only other four cylinder cars built in America today without being *startled by the contrast* which the Chrysler "50" presents. ¶ Put the five fours of large production side by side and the Chrysler "50" instantly *proclaims* itself—compare size, beauty, sound construction, performance and economy and no ordinary four or six can possibly stand up against it.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

All Chrysler models—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows at New York and Chicago, and at the annual special display at the Commodore Hotel, during the New York Show.

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles per Hour

CHRYSLER "50"

BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

(Continued from Page 62)

Old Courage softened: "I expect you're right. You're young. You should be right. Who's to know if you don't, you young ones? It's your world. Sometimes it makes me wish I was young now instead of them! Oh, the young ones! There are fewer rules; and what there are, they question; and when they can they break them. And the impunity is glorious."

"Glorious," smiled Fleet, listening.

"Yes," said Courage, his eyes roaming the spaces of the room as his thoughts roamed the spaces of time, "there are more opportunities, greater freedom. The other day—in your library ——" Here his lips moved as if he tasted something bitter. "Horrible! But when I was young a woman would have swallowed all that insult and come back for more every day of her life. She would have implored her husband to stay with her on her bended knees. But now—you heard her! Yes, it is a wonderful world for the young now, when they are allowed to repair mistakes. No one able to dictate to them: 'You have made your bed; lie on it, rough or smooth, for the rest of your life.' Now it seems that life says to the young: 'Is your bed too cruelly hard? You have permission to make it again.'"

"Have you any quarrel with that?" Fleet asked, still smiling.

"No, I don't quarrel with that."

Then back in the library, sitting before the fire, talking. Fleet learned all about the canker in old Courage's soul, the jealous, futile yearnings of his mind, the belief that if he had enjoyed in his youth what he now spoke of as a chance, matters would be very different with the family of Courage today. It was the canker of all mediocrity envious of its worldly betters.

Fleet saw that the evening had pleased old Courage. He took the dinner and the talk by the fire as the compliment for which they were intended. And at 10:30, when reluctantly he rose to go, Jewel's father looked a younger man, a stronger man and a stouter-hearted one. He went away jauntily, with his bowler hat set just a little to one side. With the gay little feeling of gala at his heart, old Courage thought as he walked stationward that it was no wonder the young ones reached out to the glittering good things of life.

Fleet went back to his fireside thinking: "They're right, a lot of these envious fellows. A good dinner, a bottle of wine, a warm room, a fine talk, make all the difference. A full man can't talk to an empty one and expect that brotherly love shall continue."

And he sat down to his chapter on The Lost Art of Resignation. "The art of happy resignation," he wrote, "declined with other arts, such as Berlin wool work, tatting, hysterics, parental omnipotence, and the art of admiring Queen Victoria."

XVI

JEWEL went about the business of hats like one urged by a demon. Isolde was no demon; often she remonstrated, "You will wear yourself out." But Jewel continued to design hats of an originality and chic that brought the little green-and-white shop a steady influx of customers. All there was of her, strength and heart and mind, she put into hats, keeping nothing back for an enjoyment of anything else, refusing to pause and refusing to think. She worked steadily for full days at the shop, and then continued designing at home in the evenings; she passed on to scarfs, and then to modestly priced suits and frocks to go with the hats. She kept herself at the grindstone of swiftly moving fashion, ransacking libraries, old print shops, old bookshops, for past records and illustrations of headgear, Spanish, Italian, Breton, Russian, and even Victorian.

"There's a lot in the poke bonnet," she dreamed earnestly to Isolde. "We'll make them quite a fetish for river and country and sea in the spring and summer."

She had a cunning way with clients; they went away, and came back bringing friends. It was soon said of her, "There's a wonderful girl in Isolde's; she always knows."

And that spring she made cloaks. She made cloaks of rich sheer colors to go with hats in the same rich sheer colors. Society women who sometimes had to eke out a wardrobe with something cheaper than was ever offered them by Hanover Square or the Rue de la Paix came in and bought these hats and cloaks while they were still a new thing, for the Riviera. And they were apt to pet her a little, condescendingly and kindly.

"You're going to have a vogue, my dear," prophesied Isolde.

About the time when, at the back of Isolde's shop—but not in the window, for it was a secret whispered that these special things were only shown to an elect few—these cloaks and hats reposed, Jewel began to be known by repute to not a few men about town, who would ask one another, "Have you seen a perfectly marvelous little girl at a little milliner's called Isolde? Everyone's going there because of her, they say." And these men also came in, bought hats and looked at Jewel.

"You could have whatever you want," murmured Isolde.

"I am a married woman," said Jewel.

"What a marriage!" exclaimed Isolde. "You do not know what marriage is. Enjoy yourself."

"All I want is work."

"But don't wear yourself out."

"All I want is success."

"How much success?"

"A partnership."

"Well, if you asked for it," said Isolde, with a rueful look, "I should have to give it to you, for the good of my business."

The men about town approached Jewel, nearer and nearer. Wouldn't she have luncheon one day? Wouldn't she dine? Did she dance? Isolde said shrewdly: "Wait till one of them asks you to go to Ascot, where his friends'll see him; wait till one of them drives you down to Ranelagh or Hurlingham, or takes you to the Embassy Club, where people know him. Make them give you the best. Perhaps you're clever to hold aloof. You're going to have a vogue, dear. You do right to stand out and wait for the very best. Make them offer it. Don't be cheap." The Jewess did not understand.

"You don't understand, madame," said Jewel.

"I understand life," Isolde answered slyly.

But it seemed to Jewel, so young and broken, to be not life but death. These hovering men, these unashamed looks of desire, these silken invitations to the night clubs—hadn't she slain herself that way?

"I can see," said Isolde consolingly and kindly, "that you've taken a hard knock, my dear. But you'll recover."

Jewel thought, "There is no recovery. I'm married. One day—any day ——"

And she envisaged Vicary changing his mind; thinking of her desirously like these others—he who had the right; walking on one of these spring afternoons into the shop and saying, "You are my wife. Come with me." She envisaged this over and over again, wondering, "What would I do? After all, I married him. Yes, I—I—I'd stand up to my contract."

But Vicary did not come. Every morning threatened; every evening registered another day of immunity.

One day, flinging all her passion into her work, she had a vision of a plain straight Spanish hat and a plain swinging cape of a green so lovely. And she had obtained the lovely stuff and they were made.

Just that day, one limousine of many—at whose crest on the door panel Isolde gasped when she saw it—stopped outside the shop and a fair woman got out. Jewel, being near the door and Isolde being occupied with other clients, received her before Isolde could get her bulk with any grace across the floor. The fair woman, looking at Jewel with kindness, said, "I have heard of your hats and cloaks."

So Jewel sold her—recognizing the elect—the green masterpiece.

And Isolde, attending her obsequiously to the door, came back, gasping at Jewel, beaming and sparkling. "Do you know who that was? We have had the best-dressed English princess here!"

And when pleased clients had gone out, after ordering facsimiles, as near as Isolde would consent to supply, of the princess' hat and cloak, Isolde cried, "We are made!"

Standing with the Jewess in the middle of the now empty floor, Jewel thought aloud, "How easy it is to make or to break!"

"Be happy, child!" cried the beaming Jewess. "You bring the clientele; you have the partnership."

"Aren't you giving too much?"

"Not more than I must," said Isolde humorously. "There's Daventry, just across the street, my dear—she'll offer you the same tomorrow morning."

Then in Jewel suddenly bubbled the wine of success as if all the blood in her veins had turned to this heady and entrancing wine. She ran to the telephone, wanting to call John Jeffrey Fleet. But at the telephone she paused. Not once since that evening in his library—the evening of her husband's dreadful repudiation—had John Jeffrey called to her, made a sign. As suddenly as he had come into her life so suddenly he seemed to have left it again.

Even old Courage had stopped saying, "As Mr. Fleet said to me," and "As I said to Mr. Fleet." He, too, was chilled by the silence. He had begun, in fact, to make remarks at supper about rich men's fancies, rich men's whims, rich men's toys and rich men's fickleness. If a rich man seemed to take an interest in a poor one, he said, this interest dissolved immediately some other diversion came along. It was so much vapor. These remarks purported to be unpointed. But she knew! She knew!

She stood before the telephone, Isolde saying with sly humor in the background: "I'm listening. Now I'll find out which is the favored one. I'll hear which of all the gentlemen you're going to call up with the news."

She couldn't call John Jeffrey. "Do you mind if I—I—I telephone a telegram to my mother? We're not on the phone at home."

"Why, you're a partner, dear. Do what you like. But I quite thought, from the way you rushed at it, that it would be a gentleman."

That night, when she arrived home, they were both at the gate to meet her, the parents. They led her in, a little procession.

"Magnificent!" said Courage, tremolo. "Magnificent! What people can do nowadays! What chances there are!"

Her mother displayed to her the supper table. It looked like a birthday.

"Wine!" said old Courage. "We're going to drink our daughter's health tonight."

"With it," her mother asked, "be Isolde and Jewel, or Jewel and Isolde?"

"You are laying the foundations of fortune!" cried Courage.

She wished they would not hope too much. These facile hopes, this facile confidence, had once been hers too. But she was very tender with the elderly people, very sweet.

"I'll be able to help you much more. We might even have a nice flat nearer in, to spare you a bit, mother; and you, father."

"Keep your money in your pocket, dear," said her mother.

"Bank it! Bank it!" said Courage. "Our daughter with a fat bank book!"

Sitting between them at the decorated table, she noticed for the first time the look of delicacy in her father's face. The face was older than its years; the shoulders sagged more than their burden of years justified. She looked from one to the other. She felt strong in her own strength. It was a feeling of glory.

After supper, when Courage had heard all about it, about the green hat and cape, the princess and the pleased clients, he

(Continued on Page 69)

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said, "I think there is someone who might like to hear of this." And for a second her heart stood still. Vicary? But he continued: "That Mr. Fleet would be interested."

Both his listeners knew how he hankered after John Jeffrey Fleet, for all his railings and carpings. They knew that he was sore at the suspension of this gratifying acquaintance. So Mrs. Courage suggested: "You might write and tell him, Herbert." And he replied, "I shall."

He sat at the oak escritoire in the bow window, where all the family letters were written, and wrote:

Dear Mr. Fleet: You will be pleased, I know, since you took such a kind interest in her, that my daughter, Mrs. Arthur Vicary, has been taken into partnership by Madame Isolde.

He even liked writing "My daughter, Mrs. Arthur Vicary," though he would not have said so. It added a touch of importance.

Jewel arrived at business the next morning to see that Isolde was losing no time in ratifying the partnership. Even while the deed was still to be drawn up at the lawyer's, Isolde had commissioned a painter, who was already engaged in relettering the shop front.

"By lunch time we shall see ourselves," said Isolde, "Jewel and Isolde. Your name first, for the rhythm, my dear."

"What a morning!" Jewel answered. "They are selling cowslips in the street." And she saw that spring had come, that life blossomed afresh. She saw it not only in the baskets of the flower venders but she felt it in all her young body, and the mirror reflected it from her bright eyes.

All the morning the shop was besieged. It was about eleven o'clock when an ornate lady of a certain stoutness came in—a slightly raffish-looking lady who nevertheless breathed respectability. She looked for Jewel.

"I am told," she said, "to ask for Miss Courage. I am told you have a great gift with hats."

She had left a handsome car outside. She was the sort of client Isolde loved—with a deep pocket, with no sense of discrimination, easy to persuade. So Jewel found for her hats and hats and hats, and she tried them all.

She stayed a very long while, talkative, friendly, as such clients were. She said: "What a pretty girl you are! All my friends tell me about you, and not only ladies but men, Miss Courage! Yes, they tell me you have made this place quite the vogue. How do you get that slim figure? Youth, I suppose. Ah, it's wonderful to be young! And yet, young as you are, they say you design most of the things here. You must be clever! I shall come back here again."

She chose millinery with gratitude for the close attention and care of this fresh young thing. She said: "Really, you know how to suit me! When most people see a woman of my age and build come into a shop they just don't trouble. They think, 'Any covering will do for her, so long as she pays high!' They do, indeed, my dear girl. I wasn't born yesterday and I know. But you have actually suited me; you have understood."

And her eyes suddenly fell on the girl's wedding ring. The eyes sparkled with unashamed curiosity: "Not married—at your age!"

"Married—yes."

"And your husband doesn't mind you being here? Not jealous, eh?"

After a long pause Jewel answered, smiling to cover the hurt of the careless words, "I don't live with him."

"You modern girls!" said the stout client.

Jewel answered, "He left me on our wedding day."

"You don't say so!" said the client, with a sudden soft motherly look. And suddenly she touched the girl's hand. "It may all come right," she said.

The shocked and easy sentimentality diffused her eyes; but, with the hard seeming courage of the young—"It will never come right," Jewel answered.

The client murmured, "A young girl like you—a child like you—something should be done about it. But that is not my business, of course."

"You are very kind to trouble, madam," Jewel answered automatically; and taking her pencil and pad, she inquired, "What name and address, madam?"

"Mrs. Adolf Heath," said the stout lady. "Bridge Mansions, Knightsbridge." And touched rawly, it seemed by the slimness and youth of Isolde's new partner, she said vehemently, "Really, you've quite upset me! I don't like to think of —— Have you anyone to advise you, my dear child?"

"No one in particular," said Jewel simply; "but I am accustomed to take care of myself."

Mrs. Adolf Heath replied quite passionately, "You are wrong! You can't! Even a woman of my age doesn't always know enough for that! One day I must have a talk with you, Miss Courage."

"One day—I shall be charmed. You are most kind, madam."

Mrs. Adolf Heath seemed to know when courtesy was nothing more. She nodded good morning and went toward the door, but turned back.

"You mustn't be offended with me, Miss Courage. I have a habit of saying what I think. I'm too spontaneous. All my friends tell me that."

"I'm not offended in the least. I think you're ——"

"What?" asked Mrs. Heath squarely. And all at once warming to her look of hungry kindliness, her wishfulness to help, to give, Jewel replied, "A dear. You are a dear, madam."

Mrs. Adolf Heath said, smiling away her own embarrassment: "That's all right then. I think you're a dear too. Just the sort of dear I would like for a daughter if I had one. I love pretty girls and gay girls and independent girls. And I love your hats. I shall come again."

So she walked out to her splendid limousine. And just as she walked out John Jeffrey Fleet walked in. For a long moment they stood still, he and Jewel, looking at each other, while Isolde, passing to and fro, observed them and duly informed herself. She informed herself that here were two marvelous young people in love.

Jewel made a little motion to Fleet, and he followed her to the back of the shop, which made that sort of alcove where the most exclusive merchandise hid. Then turning, she faced him. She accused: "You have been a long while before you thought of me."

"A long while," he answered, and she saw in his eyes, just as he saw it in hers, that indeed it had been more than mere weeks and months; that the separation could not be measured in time at all.

"And I thought you were my friend," she said.

"I am," he answered simply.

"You deserted me"

"I only stood aside."

"Did you know I was working hard?"

"Yes. Do you know, I have often passed by this place, and, over the net blinds, I've looked."

"And never came in!"

"And never came in."

"I am getting on; I'm climbing—succeeding."

"I know. I had your father's letter this morning. When I read it I thought, 'Now I can go to her.' But I can't explain here and now, can I? Jewel, come out to lunch."

John Jeffrey had his car in the side street round the next corner: not the sports car, but the big closed one, with a new chauffeur at the wheel. When he handed her in they were both instantly, completely happy.

They leaned back on the fawn cushions and Bond Street rolled by; Bond Street on a spring morning, where they sold cowslips and bluebells in the street as well as the roses of luxury. And sitting there beside her, for the first time thus, in the limousine of her girlish desire, he asked, "Do you remember when you always wanted to be inside, and I tried to have you in front with me?"

"I shall never forget anything."

"Well, it is a pity to forget," said John Jeffrey. "I think people's minds should be storehouses where there's room for everything."

"Where are we going?"

"The Ritz."

"How funny!" she said, after a moment spent in waiting for emotions. "It doesn't thrill me any more. I always longed to be taken to the Ritz and the Embassy and Claridge's, instead of to the little Soho places and to the Tree Top Club. And now I am going, and it is the first time, and I don't care."

"Because you've done something so much more important."

"What?"

"You've stood on your own feet and challenged the world and made your niche for yourself, my dear."

"Is that how you think of my hats?"

"That is certainly how I think of your hats."

With a glow in her cheeks, she told him, "I am a partner, you know."

"We are going to celebrate it."

Over luncheon he explained to her: "I didn't come before you had got your feet planted, Jewel dear. I was afraid you'd waver."

"You were afraid I was the old Jewel still."

"You might have hesitated; you might have leaned; you might never have found yourself if someone had come along offering you easily even a few of your heart's desires"

"I could have them all now—all my old heart's desires."

"You mean?"

"Dozens of men come to Isolde's. I could have all the dancing, all the dining, all the driving, all the—everything silly girls like me ever craved for. Surely you know that."

"I can guess it."

"But I don't bother about these things much any more. I'm working so hard: my very soul's in it. I want to win, you see."

"You're winning. Go on."

"I've thought sometimes over what you once said to me. Do you remember suggesting that perhaps I could get things for myself by hard work?"

"That was in my chauffeur incarnation."

"It was. Well, I'm working."

"Isn't it splendid?"

"When I dare stop to think I may say so."

"Daren't you stop to think?"

"Not yet."

"My poor child."

Then it was that John Jeffrey touched her hand that played round the stem of her wineglass. He touched it so lightly, with a touch that meant to be all sympathy and understanding. But their very fingers throbbed as they brushed together, and he withdrew his hand, knowing that he mustn't do it.

For they shared not only absurd memories of masquerade in the car but a memory not absurd—of a coppice under a blue sky in autumn, when he laid his head upon her lap.

"Jewel," he muttered, "have you no news at all?"

She knew that he meant of Vicary. "None. Nor you?"

"No. I hear nothing. I don't know where he's got to. Chauffeuring on the Continent, no doubt."

"Will he come back?" she breathed.

"I don't know," said John Jeffrey, meeting her troubled eyes with his own, just as troubled. "But I don't think so; not until you're a very successful modiste indeed."

"And then?"

"It will be for you to decide."

"Do you think, like mother and father, that marriage is irrevocable?"

He answered slowly: "It's a question of standing up to one's guns, paying one's

Watch This Column

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IVAN MOSKIN, Europe's Idol of the Screen, as "MICHAEL STROGOFF"

In September, 1881, at the Academy of Music, New York, Bolossy Kiralfy presented ***"Michael Strogoff"*** which proved to be the most stupendous stage production the world had ever seen. David Belasco was a youngster at that time and he, as well as others, since risen to fame in theatrical matters, viewed Kiralfy with awe and admiration. Kiralfy's name was synonymous with magnitude.

"Michael Strogoff," taken from Jules Verne's greatest story, was the wonder of America for ten years. The business it played to passed all calculation. Wherever it was shown, the stages had to be enlarged to receive it. Bolossy Kiralfy is alive today and just recently he saw ***"Michael Strogoff"*** in picture. Universal ran it off for his especial benefit. The man who was wont to startle the world was himself startled, as you will be when you see this Universal Film de France Triumph.

He saw in this picture amazing things which no stage could ever present—the thousands of screaming Tartars rushing into conflict—the frightful electrical storm which shook the Ural mountains—the burning of the oil-charged river—the magnificent fêtes of the Tartars—the sensational adventures of Michael Strogoff, the chosen courier of the Czar, beset on every hand by danger and fighting free. Kiralfy had loved the play, but he loves this picture more.

The reception accorded ***"Michael Strogoff"*** in Paris and Berlin has been nothing short of sensational. At a special invitation performance in Albert Hall, London, the triumph was repeated. Ernest W. Fredman of London, editor and international film authority, summed up the general feeling when he said, "Mighty is the only word to describe this magnificent production."

Meantime, do not forget to see ***"The Collegians"*** when they come your way nor the picturization of ***"The Newlyweds, with Snookums," "Buster Brown and His Dog Tige," "Let George Do It"*** and ***"The Gumps."***

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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debts. It's a question—as much as it is anything—of not letting oneself fall."

"I shall stand up."

The luncheon with John Jeffrey that day, sitting close to him, looking at his splendid leanness and brownness, being proud of him, was ecstasy of a new kind. They were downstairs in the grillroom, cool, white and spacious; it was quiet; the service unobtrusive. They seemed so close together and so much alone.

She felt as if that morning were a new beginning. She was grown up; she was a woman; no longer the bewildered, singed butterfly. She felt confident, as if she could take the world on her shoulders, not knowing how childish that still was. And then an elegant woman and her cavalier entered the restaurant, the woman wearing one of the Isolde cloaks and hats; and as people turned to look at the cloak and hat Jewel knew the pride of achievement. She felt like an artist, modest and obscure, who suddenly is aware that one of his pictures hangs on the wall of a proud house.

She could go back that evening to Wallflower Road, and, finding her father very tiredly weeding the front patch, could stimulate him by saying, "I lunched with your Mr. Fleet today, dads."

"My Mr. Fleet! Isn't he yours?"

There was a note, with a sheaf of flowers, brought to the shop by a chauffeur for Jewel the next day. And Isolde, seeing it as she hurried about, laughed. "One of your gentlemen?"

But it was from Mrs. Adolf Heath. She wrote freely:

My dear Miss Courage: You must not be too surprised at my impulsiveness. Over some things I am impulsive. You've interested me very much over what you told me about your marriage. Now you are quite a lovely girl; a girl who should do well in life; and I am a woman who has seen a good deal of life, and am perhaps able to advise you. I would like to help you if I can. Wouldn't you dine with me at my flat tonight and tell me more, and I'll see what we can do? We'll be just two women—informal; come straight on from the shop and don't bother to change your dress.

"We get funny experiences here," Jewel remarked to Isolde.

"Funny, my dear?" Isolde scoffed. "You needn't be surprised at anything in this life. Shall I read it?" She took the letter. "I'd go if I were you," she cried vivaciously. "This sort of thing often happens in our business. Women take ever such a fancy for a while to their milliners or manicurists or florists' girls or what not. Women of her class especially. She wants to be friendly. If, my dear, you can get a good dinner and a drive down to Goodwood, perhaps, with her later on, so much the better. Take all you can get in this world. I'll tell you," said Isolde impressively, "and I know people. That's a woman who's not very *au fait* with the best world. She's lonely. She'll make friendships with anybody up to a point. I'd go, my dear. It may be worth it."

But Jewel did not go because it might be worth it. She went to the Bridge Mansions flat that evening because of the kindness of Mrs. Heath's fat face; because of the hurt behind Mrs. Heath's hard eyes; because of a certainly unworldly wistfulness in the large overdressed creature; because of that very impulsiveness for which Mrs. Adolf Heath apologized.

"I haven't," Mrs. Adolf Heath said, "any daughter of my own; I never had a child. My husband didn't care for children. When I was young and first married, and only anxious to please him and help him get on, I thought I didn't care either. But now I'm sorry. I wish I had a son, or a daughter like you, that I could take about, be proud of; someone to leave all the money to, you know, instead of it going to distant relations. As years go on, my dear, these wants and wishes begin to come; only, because years have gone on, it's too late."

They sat in the embrasure of a big window overlooking the park in the twilight of evening. Mrs. Heath wouldn't have the lights on while darkness was yet an hour away. "I often sit here in the evenings," she said, "like this and look over at the park. I'm very lonely. I'm fifty, do myself up as I may; and I'm so lonely! I often ask myself how it could be otherwise, what I'd do if I had my time over again; and I know this—I'd have had a family. But when one is young and first married, and one's husband's will is law ——

"But a woman does get cheated, my dear. She does find herself left. And that's why, when I went to Isolde's, because two friends of mine were raving about it and the Princess of Sussex went there yesterday—why, when I went there and saw you and your wedding ring, and said to myself, 'Heavens, that child's married!' and when I saw that white little face of yours and made up my mind there was something wrong, I thought I would like to see if a little advice and help from a woman who's been through the mill herself mightn't be accepted."

"Do you know, you are very kind."

"No, no; it's not much to do for you, my dear, if I can do it. And I'm not a specially kind woman; not to everyone, that is. But some things touch one. They get one at the heart. I suppose it's when some special experience just cries out, 'Don't let that young thing make mistakes that she can't retrieve.' Anyway, my dear, if there is anything I can say or do to keep you from anything foolish, I would like to say or do it."

"I think it is too late."

"Doesn't he love you?" asked Mrs. Adolf Heath's voice from the twilight.

"Oh, no."

"And you don't love him?"

"Oh, no."

"Strange that you should have married, or that he should have married you, without love. But perhaps, like my husband and me, you married because of—oh, propinquity. Neighbors are apt to marry. Girls and boys meet at tennis clubs and marry. Men marry because they want a sensible, economical girl, like my husband married me; and girls marry because they think he'd make a good husband.

"But that's not enough. No, it's not enough. I'm fifty, and God knows I'm sensible through and through; but I say it's not. You're so young; you should take any means of escape from a loveless, thankless marriage. I'm fifty, and from my experience I say it."

"Marriage is marriage."

"You can say that now, and for ten years, and for more. And suddenly you'll know you've cheated yourself." And she broke off, and reaching out a fat hand, bediamonded, she patted the girl's thin hand lying very white in the dimness on the arm of a black satin chair. "You must let me talk, my dear," she continued. "I'm crazy to talk to you."

"I'm listening. But," said Jewel slowly, "it is difficult to explain to you, a stranger, what I'm trying to do. I'm trying to pay my debt that I've incurred."

"Debt!" Mrs. Heath repeated fiercely. "I tell you, you'll be cheated."

"I'm trying to stand up decently to what I've done. I did it with my eyes open."

"Your baby eyes!"

"I married him because I thought he was rich."

"Wasn't he?"

"No."

"And he married you for your pretty face?"

"He married me because he thought I was rich too."

Mrs. Heath paused. Jewel heard her quick breath indrawn, and there were words tumbling on her tongue which she checked.

Then she commented, slowly: "He—he thought you were rich. And he left you directly, when he found out?"

"Yes."

There came just the rustle of Mrs. Adolf Heath's restlessness in her chair.

"Where is he?"

"Abroad; on the Continent somewhere."

With a mixture of reluctance and eagerness Mrs. Heath continued: "What's his profession, my dear?"

"A chauffeur."

Again Mrs. Heath's quick movement rustled her silk and jingled her many bangles.

"A chauffeur?" she said, pausing. And then, quietly: "How did he manage to impress you, my dear?"

Jewel found herself telling this attentive plump woman the story of courtship; of flattery and lies; of dinners and dancing; of mutual fairy tales; everything curiously unreal, she told Mrs. Heath; everything tinged somehow, all the time—she couldn't explain it—with impending disaster. And yet despite all this she had gone on, following after her childish myths; insisting to herself that this was the prince of the palace to come. "It was fun."

She found herself painting to Mrs. Heath, very tenderly, her mother, who had sown the seed for all that grew.

"Poor woman!" Mrs. Heath murmured. "All we women are poor fools; the hardest of us—just poor fools."

Then they sat in silence, looking out over the park, thinking, remembering; to each were pictures of her thoughts; and the dusk thickened to dark, and street lamps glowed below the window.

"We must have light soon," said Mrs. Heath reluctantly, wearily; "but first, my dear, tell me, if you care to, your married name"

"Vicary."

Again they sat in silence, prolonged.

"And what," said Mrs. Heath in a very low voice, reaching out to fondle the girl's hand, "did you call your husband? His first name, my dear."

"Arthur"

Mrs. Heath sighed sharply. Then silence again. And Mrs. Adolf Heath, very still and plump in her chair, stared out; stared and stared as if she could pierce the veils of darkness over the park. But Jewel, oblivious, lay back limp, resting. She loved this warm darkness through which one talked and in which vision was strangely clear.

She knew herself to be right. She knew herself groping toward the ultimate decencies; out of cowardice, into the land of truth, where no fear is. Not all the well-meant advice of this kind fat woman would shake her. She had cheated and would pay.

"We'll have the lights in a moment," she heard Mrs. Heath repeat.

She turned her head against her chair back, answering, "It's lovely like this, resting."

And then she had an impression swift and certain that Mrs. Adolf Heath had a communication to make; was trying to make it, but would not or could not make it. In the warm darkness this knowledge came to her, so that suddenly she sat up, looking toward the stiff figure in the other chair, receptive. But Mrs. Heath said nothing. She rose and switched on lights. She rang a bell and her parlor maid entered and closed the curtains. As she moved about the room she avoided Jewel's eyes.

All that evening there would come pauses in the talk; pauses in which it seemed that something momentous was about to be said; and each time the significance of the pause faded; gave place to Mrs. Heath saying in her practical voice, with the slight provincial tang in it: "You're a girl who'll go far in the dress world; you'll have to make Isolde let you run over and buy your models in Paris sometimes and look about you." Or, "This is a portrait of my late husband." Or, "About that marriage of yours—forget it. Life doesn't entirely hinge on marriage, though when one's as young as you I know one thinks it does. As the years go on it'll be as if it had never happened. And now you're starting on a career, after all, it won't matter to you that you can never marry again, will it? It won't, will it? Eh, my dear? As life goes on, you'll be happier; you'll see it is no good to take anything too seriously. You must begin to enjoy yourself again, you know."

(Continued on Page 72)

Contrast Motor Car Body Design of Three Years Ago With What Chrysler Has Made It

By J. E. FIELDS

Note:—This is the second of a series dealing in detail with the influence of Chrysler on the design and practice of motor cars since the introduction of the first Chrysler three years ago. Others will appear from time to time in these pages. If you will write to the Chrysler Sales Corporation, Detroit, Mich., we will be glad to send you, free of any charge to you, a booklet describing the many motor car developments pioneered and perfected by Chrysler during the past three years.

The scientific precision in all engineering and manufacturing operations, which is the result of Chrysler Standardized Quality, is assured by the fact that one out of every nine Chrysler operatives is an inspector.

If you will but call to mind the appearance and body appointments of even the finest cars of three years ago before the first Chrysler, and then picture mentally the fleetness of line, the beauty of color harmony, the richness of upholstering, the luxury of appointment of that first Chrysler, you will appreciate the full value that Chrysler Standardized Quality brought to the motor car industry.

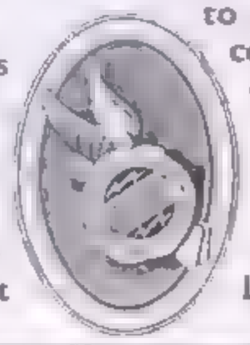
Those who have owned and driven that first Chrysler will know how definitely and conclusively it excelled in performance, riding ease, operating economy. Just as the thousands upon thousands of subsequent Chryslers have surpassed every car aspiring to compete with them.

Since Chrysler first designed its convenient panel grouping of instruments, with indirect lighting, practically every motor car manufacturer has followed suit.

But Chrysler brought also to this great industry—for the first time at a popular price—a beauty and luxury of body design, construction and appointment heretofore available only in the higher-priced field.

It was the plan of uncompromising quality standardization that made it inevitable that Chrysler genius should find the way to provide this market with the luxury of a body beautifully designed, harmoniously colored, richly upholstered, tastefully finished and perfectly appointed.

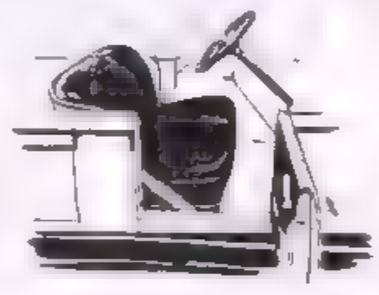
New symmetry, new beauty—the results of years of study—were actually engineered into the body by Chrysler's own designers.



The height of side body panels, for example, was a matter of determining the exact relation between the requirement of human comfort *in* the car, and the most pleasing proportion from *outside* the car.

The "bead" or "belt line" was not just incidental. It was scientifically sized and artistically placed to give those long low sweeping lines which produce such smart and pleasing effect.

Color harmony was carefully studied and applied in decidedly rich and distinctive treatments, resulting in a variety of luxurious, dignified color combinations which have never before been available to this market.



Chrysler was first to build phaeton front seats which readily adjust for proper back angle. The distance from steering wheel can be adjusted even while driving.

So, too, with the wheels. Chrysler designers sought the ultimate in that low-slung close-to-the-ground appearance—small wheels of exactly the right proportion, yet with ample road clearance.

The general result was smartness; refinement; good taste; harmonious, eye-compelling simplicity.

So with the interior appointments, fittings and upholstering. These were planned to provide a new degree of comfort, convenience and luxury in this price division.

Placement of the light control on the steering wheel, and a new panel grouping of instruments on the dashboard with indirect lighting were successful innovations inaugurated with that first Chrysler.

The new military front with cadet visor on closed models; the new coincidental lock conveniently placed on the steering column; the form fitting seat whose cushions and back operate as a special unit, and the special disappearing windshield for the rumble seat of the Roadster; the adjustable front seats, the disappearing center division in the rear seat making it convertible from a three-seat to a two-seat compartment at will, and the new type rigid side curtains on the Phaeton—all were pioneered in its price class by Chrysler.

The beauty, smartness and luxury of body design and construction of that first Chrysler are today being reflected in motor-car production throughout the industry.

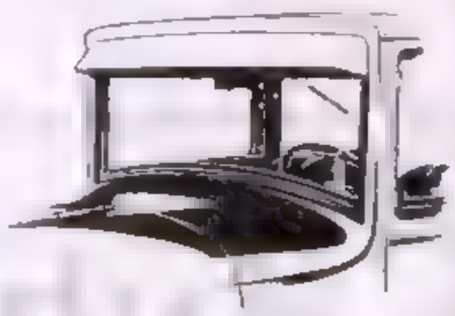
Just as Chrysler engineering and mechanical superiorities are being emulated everywhere.

Placing the headlight controls atop of the steering wheel was another Chrysler innovation of three years ago.

It was a foregone conclusion, however, that as that first Chrysler was years in advance of the industry in smartness and beauty and luxury—as well as in point of brilliant performance and long life—so, subsequent Chrysler models have been as far ahead of their respective price fields—the "50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80".

Chrysler Standardized Quality eliminates all "purchaser's risk".

It means a ceaseless striving for a new degree of quality in each price division. It bespeaks progressive improvement, constant betterment of the Chrysler product.



Chrysler has again departed from the ordinary and the conventional with its military front with narrow corner pillars and smart cadet visor.

It assures the development and adoption of every worthwhile and proven advance in body, chassis or engine design and construction.

It is evidence that Chrysler is determined to maintain the lead of the industry in the future in the same fashion that has won leadership for Chrysler during the past three years.

CHRYSLER

"50 - 60 - 70 - 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

The storm that ruins the stylish shoe only makes "U. S." rubbers look smarter!

Two of the many smart new styles in "U. S." rubbers. This galosh is the latest creation for women—just the right height—warm without being clumsy—ideal for wear with street and dress shoes. Comes in gray or tan tweed or in black jersey. The man's rubber slips on and off easily—yet fits smartly and snugly. And because it fits—it wears!

TO FIT THE LATEST STYLE SHOES

Smart NEW *"U.S." Rubbers*

Only rubbers that correspond in design to the new shoe models can fit well, look well, and wear well.

That's why—every season—our designers study all the latest styles in shoes—and then fashion new model rubbers to fit them.

Such attention to style, combined with the skill developed in 75 years of making this country's most serviceable rubbers, have established "U.S." rubbers and arctics as leaders in smartness and in long wear.

It will pay you to look for the "U.S." trademark. "U.S." rubbers and arctics are made only by

United States Rubber Company

"U.S." Rubbers

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

Trade US Mark

(Continued from Page 70)

All that evening, it was Mrs. Heath arguing with herself about marriage, during the pauses when her eyes either avoided Jewel or fixed upon her, very wide open, alert and anxious indeed. She was lavish, too, with friendly pats and encouragement; she helped Jewel into her coat later, crying: "Oh, you are a dainty little thing, Miss Courage! You'll enjoy life yet; you're well out of that marriage of yours. Now take my advice, the advice of a woman of fifty, who knows, and don't try to follow—that man up. Leave well alone. Leave him alone. Let him go."

And Jewel, listening, wrapping around her with the manikin motion the serpentine black coat, slimmer than ever. "How kind you are to think of me."

"Kind?" said Mrs. Heath on a slight gasp that was almost a sob. "I—I'd like to be. Sometimes we can't always do the things we'd like to do—even the things that perhaps we ought to do." And then two tears which appeared to surprise her, so angrily did she dash them away, trickled down her healthy cheeks. "You've quite upset me with your poor sad story."

XVII

THERE was Flora. At last, in the month of May, Flora might be visited again. A stubborn Hughie had at last relented and said so. There in the smallest of small villas, in the suburb of Barking, sat Flora, Young Mrs. Sandman. Her happiness was beyond comparison. Her pride and satisfaction were likewise. It was a Saturday afternoon; Hughie was out playing tennis at the local club; but Flora had stayed at home willingly to receive her old friend to tea. The villa was full of cheap cretonne, cheap new furniture and May sunshine. And in the tiny drawing-room Flora dispensed afternoon tea with dignity and radiance.

She had hugged and kissed Jewel, exclaiming, "You're slimmer than ever; fashionabler than you were before!"

"Before?"

"Both our marriages."

If Jewel were slimmer, more wraithlike than ever, Flora had fattened and was blooming. They were two young married women together; only, while Flora was easily discursive of matronly matters over the teacups, Jewel knew herself outside this inner circle. She was married—and not married.

Flora could not know that. Flora had received gossip from the vicinity of Wallflower Road, Dulwich, that was evident; but the Courages kept themselves much to themselves of habit, and no one really knew much. A neighbor had gathered from Mrs. Courage that her daughter's husband had been hurriedly called abroad on urgent private business directly after the wedding; in fact Mrs. Courage believed he had received the summons before the ceremony; but so anxious was he to secure Jewel that he could not bring himself to break it to her till the ring was on her finger. Was that so?

"It's like a novel," said Flora, gazing at Jewel in her old excited, absorbed way: "parting at the church door. Like weddings that sometimes happened in the war; the telegram coming suddenly, summoning the bridegroom back to his regiment."

"Only my wedding was at a registry office!"

"No? Really? Oh, I think that is a pity. But you never had much sentiment to spare, did you, dear? I dare say it's all the same to you."

"I—I am different now, Flora," was all Jewel could manage at that unconscious accusation; for the tears—so easy now—would have bubbled into her voice had she told Flora something like this: "You're wrong, all of you, about me. I'm not hard. I'm not! But you all think just because a girl's light-hearted and laughs more than she cries—you all think she hasn't an emotion at all. When I married I wanted the choristers singing; I wanted the organ playing the wedding march. I did! I did! Just like you!"

Then Flora's old loving-kindness—just as ready as ever—read perhaps in the utter quietness of Jewel's eyes that somehow she sorrowed, and she answered hastily: "It alters us, doesn't it? -being married."

And she looked into the teapot, replenished it busily while Jewel recovered. "I must show you the house," said Flora in a tender voice.

So presently they must go all through the minute house, see the linen in one cupboard and the china in another cupboard; see the connubial bedroom, Flora's new brushes, silver backed and very brightly kept, displayed on the dressing table; see the patch of back garden, which Hughie had already divided off sternly, the bigger piece for vegetables, the smaller one for flowers.

"My garden—and his," explained Flora, indicating Hughie's vegetables and her flowers.

"It's all very nice; ever so nice."

And suddenly, rapt, glowing, Flora looked at her with happy eyes and cried, "I have all I ever wanted; more than I ever hoped for."

"I'm so glad. I am indeed."

Pointing to a small shed beside the house, "That's where we keep the motorcycle outfit," said Flora. "You remember it?"

"I remember."

"All we three together, or sometimes four of us, another boy and me in the side car, you riding pillion behind Hughie ——" Jewel remembered those days. "How we used to laugh," reminisced Flora.

How they used to laugh!

"Do you ever go to that Tree Top Club now?" asked Flora. "You were crazy about it just at the time we got engaged."

"No, I never go now."

Flora coaxed as arm in arm they walked round and round the garden patch: "Tell me one thing; I'd love to hear. Where did you meet him?"

"There."

Flora's loving-kindness interpreted also that monosyllable. "Have a few of my flowers," she murmured. And she broke half a dozen daffodils from their ranks, with a spray of pink may from the bush at the end of the garden, for Jewel. And entering the house again in the perturbation of a little silence, they tied them up, wrapping tissue paper about them with extra and meticulous care.

"Give my love to your mother," said Flora, her eye already on the clock that ticked to her: "Time for Hughie! Time for Hughie!"

"She sent her love to you."

Then, wrapping the slender coat around her with the manikin motion that Flora remembered so well, the flowers lying on her arm like a little sheaf, Jewel went away.

And when Hughie Sandman came in, all glorious, to Flora, all glorious, she told him: "She's been and gone. She isn't happy. There's something tragic, Hughie. He left her, just as we heard, immediately after the wedding. I thought we were going to have a lovely gossip, like old times, but somehow I couldn't question her. She didn't tell me who he is or what he is or anything. Why, it's only just occurred to me—she didn't even tell me his name! Fancy leaving her to go abroad, Hughie! Why didn't they make his trip into a honeymoon? Isn't it tragic, dear?"

"She's got what she always asked for," grimly said Sandman.

"Asked for, Hughie?"

"Trouble."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Seven Bearing *Crankshaft* MOTOR

New NASH Attractions

Rubber Insulated Motor Supports—
(Standard Nash practice for some time.)
New-type Crankcase "Breather" Preventing Crankcase Dilution.
Motor Heat Control by Thermostatic Water Regulator.

The Ultra Modern Motor
World's Smoothest Type

ONLY Nash of all the great motor car manufacturers offers you the vital advantage of a 7-bearing crankshaft motor in every model.

This is the motor type that engineering authorities concede to be the newest and highest expression of six-cylinder power-plant development.

It creates a calibre of performance vastly superior to anything that older motor types achieve.

You do not need to be a mechanic to realize that 7 bearings give a rigidity and resultant smoother performance to a crankshaft revolving at high speed that is not possible with the conventional 3- or 4-bearing design.

The superiority of the 7-bearing design in eliminating crankshaft deflection and resultant rough performance must be perfectly obvious.

It is a fundamental engineering fact that the degree in which it is possible to make a motor crankshaft run absolutely smooth and quiet depends upon the number of bearings—and 7 is the maximum for a six.

Just drive one of these new Nash models. See clearly for yourself the utter power-*smoothness* and power-*quietness* that this 7-bearing motor gives—how striking its performance is as contrasted to older motor types with fewer bearings.

Naturally you want this newest type of motor if you're buying a new car.

YALE

MONO-CELLS

for Your Flashlight

YOU *know*, when you slip fresh Yale Mono-Cells into your flashlight, that their plus-supply of electrical energy is instantly at your service—that none can ever be stolen by that sneak-thief of power—Short Circuit!

The SAFETY SEAL—an exclusive Yale feature—positively *prevents* short circuits! This watchful guardian hugs the outer casing to the inner cell in a rigid, lasting grip—so that it cannot slip, expose metal and set up a power-draining contact. *Power protection for your flashlight—and mental security for you!*

Demand—*always* demand—Yale Mono-Cells. They fit all tubular cases, make any flashlight better—and Yale Flashlights BEST!

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"A YALE Battery for Every Battery Need"

The High Cost of Giving

By Forrest Crissey

ALL normal adult persons not born to great wealth have indulged in dreams of the benefits they would scatter about them if a huge fortune were to fall into their hands. "If I were worth millions" is the familiar opening phrase. To be human is to believe that the highest joy of having great wealth is that of giving to others. This impression is virtually universal among those whose adventures into the alluring fields of philanthropy are imaginary.

The philanthropist who has not quite passed the amateur stage is altogether likely to have arrived at the sad conviction that the expected thrills of benevolence turn to sharp thrusts of disappointment in the actualities of experience. The professional philanthropist is perhaps not quite so depressed; but his outlook upon his investments in benevolence lacks the glow that even an unimaginative person is sure to put into a recital starting with "If I had millions."

From the viewpoint of the professional philanthropist, the high cost of giving is the little joker that takes the joy out of generosity and leaves the intending benefactor cold, suspicious and irritated. With some few exceptions, benevolence of all kinds is subjected to a heavy overhead and selling expense before it can distribute a dividend in the coin of actual charity or helpfulness.

Fifty Per Cent Donations

A man who has spent more than a quarter of a century investigating solicitors in this field, and the causes and institutions for which their appeals were made, assures me that not one-half the money given for charity reaches the ultimate consumers. In his opinion about 60 per cent of this rich harvest from the soil of human generosity is absorbed by the thrifty gleaners.

One day a woman of impressive appearance presented herself at the desk of the private secretary to a very wealthy and generous financier and explained that she was one of the women helping out a certain charity. When she came from her interview with the financier her bearing implied that she considered signing on the dotted line a mere delayed formality.

Later the secretary entered the private office of the financier and was met with the observation: "She appears to be a society woman who is wearing out her shoe leather for sweet charity's sake. But look her up."

The secretary promptly called a certain number on the telephone and was told: "The charity for which Mrs Blank is soliciting is worthy, but she gets 50 per cent of all the donations she procures. She's one of the slickest go-getters that ever worked the millionaire trail."

"Tell her," directed the financier, "that I make no 50 per cent donations to charity solicitors."

When the secretary narrated this experience to me he added: "If you'll go to this information bureau you'll find out more about the high cost of giving than I can tell you in a year. It's really a secret-service organization for the protection of philanthropists against charity, welfare and uplift organization grafters, and you'll be astonished at the number and variety of them."

"There are more kinds of grafters in this game," declared a man connected with this organization, "than there are kinds of vermin trying to prey on the world's visible supply of live poultry. They range all the way from lice to timber wolves. But the skunks and weasels are the most in evidence. They work by stealth and cunning and haven't the courage to go into bootlegging or banditry. And they get away with their stuff for the same reason that a skunk does—which is that their victims would rather lose their contributions than stir up a bad smell.

"I have yet to find a wealthy man who has been done by one of these charity prowlers who was willing to prosecute. A stung philanthropist seldom swats back. He lets his money go, restrains his generous impulses, or gets advance information that will protect him in future from these charity slickers.

"Almost every other large city has at least one organization similar to ours. In business it would be sheer recklessness to spend millions without expert credit advice. We are the credit men for the industry of philanthropy. It's our job to protect our clients from extending poor charity credits and from charity slickers.

"But right here let me put all possible emphasis on the statement that I am not implying that all paid workers who make a business of soliciting donations for charitable or public-welfare purposes are undesirables. Far from it. The reputable firms specializing in campaigns for raising funds for such purposes perform a useful and economical service to both the philanthropists and the public. There are at least seven such organizations which have earned the confidence of all parties at interest."

Bait for the Needy

"I would not suggest that all money-raising organizations working on a percentage basis are unworthy of confidence, but certainly those which enjoy the highest reputation usually charge a specific agreed fee. That is universally recognized, among the clients we serve, as being a sound ethical basis of compensation.

"Personally, I would not recommend a client of ours to employ any organization operating upon a percentage basis. Neither would I recommend any group of clients to attempt to raise a large sum of money for any public-welfare enterprise without the assistance of a reputable organization specializing in that kind of work. They know how to put such an enterprise across with the least possible annoyance and inconvenience to the public and at a minimum expense.

"Then there are other paid solicitors who should not be classed as charity slickers. These are the reputable men and women who are the regular salaried representatives of those charitable and public-welfare institutions supported in part or in whole by gifts.

"Some of the charities themselves are open to criticism for an unintentional part in the exploitation of the public in the name of charity. Suppose, for example, that the XYZ Orphanage is struggling along in a hand-to-mouth existence, and its executive head receives a call from an impressive gentleman who shows great sympathy with the work and finally asks if the institution could use $10,000 to advantage. Imagine the head of any public-welfare institution supported by donations who would not fall for that!

"A benefit is arranged. Of course there is a contract which stipulates that all above $10,000 shall go to the promoters. To throw information bureaus

(Continued on Page 76

Reverend Loudspeaker Preaching to His Radio Congregation: "I Hope My Congregation Will Remember 'It is Better to Give Than to Receive'"

THEY CLOTHE YOUR CAR IN UNFADING BEAUTY

Women want their closed cars to suggest the good taste of their own homes. Upholstery must therefore be beautiful, but it must be a beauty that does not fade. Body interiors that quickly grow shabby will not do.

That is why so many of the better closed cars are upholstered in CA-VEL. Velvets bearing this name are used for the finest chair coverings, drapes, hangings and curtains. Exactly the same beauty of texture, color and sheen is transferred to the car's interior. The very feel of this glowing, animated fabric is a comfort.

CA-VEL velvets are easily cleaned and retain their fresh beauty longer than the life of the car. Being pile fabrics, and not flat weaves, they never lose their lustrous surface. The pliant fibers absorb wear, remaining soft and unruffled after years of use.

Select the closed car with CA-VEL. It is a guarantee of complete upholstery satisfaction and, when the time comes to trade in, a much higher resale value.

More yards of CA-VEL are sold for closed car upholstery than of any other velvets made.

COLLINS & AIKMAN COMPANY · ESTABLISHED 1845 · NEW YORK CITY

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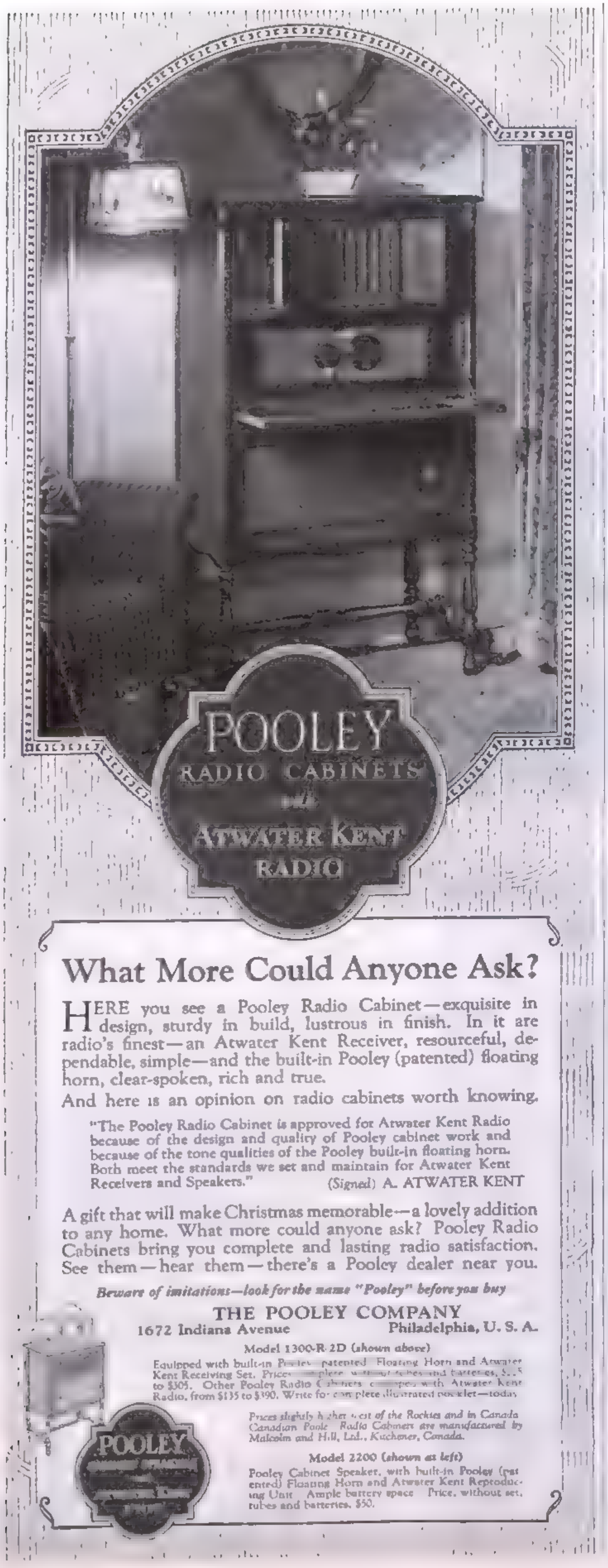
VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY



What More Could Anyone Ask?

HERE you see a Pooley Radio Cabinet—exquisite in design, sturdy in build, lustrous in finish. In it are radio's finest—an Atwater Kent Receiver, resourceful, dependable, simple—and the built-in Pooley (patented) floating horn, clear-spoken, rich and true.

And here is an opinion on radio cabinets worth knowing.

"The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers." (*Signed*) A. ATWATER KENT

A gift that will make Christmas memorable—a lovely addition to any home. What more could anyone ask? Pooley Radio Cabinets bring you complete and lasting radio satisfaction. See them—hear them—there's a Pooley dealer near you.

Beware of imitations—look for the name "Pooley" before you buy

THE POOLEY COMPANY
1672 Indiana Avenue Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Model 1300-R 2D (shown above)

Equipped with built-in Pooley patented Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Receiving Set. Prices complete with tubes and batteries, $[illegible] to $305. Other Pooley Radio Cabinets equipped with Atwater Kent Radio, from $135 to $390. Write for complete illustrated booklet—today.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm and Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada.

Model 2200 (shown at left)

Pooley Cabinet Speaker, with built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Reproducing Unit. Ample battery space. Price, without set, tubes and batteries, $50.

(Continued from Page 74)

off the trail, promoters generally say, 'Tell inquirers you are handling it yourselves.' There is every chance in the world that the benefit will net much more than the sum agreed upon as the institution's share; otherwise the contract would not be sought.

"These benefit promoters know their stuff. In most instances the amount paid to the charity is a small part of the total receipts. If it is a ticket sale, the house is likely to be sold out five times over. Then the program feature is a fat source of income. Its advertising space is sold under high pressure. Many advertisers do not wish to have their names appear. 'Compliments of a friend' is the usual formula. Perhaps half a dozen of these anonymous cards may appear in the program, whereas fifty or a hundred have been sold. Of course some of this easy money may never reach the promoter; it may stick in the pockets of his solicitors. But most promoters are rather shrewd in keeping tab on their solicitors."

One for You, Two for Me

"Some of these benefits net sums which are almost unbelievable, and beneficiaries get only the small change. For instance, a certain benefit held in a large city unquestionably netted its promoters several hundred thousand dollars, as it exploited the patriotic sentiment of the people in a very compelling way. The appeal could not be denied. The society feature of the affair was cleverly manipulated. Social leaders fell for it to an extent which made them deaf to all caution. The sum turned over to the beneficiaries looked large, but really was trifling compared with what the promotion wolves got.

"And a substantial portion of this big killing went to a person of wealth and social prominence. Unique? No; it happens. The thing which puts affairs of this kind over big is the social element. Wealthy social climbers are strong for this sort of thing, which gets them front-page position in the papers and a chance to do [illegible] with those of secure social position. If you knocked all the charity rungs out of the social ladder, a lot of ambitious climbers would not get far above ground.

"Regarding the reluctance of men of wealth to punish those who have duped them in the name of charity: At a time when a notorious promoter was making a campaign for a charity that appealed strongly to public sympathy, I received a telephone call from a friend asking me to meet him in a near-by cigar store. He cautioned me to play up to his lead and indicated that I would get an earful of useful information. I was introduced as Joe Smith, a good guy who had been playing in hard luck and needed to pick up some easy money quickly."

Cramping the Crooks

"'Say,' exclaimed the gaudy youth, 'I've got the softest snap going. I knock down at least a hundred a day.'

"Then he showed me a check for $100 payable to the charity in question and signed by a wealthy business man. When I asked what per cent of it he would get he laughed and answered:

"'I'm supposed to have half of it; but I'm not boob enough to turn in all the checks I get. Of course I have to give up some to the head grafter. He gets a-plenty anyhow, as he has about twenty workers. How did I work it? Called up this soft guy on the phone, said I was Alderman Gus Blank, and would he hand my messenger a check for this charity? That alderman is in Europe. Easy! I'm goin' to pick Sweet Charity as my patron saint. Trouble? The guys who have followed this game for years tell me that you couldn't get a philanthropist to prosecute on a bet.'

"Of course I promptly reported this to the millionaire whose check the charity slicker had shown me. He told me to forget it; he didn't want that kind of publicity.

(Continued on Page 78)

Blackfeet Chiefs in Glacier National Park

Give her a new EASY washer

. . . you don't realize how much she wants one

THINK of this! A great big batch of clothes washed and another big batch dried—all at once; time simply cut in half; the wash water kept at an even temperature; the rinse, the blue and the wash water all handled for you; no buttons to sew on; no deep wrinkles to iron out; and every piece washed and dried as thoroughly and gently as by human hands—that's the New Easy Washer.

And don't forget that all these benefits are for a lifetime, forever making life easier, brighter and happier.

Double capacity—double speed

The New Easy has two tubs. Each holds eight double sheets or the equal in other clothes. One tub washes, the other dries—they both work at once. With sixteen large sheets washed and dried together, time is cut in half.

When you are ready to dry a tubful of clothes in the Easy, just turn a lever and in three minutes the clothes will be so dry that you only have to hang them out in the sun for a few minutes. On winter days, when you may wish to hang the clothes indoors, you won't find any pools where water from the seams and thick hems has dripped on the floor.

There is nothing to put deep wrinkles in the linens or to tear buttons off the shirts. Think of the ironing and sewing time that is saved!

But that isn't all. As the suds, the rinse and the blue water are whirled from the clothes in the dryer, each in turn is carried back to the proper place by a wonderful new water-circulating system. This system even empties the washer for you when you're all through.

Act now on this Free Offer

We'll lend you a New Easy, and let you do a whole week's washing with it. Just call up the nearest Easy dealer at once. There are no strings to this offer. You pay nothing. If you decide to keep the New Easy and show it to the neighbors on Christmas morning as the grandest present any woman ever had, just make a small down payment and keep it right there.

MODEL M

This is the famous Easy Washer with one-piece aluminum wringer. The hundreds of thousands of these washers in use today have created a permanent demand for this model. We shall continue to make it, embodying the same fine workmanship and materials as always.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION, Syracuse, N. Y.

EASY WASHER

The SALT in the Yuletide Feasts of Long Ago

THE YULE log has been piled on the fire in the Great Hall. A great company has assembled to do honor to the day. Knights and ladies, men-at-arms and serving maids, men of the church and state, stable-boys—all ranks, all classes at the same long table with but one thing marking the dividing line between those of unquestioned rank and those who were not—The Great Salt.

The Great Salt of the Fifteenth Century was often eighteen inches in height and the work of a master craftsman in precious metals. Its sides were studded with sapphires, pearls and other precious stones. It was wrought in every conceivable form—of elephants, lions, dragons, serpents, lighthouses, hour-glasses.

At every individual's place at the Fifteenth Century dining table was a smaller or trencher-salt, from which the condiment was carried to the trencher itself.

Everyone who could afford the expensive luxury of salt in those days used salt and everyone strove to possess an elaborate Great Salt to occupy a prominent position at his table. For salt, mind you, according to the old folk tales, was the only article not used at the feasts of witches and demons

* * * * *

The salt has ceased to be an article of class distinction as it was in the days of long ago. Nevertheless, as it is produced by Reed & Barton master silversmiths at Taunton, it IS an article of distinction—of *marked* distinction Your jeweler will be glad to show you Reed & Barton salts as they are produced as part of complete services in hollow ware and flatware

Heritage Tea Spoon (Actual size)

Reed & Barton Salts in the Heritage and Hepplewhite patterns. Send Stamp

REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS.

It is Sterling

©1926

Send for interesting and unusual booklet containing the history of tables, etc. It will be sent free of charge

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON MASSACHUSETTS
ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 76)

Never give a check to a solicitor—mail or send it to the institution you wish to help. With variations, this game is being played every day in the United States. There are more hungry suckers in Charity Creek than in any other body of water—and you can catch 'em with a bent pin. The cleverest crooks in this game move from city to city.

"The work of high-class campaigning organizations has helped to cramp the style of these crooks and confine their operations to the smaller charitable institutions and to benefits which are of a somewhat impromptu character."

A Cure for Pollyanna

Like the well-known way of the transgressor, the path of the free-lance philanthropist is hard. Most of those who adventure upon it find it paved with cobblestones of disillusionment and edged with brambles of ingratitude. Only the bravest of generous and kindly spirits are able to follow it far. The science of psychology knows no surer cure for the Pollyanna complex than free-lance direct-to-consumer philanthropy. It is guaranteed to close the pores of open-handed retail benevolence at the first plunge. Julius Rosenwald, a man who has given away millions and is world-famous for his philanthropies, tells me:

"I made my money in retail trade, but when it comes to philanthropy, I'm preferably a wholesaler. The mere matter of the time involved in listening to private appeals and investigating them makes retail giving by individuals physically impossible on any scale large enough to amount to anything; and besides, I believe that giving without proper investigation is likely to do more harm than good.

"But individual direct-to-consumer giving has a still greater psychological handicap. Its disappointments are almost certain to be so numerous and so bitter as to blight the generous impulses of any but the most incurable philanthropist. Having no desire to have my human sympathies chilled and my arteries hardened, I have avoided adventures into that field.

"About the only persons who make a fair success of what you call free-lance charity—direct personal giving to individuals—are the poor. When Jane Addams remarked that those who give most and most successfully to the poor are the poor themselves she spoke a great truth. That is a kind of giving which most frequently escapes leaving its recipients more impoverished than they were before. Why? Perhaps because it carries its own proof of unselfishness and is more generally accepted as an obligation than the charity of the rich. When Mrs. Levy gives Mrs. Lewis a little from her meager family store to help out because Lewis is unemployed, Mrs. Lewis accepts the gift with a knowledge that the tables may be turned almost any time and it will be her turn to repay Mrs. Levy in kind.

"But when you consider wholesale philanthropy only, do not imagine that you have entered seas which are so well charted that your course is clear. You can't imagine how difficult it is to give money away so that it will serve a useful and constructive purpose and yield a clear net benefit to humanity.

"It is far easier to make a large fortune honestly than it is to give one away in a manner that will assure the promoting of human welfare or the building up of human character.

"I spend many wakeful night hours planning how to solve concrete problems along this line. As a result, I am sure that one of the most difficult things a man can do is to give away large sums of money wisely, constructively and to the real benefit of his fellow beings. I have long since lost faith in those forms of charity which are merely palliative. My interest has shifted to those forms of help which hold promise of preventing the further need for gratuitous financial help.

"There is quite as keen a call for the exercise of sharp watchfulness of expense in giving a fortune away as there is in making it. The high cost of giving is no idle phrase."

Free-lance philanthropy, at best, seldom yields unalloyed satisfaction.

Gentlemen's Agreements

"I'm naturally for individual free-lance methods," confessed a multimillionaire friend of mine, "in philanthropy as in everything else. But I've had my discipline. Several years ago I put ten boys through college—on a gentlemen's agreement between us that they would return the money, on the partial-payment plan, to help other boys when they began to earn, after their graduation. Only one of the ten has lived up to that understanding. This rather stunned me, and I consulted a man who handles the student-aid department of a large university. He told me that 90 per cent of the money advanced by them to students, under a similar agreement, is returned to the revolving fund.

"The impersonalized benefaction brought the better result because it carried a greater sense of obligation. The boys I helped evidently said to themselves, 'He's rich. Why hurry about the refund? If he wishes to

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A Scene in Byrd Park, Near Richmond, Virginia

Let Radio bring Christmas Cheer

Select your radio equipment from the USL complete line

IF there is one time of the year that radio brings joy and gladness into the home it is Christmas time. For the air is filled with the Christmas Spirit—Radio programs are at their best.

If you are a radio owner you will surely want perfect radio performance for Christmas. Maybe you need a new set of dry "B" batteries, an "A" battery or a set of "B" storage batteries, a battery charger, an "A" or "B" power supply which plugs into the light socket, or a trickle charger for your "A" battery. Then USL has just what you want. And USL radio equipment will bring your set up to its peak of performance.

Perhaps you are wondering what to give Dad and Mother for Christmas. And probably they are wondering what to give you. Why not pool the family Christmas money as thousands are doing and select USL Radio Equipment—something the entire family will enjoy for years to come?

Telephone your local USL battery dealer to demonstrate the USL Broadcast Receptor and the complete line of USL radio equipment. Let him help you in selecting radio equipment wisely. Take your radio problems to him and he will gladly give you the benefit of his judgment and experience.

Write us for USL descriptive bulletins and a copy of the USL Radio Log Book containing the latest list of broadcasting stations.

U. S. L. RADIO, INC.
U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

USL Pacific Coast Factory, Oakland, Calif. — USL Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ont. — USL Australian Factory, Sydney, N. S. W.

Prices quoted are for East of the Rockies

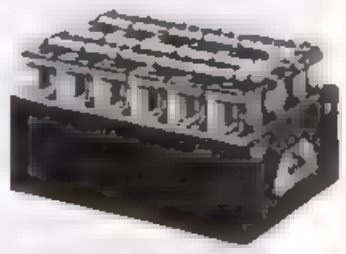
USL "B" Power Supply

USL "A" Power Supply

USL "A" and "B" Battery Charger

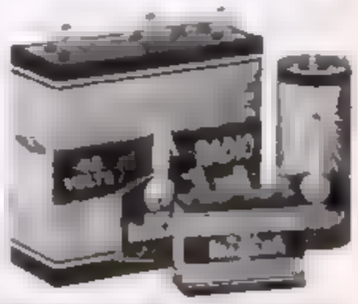
USL Automatic Control

USL Trickle Charger



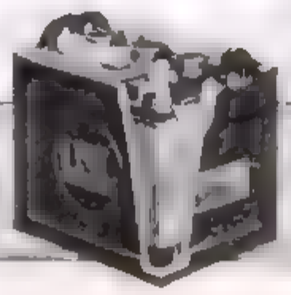
USL "B" Storage Battery

USL "A" Storage Battery



USL "Niagara" Radio Dry Batteries

USL Broadcast Receptor



THERE IS A DEPENDABLE
USL BATTERY
FOR EVERY MAKE OF CAR

SAVE MONEY-SEE THE USL MAN IN YOUR TOWN
11,600 SERVICE STATIONS
AND DEALERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

"The Nickel Lunch"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Let 'Em Eat All They Want

THE kids can eat all the Planters Peanuts they want, and it will still be a "Merry Christmas". Planters Peanuts are good for them.

Wholesome, healthy food—that's what they are. They are specially selected from the finest, most perfect peanuts grown in Virginia and thoroughly roasted by processes that keep them fresh, crisp and digestible.

You don't have to hide Planters Peanuts—unless you want to keep them for yourself. Put them in the toe of every stocking—the best for the last.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.,
Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago
Boston, Philadelphia
Canadian Factory: Toronto.

They are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

Planters
PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 78)

help other students, he can dig into his bank account again—plenty there!' But their arrangement with the administrator of a college revolving fund looked to the other boys like a straight business deal."

The financial secretary of a woman multimillionaire says: "Of the hundreds of begging letters which we have received, the nerviest one was from a young man asking for money to buy an automobile with which to drive to and from the country club. The letter assumed that the owner of millions would not miss a few hundred dollars for an inexpensive car, and would be well repaid by the thought of the pleasure the gift would afford a young man of sufficient social standing to be elected to membership in a country club."

In the judgment of this secretary, about 10 per cent of the appeals which reach his desk come from professional mail-order beggars.

"To me," he adds, "the most puzzling thing about the flood of these appeals is how the persons writing them can think they will bring any money. These letters indicate that this country must be overpopulated with infant prodigies—youngsters of amazing talent in music and art—all born to families in poor circumstances. Generally the letters from such families put the responsibility of a choice between serving American culture or snuffing out the flame of genius squarely up to the philanthropist.

"The highly professional mail-order beggar, however, is never guilty of an antagonistic approach; he is altogether too smooth to commit this error."

Long before Gen. Charles G. Dawes was elected Vice President of the United States, he became a confirmed and incorrigible philanthropist. As a memorial to his son, he built two hotels, one in Boston and one on Chicago's West Side, for the class of men who usually are forced to patronize the flop houses. In Chicago also he has built a hotel in memory of his mother for women who are, financially speaking, also dangerously near the down-and-out frontier.

"Most givers," he declares, "demand opportunity to do constructive work. They are particular about the human materials with which they experiment and require a fair chance for character building. Fine! But it doesn't leave much chance for the forlorn hopes. So I put a little money on the hundred-to-one shots."

Qualifying as Angels

"Many of the men who reach the flophouse level are there because of their vices, their shiftlessness and their deficiencies. But I also know that Nature is dealing them their punishments in an even-handed way.

"But I can't make myself feel self-righteous enough to deny them a shelter against the storm and the cold. That will scarcely add to their moral poverty.

"Then in each thousand of these down-and-outers there may be one who will pull himself together and come back to a normal and self-respecting life if he has a little encouragement. That possible percentage is high enough to encourage me to take a chance.

"To my mind it would be unfortunate to break down the morale of free-lance philanthropists by emphasizing the cupidity and ingratitude of those who seek charity. A real sporting philanthropist doesn't need to be told that ingratitude and unworthiness are the rule, not the exception, in this field. He'll take a chance and play his money on the forlorn hope—at least occasionally.

"Personally I have quite as much respect for the down-and-outer who will get all the charity he can, any way he can, as I have for the charity promoters who knock down 50 per cent or more on the money they raise for benevolent enterprises. There are plenty of these grafters camping on the doormats of men and women who wish to give money for the help of their unfortunate fellows. They're a well-groomed, smooth-tongued tribe too.

"I'm quite as much interested in knowing how much of any sum I am asked to give will go into the pocket of the one who solicits it as I am to know the worthiness and need of the charity for which the solicitation is made. Fifty per cent—or even one-fifth of it—for the solicitor is unreasonable, outrageous.

"I have a greater contempt for the charity slicker who takes for himself an extortionate share of the charity funds which he solicits than I have for the bandit or the burglar. He exploits for his own gain one of the finest of human impulses and thereby helps dry up the springs of compassion—and he does this with no risk to his personal safety."

According to the Scriptures it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, but the fact remains that the millionaire philanthropist must watch his step or he will acquire a fixed status as an angel. This position is as difficult to relinquish as it is expensive to maintain. Initiation into the angel lodge is something to warm the cockles of a millionaire's heart. If he isn't made to feel that he is of the elect those who pinned the angel tag on him have fallen down on their job.

But when he first qualifies as an angel nothing is said about the fact that his election is for life. All reference to this permanency of the honor is delicately avoided. He'll discover later that a large gift is an unfailing way to create a perpetual financial responsibility.

Private Game Preserves

In the domain of applied philanthropy there is no Sherman Act against the creation of monopolies. When a man of wealth makes a handsome gift to an institution he commits himself to it almost irretrievably. A marriage would scarcely mortgage his future more firmly. In effect, it becomes his institution and it is up to him to see it through until death do them part.

Almost every college in the country has its chief angel. When it needs more money—as it is sure to—and a public appeal is made, it is a moral certainty that other rich men will reply much to this effect:

"No; I don't care to intrude in Mr. Blank's special preserves. Everybody knows that his name is carved on the doorsills of that institution. I prefer to give where I'll get a little credit for my money, to start something of my own. It's a poor policy to play the other man's game."

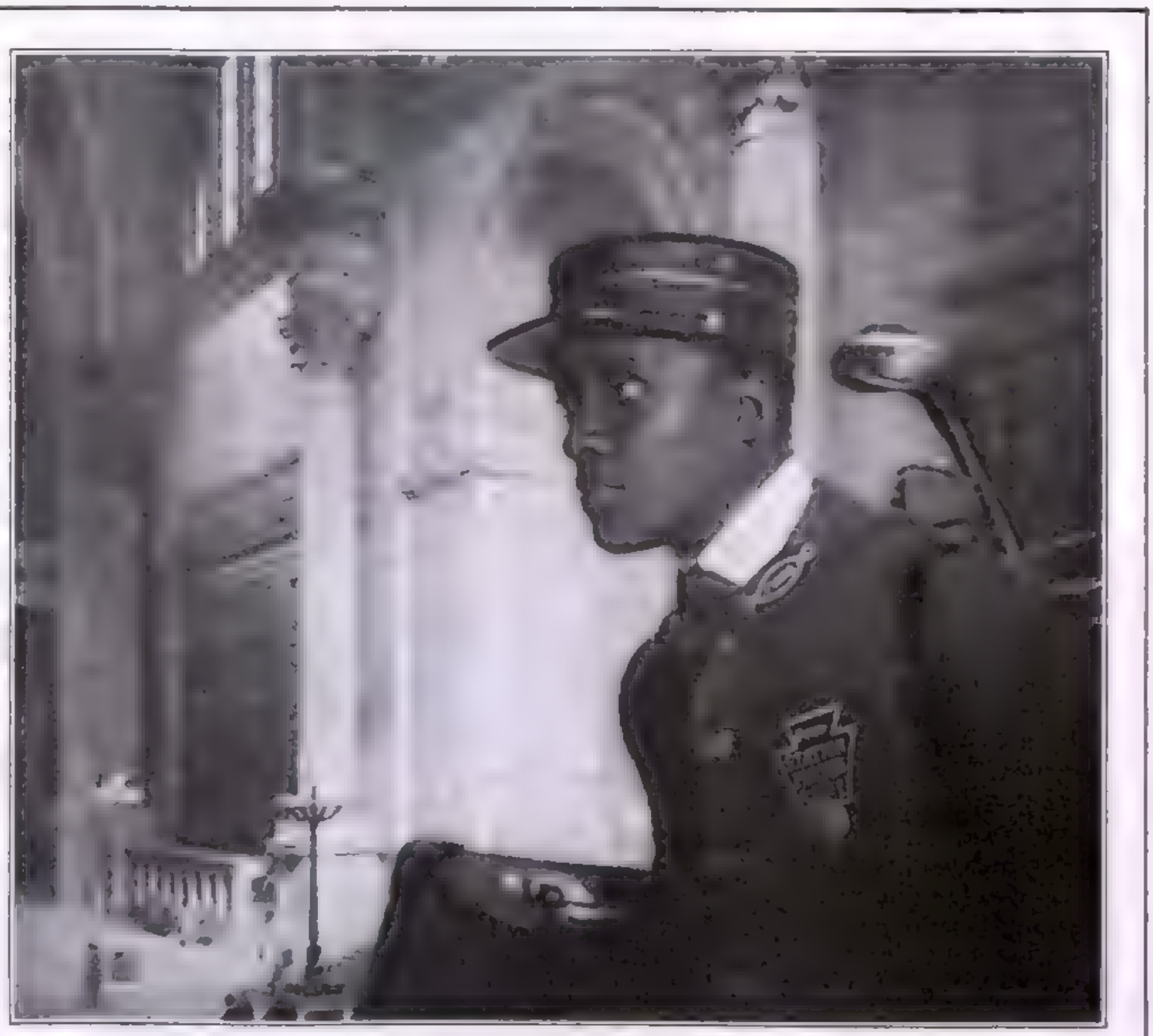
He is a rare angel who knows when and how to quit, and a still rarer one who has the nerve to pull out of a benevolent project to which he has once committed himself. If an angel shows any disposition to withdraw his support from a worthy institution, he is likely to be reminded that he has placed the institution in the difficult position of a girl who has accepted the enthusiastic attentions of a young man to an extent which has excluded other suitors and thereby ruined her chances. He cannot well deny this.

Angelships are often inherited. There are many instances where families have for several generations honored such an obligation. Again, a man of wealth doesn't wish to be rated as a quitter, even in his philanthropies. Most men who have made or increased great fortunes have done so by seeing their enterprises through to a finish. It is natural that they will be governed by the same code of constancy in giving their money away.

There is another angle to this problem of discharging the responsibilities of an angel in good sporting fashion. At times even the multimillionaire's style is likely to be cramped by economic and financial conditions. The man of small means seldom pictures the multimillionaire as ever being short of money; to his mind the very rich man always has a vast treasure of cash upon which to draw. Of course it is easily

(Continued on Page 82)

A RED CAP who called forth a letter to the President of his Railroad . . .



Ten years' service to the Pennsylvania Railroad is the average record of the 360 Red Caps employed in the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York. Many have been on the job continuously for twenty-five, thirty-five, even forty years. A very real esprit de corps has grown up in those years of service together as a body of trained, disciplined men, and a real pride in their railroad and the beautiful building in which they work.

Miami, Florida, Dec. 8, 1925

W. W. ATTERBURY, *President*,
The Pennsylvania Railroad,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MY DEAR SIR: I am taking the very great liberty of writing you because I have just experienced one of the finest acts of service which I have ever heard of happening to anyone on any railroad. And I thought perhaps you might like to hear about it, as a change from the great American pastime of complaining about railroads.

On Monday, the 30th of November, I was to leave New York on the 12:30 noon Florida Special for Miami. I had four heavy and awkward pieces of hand luggage, and a lunch engagement. So I checked the luggage in the Pennsylvania Station check place, and went off to lunch. At lunch, as women will, and my kind especially, I quite forgot to notice the time until some one told me it was 12:20. This was at 34th Street and Park Avenue. I made a flying dive for a taxi and prayed for no traffic jams. We got in one at Herald Square but at that it was 12:28 when we dashed down the ramp into Pennsy Station, I flourishing my deck of checks. I burst out of the taxi, threw the checks at a red cap—any red cap—and gasped "The Florida Special."

"Mah Gawd, lady", said the porter, "you gotta run."

I RAN. The red cap ran. Officials in buttons, beholding us, urged us to run faster. I flashed my ticket at the gate, galloped down stairs, and below me the catacombs of the Pennsy were re-echoing "Allll abo-ard."

Well, I found my coach. "Get on, lady", said the porter of it (K 95), and I wailed, "But my bags—my bags."

"If you're going you'd better get on", he said, and with no red cap anywhere in sight, I got on. And the train began to glide with that awful finality of New York trains, out of the station. I might have jumped off, except that the K 95 porter put a long muscular arm across the doorway. And there I was, everything I owned, almost, lost somewhere in the Pennsy Station, with an unknown porter.

I tried to be calm, awfully, coldly calm, and asked the porter what in the world I could do? The porter suggested I could get off at Manhattan Transfer and go back. But drat it, when would I ever get another reservation to Florida? So he said I could ask the conductor. The conductor, once asked, didn't believe anything like that had ever before happened in the annals of the road but of course I could get off at Manhattan Transfer. So I got off at Manhattan Transfer, but I was a very disturbed and uncertain woman.

And then, out of that office place, at the Transfer, there stepped a divine being in a uniform, with "Usher" printed across his manly bosom. I'm not sure what he looks like or whether he is somebody's blue-eyed darling, or what, but he is fit to be head of a diplomatic corps, suave, and polished and infinitely, beautifully calm. I wasn't calm. I managed to gasp, "I've lost all my luggage—"

"Lady," said the Diplomatic Corps, "I know all about it. New York has just telephoned us. We are able to hold this train a minute or two until the train just behind can come up, when your red cap will bring your bags to your coach. Of course, you understand we can't keep this train too long, but if you haven't your bags when we leave I will take your name and address and see that they are sent to you." He turned from me to be infinitely kind to a Swedish immigrant girl, asking about trains. And the next moment there was that poor red cap of mine, perspiring with bags and worry and conscientiousness, until he was almost white.

So you see I'm not sure who is responsible but somebody on the Pennsylvania road has insisted on service until even the red caps are marvels of intelligence and the ushers are the finest kind of gentlemen. You ought to know about it, you really ought. That's why I've bothered you.

Yours most gratefully,

MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS (Mrs. M. S.)

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Thicker steel
Keener edges
Better shaves

COMPARE the Ever-Ready Blade (A) to the thin, wafer blade (B).

Ever-Ready has a staunch steel body—a body heavy enough to take a scientifically perfect bevel edge! It can be sharpened sharp! It keeps its keenness! It shaves with ball-bearing smoothness—quickly, cleanly, delightfully.

And the Ever-Ready Blade is reinforced with a sturdy steel "backbone". It's rigid like the old-fashioned razor. It meets each hair with unbending accuracy. There's no "give" to it—except the satisfaction it gives the shaver!

Try Ever-Ready Blades once—they'll be your good-morning friends forever after!

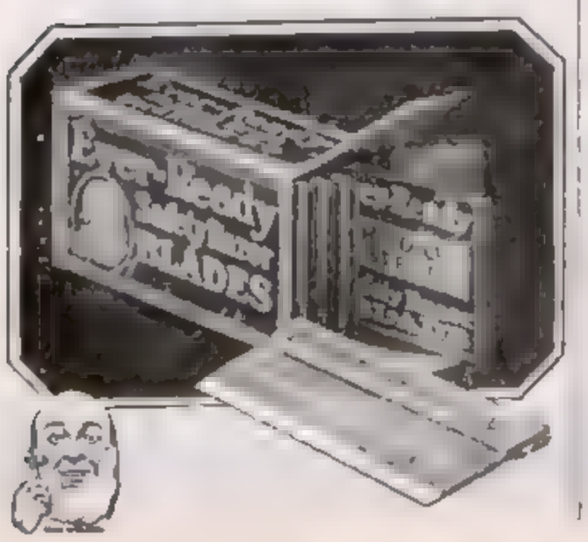
Your Ever-Ready Razor

is the finest razor that ever met a beard. We guarantee it for no less than 10 years. Our service department will replace your old Ever-Ready frame if it isn't giving 100% service. Send it to the

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

Ever-Ready Blades



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possible for the man of very great wealth to find it necessary to reduce his philanthropic expenditures in a period of business stress. This means that many an angel finds that if he is to stand squarely by the moral obligations which are the outgrowth of his outstanding support of a certain institution, he must deny himself virtually all other giving.

Again, this is a fast-changing world, and the viewpoints of men of great wealth have altered greatly within the past few years. What looked like an ideal philanthropy a few years ago may appear futile and obsolete today. The swift developments of science may have brought to the philanthropist's attention many new and alluring ways of serving humanity. But if he is hopelessly committed as an angel to the full extent of his giving power, his hands are tied. His position is particularly unenviable if he has inherited his obligations as an angel and feels that he must shoulder them for the honor of the family name. This often happens.

According to the men who advise the rich regarding their philanthropic investments, a great many charities don't know when to die; they have outlived their usefulness owing to changed public conditions, but persist because they have called into being an organization of human beings who hate to give up their jobs. To use a hypothetical illustration: There was a time when the Home for Tired Street-Car Horses served a kindly purpose; but the only purpose such an institution would serve today would be that of furnishing subsistence to a corps of venerable employes who obtained their jobs when horses hauled street cars.

There are scores of charities and philanthropies which are as little justified today as would be a retreat for retired street-car horses; but they cling to life with an amazing vitality and plead for support as eloquently as a claimant for divorce. Of course, the only official executioner for obsolete philanthropies is the painstaking and courageous philanthropist; he can enforce a starvation diet. But when an institution of this sort can no longer draw nourishment from large givers, it falls back on catch-penny support from small and unadvised givers. Of course, these sinking charities are eager to grab at any straw and the 50 per cent promoters find them easy prey.

The Philanthropist Coöperative

The newest and most notable movement in philanthropy is that of coöperative giving. The result is a beneficent combine—in the most literal sense of the term. San Francisco furnished an illuminating example in point. About fifteen of the richest men of that city have joined forces to dispose of their surplus wealth for the benefit of humanity and to do so while they are living.

Apparently these millionaires have decided that dead hands are poor distributors of philanthropic funds. They prefer to have a first-hand participation in their philanthropic investments and to check the results of their adventures in benevolence. This is not only a forward step in making philanthropy more efficient but in depersonalizing it. Though each member of the combine is free to identify his name with certain gifts, the general tendency is toward group giving. Under this system results are apparently the first consideration and the building of personal reputations for philanthropy secondary. These men are out to cut down the high cost of giving. The charity slicker hasn't a chance in the world to get any of the funds of the combine, the administration of which is as impersonal as that of great industrial cooperation. Philanthropists below the millionaire class are the meal ticket for the charity slicker.

With scarcely an exception, the executives who stand between large givers and the army of applicants for gifts are in favor of professional campaign directors. One man who handles millions of dollars in gifts for a wealthy and generous man says:

"These men are specialists in the business of raising money for public-welfare purposes and they go about their work in an intelligent, orderly and businesslike way. A number of them have built up enviable reputations for ability and clean and sound methods. Those whom I have in mind operate only upon a fixed fee. This is sound ethics. Philanthropists and their agents prefer to deal with them because they do not waste our time. Again, they are not likely to sell their services to projects which are either unimportant or unworthy. They can't afford to do so. The fact that they are making money out of the raising of funds for philanthropies doesn't bother us a bit—so long as we are satisfied that their compensation is reasonable. The pirates in this field are the only ones who raise our resentment. They exploit instead of aid philanthropy.

"Among philanthropists the community chest is generally considered one of the greatest modern inventions in the field of finance for charity. Its slogan is Get Under the Big Umbrella—which is a very popular shelter from the storm of appeals that besets the citizens of every community, especially business men, who are inevitably the front-line victims of every charitable enterprise. Their logical answer to all appeals is: 'I gave my share to the community chest. Apply to the chest managers.'"

Repeat Business

"But community-chest giving is only an incident in the charities of the philanthropist who gives on a wholesale capital-investment scale. The administration of a community chest is an important public trust and should be in the hands of the ablest men in each community. As an agency for timesaving for the tired business man, it is all that is claimed for it; but I'm afraid there are some cases where its administration is either too lax or too tight, with the result that the charitable interests of the community are not given a balanced ration."

The man who originated the intensive-campaign system for raising funds for benevolent purposes should be a sound authority on the development of this modern method of philanthropic financing.

"To get the agony over quickly was the main idea which prompted this movement," says Charles S. Ward, of New York. "Before it was tried out, raising a large fund for a college or hospital was a work of months, sometimes of years. The effort was chaotic, the procedure uncharted. It made large and prolonged demands upon the time of busy men, who often became weary in well-doing before the objective of their efforts was reached. It was costly, irritating and often discouraging.

"Why not develop a method of procedure that would, through intensive organization, find a short cut and save this waste of time, money and benevolent impulse? Today the time limit on a public campaign is generally one week, regardless of the amount involved. Seven organizations specializing in this field and refusing to work upon the percentage basis raise above $300,000,000 a year for sound public-welfare enterprises. This is mainly capital investment funds

"For example, ten years before the war the value of Y. M. C. A. buildings was less than $35,000,000; in that decade $100,000,000 was added by the intensive-campaign method. By this plan more than $100,000,000 was quickly raised for the first Red Cross campaign in the World War. One firm alone has raised, in this way, more than $425,000,000 since the war. It raised $100,000,000 at a cost to the campaign of one-fourth of one per cent. For raising $1,000,000 for a divinity school the expense was less than 2 per cent. The total expense of getting $1,250,000 for a Southern college was still lower.

"A certain hospital received, inside of two years after a campaign, enough interest on the funds so raised to pay all the expense of the campaign. This should be sufficient to indicate that intensive campaigns conducted on a fee basis are economical in point of money expense, aside from the time-saving element. No worthy and useful institution needs to pay 50 or even 10 per cent to raise its money.

"A certain school lately offered 10 per cent for the raising of $3,000,000 for a needed educational foundation. The men behind the project were insistent upon the percentage arrangement. The answer they received was, 'Why pay us $300,000 for a job which we will undertake for less than one-tenth that reward? But we will not work on a percentage basis.' Many percentage firms realize 33⅓ per cent. The president of a Western college tells me that his institution employed a solicitor on a five-year contract—at an actual cost of 80 per cent of all funds raised! No wonder generous and public-spirited men of means are in revolt against the high cost of giving!

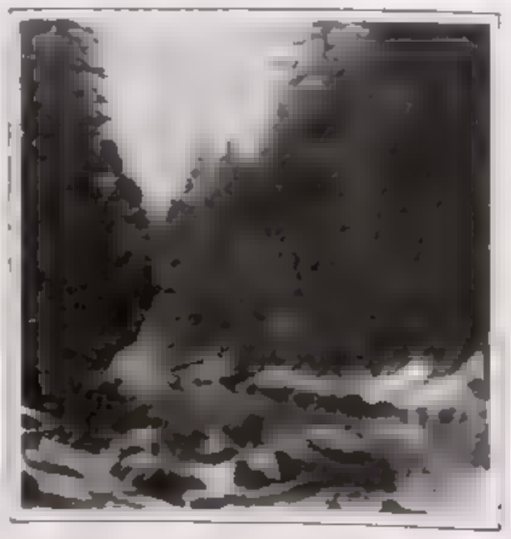
"The method used by the leading non-percentage firms in this field is built up largely on the organization and direction of volunteer solicitors who go to people who know them and present a cause about which they are well informed. Under the modern campaign method, philanthropy is no longer the exclusive privilege of the rich; all take a hand.

"There has been criticism, some of it justified, about overworking communities. 'Applying the vacuum cleaner too often on the same spot' is the common phrase. This is the unfortunate result of percentage solicitation. The little group of firms who refuse to work on a percentage do not need to go after business; it comes to them in plenty without solicitation."

Mail-Order Appeals

"Mail-order appeals, in my opinion, are justified only in calling in contributions from those who have subscribed regularly in the past. I make an exception in the case of the tuberculosis Christmas-seal campaign and perhaps one or two others. But in the main, the postage stamp symbolizes excessive cost in benevolence, ranging from 50 per cent for large and worthy campaigns to 100 per cent for smaller ones. The man who will respond to a mail-order appeal, excepting for a cause with which he is intimately familiar, belongs to Easy Mark Lodge."

From all of which it appears that the amateur or free-lance philanthropist who is looking for a direct kick from his generosity will do well to give only in his own community or in his circle of personal acquaintances—and face the probability that the greatest kick he gets will come from disappointed beneficiaries when they reach the weaning stage. And when the chastened amateur giver becomes a professional philanthropist and looks to the newspaper clipping bureau and the family scrapbook for his only satisfaction, he will regard his benefactions as investments and keep a sharp eye on the high cost of giving. The business of philanthropy, as a whole, needs reorganization; it is, I repeat, laboring under a burden of selling cost and overhead that would swamp almost any other industry.



Green River Gorge, Washington

BRITTLE BAR WITH PUFFED WHEAT

2 cups granulated sugar
Quaker Puffed Wheat (or Puffed Rice) Nuts

Put two cups granulated sugar in a perfectly smooth granite pan. Place on a range and stir constantly until melted to a syrup, taking care to keep sugar from sides of pan. Place nuts and Quaker Puffed Wheat (or Puffed Rice) in a buttered tin and pour syrup over this. Cool and mark into squares.

*PUFFED RICE BALLS—See recipe below

PUFFED WHEAT KISSES

4 egg whites
3 cups Quaker Puffed Wheat (or Puffed Rice)
½ tsp. vanilla
1 cup powdered sugar
1 cup chopped dates or 1 cup shredded cocoanut

Beat egg whites until stiff, then add sugar slowly. Fold in Puffed Wheat, dates (or shredded cocoanut) and vanilla. Drop from a spoon on buttered tin and bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes. Do not remove from pan until partly cooled.

Answering The Call For Christmas Sweets That Omit Digestive Regrets

Some Unique Recipes From a Famous Candy Maker for Charming New Sweets that are Marvelous in More Ways than One

Here is a new idea in Christmas sweets that everyone, and especially mothers, will appreciate: Sweets gay, adventurous and enticing; yet kind to the stomach at the time of all times such kindness is most greatly needed.

The recipes on this page are printed for the first time. A famous caterer has long made a daily "special" of the unique confections they result in. People come from all over to get them.

Easy to prepare in a few minutes, they offer an entirely NEW note to the holiday scheme of candies and sweets. They are just sweet enough to attract, and lack the *too sweetness* that often characterizes heavier candies at Christmas.

AND—above all things—the youngsters can eat all they want of them, wherever or whenever they want.

*PUFFED RICE BALLS

1 cup corn syrup or molasses
2 tbsps. vinegar
1 cup sugar
Quaker Puffed Rice (or Puffed Wheat)

Boil syrup or molasses, sugar and vinegar until a little snaps when dropped in cold water. Pour this over ⅔ a package of Puffed Rice. Mix well, form into balls or fritters with the hands, rubbing the hands with a little butter. Drop on waxed paper to harden and cool.

To make them, you obtain Quaker Puffed Rice and Quaker Puffed Wheat, a package of each at any grocery store. That is all—the rest of the ingredients you have in the house.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam puffed to eight times its natural size; then oven toasted and crisped. In themselves, they taste like nutmeats—made into sweets, as the recipes suggest, they become the most delightful of confections.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, exploded and toasted like the Puffed Wheat. Both contain vital food elements of the finest grain food, and thus combine unique deliciousness with definite food value.

(*Below*) PUFFED WHEAT PRALINES

2½ cups powdered sugar
1 cup maple syrup
1 cup Quaker Puffed Wheat (or Puffed Rice)
½ cup cream
1 cup pecans

Boil the first three ingredients until soft ball is formed in cold water. Remove from fire and beat until a creamy consistency. Add nuts and Puffed Wheat and drop from tip of spoon in small piles on buttered paper.

(*At left*) QUAKER NUGGETS

3 cups Quaker Puffed Rice (or Puffed Wheat)
1 cup molasses
2 tbsps. vinegar
½ cup sugar
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
¾ tsp. soda

Mix molasses, vinegar, sugar and butter. Heat slowly to the boiling point, then boil to 265 degrees or until a little of the mixture becomes brittle when dropped into cold water. Remove from the fire, stir in the soda and pour over the Puffed Rice in a large bowl. Stir with a large spoon until well mixed, then drop small spoonfuls of the mixture on waxed paper to harden.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

IF WE HAVE EACH OTHER

(Continued from Page 13)

I'll call back. But put off anybody you possibly can."

Helga's discretion was to be relied upon.

It was only that Arlene wished this last evening to be as romantically lovely a memory as possible. Not, of course, that she was trying to deceive Reynolds as to her profession. From the very first he had known about that.

"What do you do," he had asked, less than an hour after he had met her, "the rest of the year?" And this despite the fact that they had met on the shore of a Tennessee mountain lake during the two weeks of last summer, when she thought she had left Doctor Dale behind.

She had let a handful of warm sand trickle slowly through her fingers. "What makes you think I do anything?" she had asked.

Reynolds had smiled. "Oh, that's obvious," he had said—despite the fact that she was wearing a swimming suit as brief as a telegram and that her tight impudent little rubber cap was blue as her eyes and as becoming as a smile.

If it had ever occurred to one of the young men who played tennis and danced with her to ask such a question—which, of course, it never would have—Arlene would have evaded it. She didn't evade Reynolds'.

"I'm a doctor," she said gravely. And after a moment she added, "Child and infant specialist." In that brief pausing moment she had a flash of realization that Keith Reynolds wouldn't like her any the less for her being a success.

He had nodded, quite matter of fact, and told her that he was a lawyer with a big Chicago corporation. And that was that. He accepted the fact as she did—that they were both on a vacation, and they spent precious little time in discussion either of medicine or law.

They swam and canoed and played tennis together, they motored and danced. They did not flirt with each other—not, at least, in any commonplace, adolescent fashion. None of the provocative teasing of flirtation, the swaggering, self-glorifying sex play of immaturity. But almost from the first glance there was something between them more inreaching than play, more potent than coquetry. Reynolds' keen intellectual arrogance, Arlene's forced frivolity, melted away under it like metal in flame.

It was flamelike, too, in the way it caught up odd, wholly extraneous things and made them fuel. The fact that the local card shark at the inn was afraid to try his tricks when Reynolds was picked for the victim; the admission of a prosperous, portly manufacturer that if he was trying to get away with anything he'd hate to have that young fellow cross-examining him on the witness stand; the swift, strong, overhand stroke with which Keith swam—perhaps, though, these were not extraneous. Nothing so surely feeds the flame for a woman as force in a man.

Before the first week was over, Arlene had learned a difference. She realized that she had never been in love before. It was fortunate that she had already made up her mind about never marrying. It would have been harder now. She realized now that, though it might have seemed hard at the time, it had been really comparatively easy to give up the idea of marrying either Arthur or James. The attraction of Arthur—young, fiery, romantic—had left her mind all outside, a bit shivering and lonely, perhaps, but perfectly able to function, coolheadedly unable to blink away from certain truths. And James, really, had set off no fire and ardor in her at all. It had been easy.

Odd, that mysterious chemistry of attraction which made Reynolds so completely everything for Arlene. Tall and well-made, he was, lean and keen. Character he had, obviously; fairness and a great deal of quiet and restrained power. Because he maintained a pleasant, courteous aloofness and did not trouble himself over things and people who did not interest him, his instant attraction to Arlene had the flattery both of sincerity and discrimination. It is likely, however, that she was the first person to believe, honestly, that he had charm. And she even thought him handsome—God save the mark!

The attraction between them being mature, which is seeking rather than swaggering, she and Reynolds kept trying all the time to know each other better; and though so much the major portion of their time together was mere play, it was inevitable that occasionally their work should be spoken of too. Arlene, quite unconsciously, presented hers only in its most romantic aspect.

She told Keith that she couldn't remember when she hadn't dreamed of being a doctor; how away back in her doll days, when the other girls had played mother, she had played doctor; of the bottles of powdered brick dust she had had always ready against a possible epidemic of diphtheria among the dolls; of the green plums she had used to stew on the back of the stove so that she could prescribe dark liquid—ill-tasting, effective-looking medicine too.

Then she told him how, just when she was at the age when that was beginning to seem childish and silly, she had seen an old-fashioned nurse boiling up burdock roots to mix with alcohol and realized that there was something real, not baby play at all, within her grasp. In a shady corner of the vegetable garden, where worthwhile produce would not grow, she had planted her own patch of herbs.

Commonplace weeds these were, in the main, but genuinely potent none the less. Jack-in-the-pulpit, which cures sores of the mouth; foxglove, which is digitalis; deadly nightshade, which is belladonna; catnip and coltsfoot and plantain. The little weed garden was still there. She had seen it on her last visit home, flourishing verdantly in the shady corner.

Reynolds had listened, as honestly interested as she had been when he told her of his first court-room trial. He had had to fight to choose his own work; his father had had a place in the paternal lithographing business waiting for him; he could smile with sympathetic understanding at Arlene's description of her difficulties in convincing her mother that there was nothing either wicked or abnormal in a girl's wishing to be a doctor.

They had spent their ten days together to a considerable extent in discovering the countless other things they had in common—their liking for chamber music and Conrad, their dislike for canoes with sponsons, and dowagers in girlish little sports dresses; even their backgrounds, for they found that they had both come of pioneer stock.

One afternoon they had motored over to see the town from which Reynolds' grandmother and grandfather had started off for the West in a train of covered wagons. They found the old crossroads at which the wagons had gathered, the stone church where, the night before starting, his grandfather had married his grandmother.

"He hadn't expected to take her along, you see," Keith explained. "She was only eighteen and she'd never been away from home overnight. He was going West alone to get started and then coming back in three or four years after her. He'd said good-by to her on her father's plantation twenty miles away and left her there. everything had been settled. And then, just at dusk the night before the wagons were to start, she had appeared alone on horseback, with just the clothes she had on and a package of garden seeds, and made him marry her and take her along.

"I never saw her," Reynolds said; "she died before I was born; but she was always a romantic figure to me when I was a youngster. I suppose this was because grandfather talked about her so much to me, and then because she had come to him on horseback. The women in our town didn't ride, and the only ladies I'd ever seen on horses were in pictures in fairy tales, so I always mixed her up with them. Then we had a gorgeous garden, plants that came up year after year, still growing from the seeds she'd brought from Tennessee. Grandfather always took such tender care of them. He called them Mary Lou's flowers."

Arlene had looked down the paved highway that must have been just a dusty road when the white wagons had started down it.

"I never thought much about the pioneers' wives," she said; "the women who went along because they loved their husbands and couldn't bear to be left behind; who would never have dreamed, just for themselves, of going into all the dangers and hardships."

Reynolds nodded. "I suppose grandfather told me that story a hundred times, and every time he told me how he had begged grandmother to go back home and let him take the chances alone. 'I was sort of weak with wanting her to go so bad,' he'd always say, 'but I did the best I could to get her not to. "Oh, Mary Lou," I kept telling her, "you poor, brave dear, you don't know what you're letting yourself in for."'"

Reynolds and Arlene had found the door of the little stone church open and had gone in, standing for a few moments in half-awed, half-embarrassed silence before the same old altar where Mary Lou had married her pioneer. Mary Lou's grandson had looked down upon the girl beside him.

"Arlene ——" he had begun. But his voice sounded so odd and loud in the still, empty church, that he had evidently thought better of whatever he had been intending to say.

Arlene remembered every detail of that day with a poignant clearness, because it had proved, unexpectedly, to be the last day she and Keith had had together. They had got back to the inn to find an insistent telegram waiting for Keith. His superior in the legal department had been taken critically ill, an important matter he had been handling would devolve upon Reynolds.

Keith had left for Chicago on the eight o'clock train that evening.

That had been August. Now it was November, and Arlene knew that Keith was coming to say the thing he had not said that afternoon in the little empty church. She knew what she would have to say in return, of course. But she did not wish to say it as she had to James, in grievances and irritations and cross purposes, in misunderstanding. An effective enough way that was, of course, but a way that, once its purpose had been accomplished, they had both been glad to forget. Arlene did not wish Keith to wish to forget a single moment of their time together. She wanted to leave a memory that could go on down the years with them both, as lastingly fragrant as Mary Lou's flowers.

There was nothing in the living room to suggest Doctor Dale. It was the room where Arlene went, evenings, to get away from her. Tonight, to be sure, in her tall pottery vase were a half dozen flaunting chrysanthemums that had been sent by a grateful patient, but you can't make chrysanthemums look professional. They glowed in a shadowy corner of the room like another hearth fire.

The living room was small, but richly mellow with the feel of home. It was one of Arlene's extravagances, like her underwear. Completely hidden, of course, with businesslike caution, under her plain tailor-made suits, Arlene always wore the most frivolously feminine lingerie. Pastel silk crêpes, georgette, all fine impractical plaits, broad ribbon straps and narrow flutings of embroidered net. Helga laundered these, exquisitely, disapprovingly.

"Geta me," she would always observe, with Scandinavian frankness, as she laid the frivolous silk frailties in Arlene's bureau drawers, "what you want to wear clothes like these for, when you ain't got nobody to see 'em."

The living room, Helga understood, though. It was natural enough for a woman to like a place homy.

Arlene drew thin dull-gold colored silk curtains against the raw November evening, set a tiny tobacco table close beside the big chair where Keith would sit. She turned on all three mellow-shaded lamps and lighted the fire. In a low crystal bowl were the red roses Keith had sent that morning, their fragrance mingled with the faint pungency of the burning wood.

The telephone rang faintly through the closed door into the office on the other side of the apartment, but Arlene let Helga answer it. She was glad she had, for while Helga was still in the office, Keith arrived.

Arlene opened the door. Reynolds was standing in the apartment hallway, snow still melting on the broad rough shoulders of his overcoat, on the soft hat he had thrust under his arm. For weeks Arlene had pictured this moment, foreseen it. And yet the sudden reality seemed almost to crash against her, amazing, staggering.

"I'm so glad to see you—come in." Her own voice sounded queer and loud in her ears. In her planning and foreseeing, Reynolds had been a sort of lay figure, never quite clearly seen. Suddenly now he was real.

Just inside the hall door, he bent down and kissed her. She had not foreseen that either!

While they were still in the hall, Helga came out of the office, leaving the door open—the Bluebeard door that was to have been kept so tightly closed that night.

"Let's see your office."

There was nothing for it. Arlene switched on the light at the door and Reynolds followed her in. His arm around her, keeping her close beside him, he strolled around the room, peering with interest into the glass case of instruments, looking at the medical books on the shelves—Abt's Pediatrics, Nutritional and Clinical Dietetics. He looked through the door into the adjoining examination room, with its high white padded table for undressing babies, its scales; smiled at the collection of funny dolls and stuffed animals which Arlene kept to help distract apprehensive little patients.

While they were still in the office the telephone rang. Nothing for it but to answer. Reynolds went out of the office at once, closing the door behind him. Fortunately, it was a trained nurse calling; professional nurses know how to make their reports and questions brief and to the point. The whole office episode was over quickly. Not five minutes in all before she and Keith were in the living room, with its shaded lights, its fire, its flowers. A bad beginning, perhaps, but that was all.

Keith had drawn two chairs before the fire, moved the brass fender with its flickering ruddy reflection a little so that Arlene's small satin slippers could rest on it more easily. He must have brought her candy—a big square white box stood unostentatiously on the far side of the table. The delicious frivolity of such an attention, the deep sweetness of being looked out for! And then the excitement that Keith's being here threw over everything, just as it had those magic vacation days. It was like a colored light, this excitement; under it, commonplaces seemed charged with significance and mystery; Keith's casual poking at the burning logs, his smile at Helga when she came to tell them that dinner was ready. Arlene moved about her familiar rooms as though in a strange new place, fairly tremulous with response.

Reynolds had said that he was hungry, but she saw that it was as difficult for him

Continued on Page 89

Every home needs Valspar —Clear and in Colors!

Reg U.S. Pat Off.

***The Valspar Colors**

Transparent Colors: Enable you to Valspar your woodwork and at the same time color it in Natural wood effects: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Cherry and Moss Green.

Solid-Covering Colors: Vermilion, Red Light and Deep, Blue—Light, Medium and Deep, Green—Medium and Deep, Gray, Brown, Ivory, Orange and Bright Yellow. Also Black, Flat Black, White, Gold, Bronze, and Aluminum.

Enough Valspar to protect and beautify your linoleum costs only 1½c per sq. ft.

All around the house—in every room—you'll find a host of places in need of Valspar—Clear and in Colors. In a short time you can "spruce up" interiors that have grown shabby and dull—easily *and at small expense.*

There's the kitchen—make it bright and cheerful! A coat of clear Valspar will restore freshness and color to the printed linoleum, besides prolonging its life, and making it so much easier to clean. Shelves, cupboards, refrigerator, drainboards, woodwork—how attractive they look in a sparkling new dress of Valspar in any color your taste dictates. And how convenient to have them absolutely waterproof: for neither hot nor cold water can ever harm a Valsparred surface.

To Valspar your chair in a new color costs 35c.

Next, the floors. If they are of fine hardwood, you will want to protect their beauty with clear Valspar or one of the transparent Valspar wood colors listed above.* If they are of less expensive wood you may prefer to use one of the Valspar Colors that cover the surface solidly like paint.*

A shining, waterproof table for half a dollar!

Furniture that is the wrong color can be brought into harmonious relation with the other furniture by applying Valspar of just the right tint or shade. You can restore whole bedroom sets, dining tables and chairs, bookcases, odd tables—in any color you want, with Valspar.

For Exterior Use

When you've finished with the inside of the house take a look at the front door! Valspar will give it the trim appearance you like. Porch ceilings, furniture, railings, window blinds—there's many a metal or wood surface outdoors that needs Valspar protection against the weather.

It will cost 45c to make your front door weatherproof.

The car, too, may be reclaimed from shabbiness with Valspar. You can choose from bright colors for the sporty little roadster or from more dignified shades for the sedan. Every color is permanent, and of course, a Valspar finish withstands water, oil, gasoline, mud, snow or sun.

Send the Coupon for samples. Select your colors from the list given in the upper right corner of the page.

A new Ford for about $2.30 worth of Valspar.

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can specified below. (Only three samples of Valspar, Clear and in Colors supplied per person at this special price.)

Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts—Free.

Print full mail address plainly

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Send me the following Valspar samples

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3

Valspar Book

S E P 12 1 0 2

Dollars Earned, Miles Run, and Work Well Done

The many thousands of owners of Graham Brothers trucks and motor coaches at work in all parts of the world know what Graham Brothers name means. To them it is a balance sheet story, told in the language of dollars earned, miles run and work well done. That language is universally understood.

New thousands of owners each month are learning the story from the trucks themselves.

The success of the trucks in owners' hands has made possible the striking success of Graham Brothers as an institution. In a few short years they have risen to a place among the leaders of their industry. They are the largest exclusive manufacturers of motor trucks in the world.

These are foundation stones of Graham Brothers policy . . . . Build quality trucks, complete—sizes and body styles to fit the needs of the different lines of business . . . . Price them low, giving the purchaser the benefit of mass production economies . . . . Service them quickly and skillfully and reasonably, always and everywhere.

Graham Brothers policy is Graham Brothers practice. The G-B emblem on the front of a truck or motor coach marks it a hauling unit that will work ably day in and day out, live long, cost little and make money for its owner.

1-TON CHASSIS (G-BOY) . . . $ 885
1½-TON CHASSIS 1245
2-TON CHASSIS (DISC WHEELS WITH DUAL REAR, OPTIONAL) 1445
F. O. B. DETROIT

BROTHERS
BROTHERS
TRUCKS

Whoever stops there once will be sure to return again. It is a hotel worthy of the name—a paradise for travelers. Of the food and the coffee served no man can say too much. A TRAVELER

Why did he hide his name?

The distinguished traveler who wrote this letter years ago

"WHOEVER stops there once will be sure to return again," so reads a letter about the old Maxwell House printed in a Nashville newspaper long ago. "It is a hotel worthy of the name—a paradise for travelers. Of the food and the coffee served no man can say too much."

On the yellowed sheet under the long type columns, stands only this signature: "A Traveler." Why did this man make a mystery of his name?

Among the guests of that fine, old hotel were all the notable men of the day. There for nearly half a century the South gave welcome to her most illustrious visitors. Its registers read like an old-time roll of honor.

Is it not probable that one of these great names is concealed by the words, "A Traveler"? Many think that only a man of note could have wished to remain unknown.

And surely his letter is eloquent. Throughout all the southern states the Maxwell House was celebrated for its food and for its coffee. Yet few have recorded its glory so memorably as he.

We can picture our distinguished "Traveler," seated in the stately dining room, reveling in such a dinner as we dream of. Perhaps it was there that he wrote his letter, lingering over his coffee and cigar—over that coffee which has brought to the Maxwell House its most enduring fame.

No one could forget it

For years it was the coffee at this fine, old hotel which its guests praised most highly of all. A special blend was served there, so wonderfully rich and mellow that they carried the memory of it to their homes.

Long ago this blend became the favorite of the cities of the South. In all parts of that land of good living, the families who appreciated the best took steps to secure it for their own tables.

Today its fame has rapidly spread through the whole country. From Baltimore to Los Angeles it has pleased more people than any other coffee ever put on the market.

And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected this blend years ago down in Nashville, Tennessee, still blend and roast it today. The same coffee, with same full-bodied flavor that delighted the patrons of the old Maxwell House, is on sale at all better grocers' from coast to coast.

How you will enjoy your first taste of its mellow goodness—your first breath of its rich aroma! A new experience awaits you and your family. You will see a touch of new interest in the faces at table when you serve Maxwell House Coffee. Plan now to serve it tomorrow. Your grocer can supply you with Maxwell House Coffee in the famous, sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

"Good to the last drop"

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

(Continued from Page 84)

to pretend to be eating as it was for her. The rich clear soup was the easiest—one can swallow liquid, even down a throat tight and tense. Helga was serving the chicken, fried to crisp golden brown, when the telephone rang in the office. She had to stop serving to answer it, so Arlene went out to the kitchen herself and brought in the fluffy mashed potatoes, the silver gravy boat. The telephone rang again, just as Helga was clearing away for the salad course

"They decided not to push the thing, after all. We got them to include the old contracts in the settlement, so ——" Reynolds was telling Arlene.

That must be Mrs. Allen on the wire. By the long time that Helga stayed away, Arlene knew it was one of the more insistent, long-winded of the mothers. She wished she had thought to tell Helga what to tell Mrs. Allen in case she did call; perhaps she might excuse herself for just a moment now and go in and speak to her. But perhaps it wasn't Mrs. Allen. Arlene found her interest straying from what Keith was telling her as she strained her ears, trying to catch what Helga was saying behind the closed office door.

"Who was that, Helga?" she asked as the maid came back.

It hadn't been Mrs. Allen, after all.

"If she does call, I'll speak to her." And then in an undertone to Keith, as Helga went back into the kitchen—"She's a terrible little goose, that Mrs. Allen. If she can't get me, she'll keep Helga on the wire ten minutes at a time, asking her what she thinks she ought to do, and Helga's a better cook than she is a doctor."

When the little goose did call, half the salad course later, Arlene took the dining-room telephone out from back of the Chinese screen and disposed of her, authoritatively, briefly. In doing so, she shook out the blotting-paper pad and the next call rang in the dining room, shrill, insistent. Arlene answered that herself too. It was really the briefer, easier way. Some day perhaps she could afford a regular office attendant for these odd hours, but in the meantime ——

"Dinnertime," said Reynolds, as she seated herself across from him in the soft, romantic candlelight, "is not your most restful period, I judge."

Arlene smiled, wistfully apologetic. "It isn't always so bad as this," she said. And then, reluctantly—"Sometimes, though, it's worse." Naturally a very honest person herself, Arlene found something in Keith's keen integrity that bound her to a still higher, more uncompromising standard. She could not even put her best foot foremost with Keith. She could not be half true with him, even for the sake of a perfect memory.

Two minutes later the telephone shrilled again. Again Arlene crossed the room, out of the soft magic of the candlelight.

"Wouldn't it be easier," Keith asked, as she came back once more, "to have the damn thing right on the table?"

"Wouldn't it," Arlene countered, "make the place seem just like an office?"

Reynolds looked at the candles, the delicate-stemmed goblets, the basket of roses in the center of the table, smiled.

"I shouldn't think it would," he said carelessly. "One swallow doesn't make a summer."

So Arlene brought over the instrument, set it beside her still-unfinished salad. And as though it had been a fractious child, insistent only till it had got what it wanted, the telephone did not ring again during dinner.

They had their coffee back in the living room before the fire. The burning wood hissed cozily, the rain beat against the windows as though in constant reminder that it was black and cold without, warm and safe within. Arlene leaned back in her wing chair, very small in its big protectiveness, the dark waves of her hair shining against its bright chints. Reynolds sat in the other big chair. For a little time he didn't speak, watching her with that look of mingled awe and tenderness that a woman knows so surely in the eye of the man who loves her.

"You belong in a room like this," he said.

"I love it," Arlene answered—"having a home."

All the deep sincerity of memory was in her voice. Evenings after hard or bitter days when this room had been waiting for her, had seemed to draw her into its protecting arms, when it had seemed almost to have a broad motherly bosom on which she could rest her tired head while the peace of home stole over her.

And then, as she met Keith's adoring eyes, again that insistent prod to honesty—complete, unnecessary, uncompromising honesty.

"I don't love it best, though, and I don't have to have it. I would live in a narrow hospital room or anywhere else if I needed to for my work."

A block of wood rolled off the andiron and Keith rose to lift it back into the blaze. Then he came back to Arlene's chair instead of his own, sat down on its broad arm, took her small hand between his large ones. "Arlene darling," he said, "do you know what I began thinking about ten minutes after I saw you?"

Arlene did know, but she wanted to hear him say it. "What?" she asked, her eyes on the tip of her frivolous satin slipper.

"Scuse me, doctor." It was Helga, plague take her! "Mis Bainbridge's on the phone. She says she's got to speak to you. The baby's restless and she thinks he's got a temperature."

Arlene sighed impatiently. "Everybody's got at least one cross," she observed to Keith, "and Mrs. Bainbridge is mine. This is her first baby and she calls me up every time he sneezes. She can't learn to read the clinical thermometer, so she always reports his temperature as at least a hundred and five."

She went into the office, however, to speak reassuringly to Mrs. Bainbridge, said to give the baby a cool alcohol sponge if he woke up.

Back to the living-room fire. But the spell was broken for the moment. Keith had nervously lighted a cigarette. Why need there to have been an interruption, tonight of all nights? She had so many evenings wholly free of them. Tonight of all nights—surely one might ask a few last hours to say good-by to love.

Still, magic was there, in the home Arlene had made. Still, the fire hissed and crackled on the hearth, the cold rain blew against the window; still, the roses Keith had sent were sweet in the quiet room. Neither Keith nor Arlene broke the quiet. He sat smoking, looking into the fire. Arlene, in the shadow of the wing chair, watched Keith from under her dark lashes.

It was not as she had foreseen it. When she had thought of saying farewell to Keith, she had foreseen romance, passion, ardent eagerness, poignant regret. But she had foreseen, too, strength of right decision, the sustaining sense of knowing that her back was firm against the rock of truth. Her decision had been made—she had foreseen only the difficulty of clinging to reality in the face of temptation.

And now that certainty was gone. This could not be temptation. For her and Keith to be together now and forever seemed only simply and supremely right. Her decision was no rock of truth behind her; she felt now that she had built it on shifting sands. Work, growth, service—surely these could not be passing vanities, mere tricky words. And yet they tinkled hollowly in her thought. A man and a woman before a fire—that was eternal reality.

Suddenly Keith spoke, casting aside the traditions, the pretended beseechings and uncertainties of courtship.

"It seems to me," he said quietly, "that if you and I had each other, nothing else would ever matter much."

A man and a woman before their fire—did anything else ever matter much? Arlene leaned forward, her breath catching.

"Scuse me, doctor."

Arlene had not heard the distant telephone ring, had not heard, even, the solid tread of Helga's approaching steps. She started, like a sleeper recalled from a dream.

"It's Mis Bainbridge again. She says the baby's got a temperature of a hundred and five and keeps twitching his arm and will you come right over."

There was a moment, as though of dazed silence, and then Doctor Dale came back reluctantly into the room that had held only Arlene and her lover.

"I'm terribly sorry, but I'll have to run over," she told Keith. "It's just a wild-goose chase, of course. Mrs. Bainbridge's calls always are. But I can't take a chance."

"Can't I drive over with you and wait in the car?" Reynolds asked.

"I'd love to have you. It's only five or six blocks and it won't take me two minutes to reassure her."

She had to stop to change her sleeveless velvet dress, though, to slip out of her high-heeled sparkling slippers. For the first time the tailor had slipped up on his delivery: the freshly pressed suit that should have been hanging in her closet was not there. Nothing for it but the wrinkled skirt and coat she had flung across the chair. The snowy rain would take the wave out of her hair. Arlene drew her little felt hat down as closely as she could, but that wouldn't do much good, she knew.

"Shan't I drive?" Reynolds asked, as he opened the door of her coupé. "It's pretty slippery."

"If you will, please."

Naïvely masculine, of course, for him to forget she must have driven on as many icy roads as he. A man likes to feel that he's taking care of a woman. Naïvely feminine, perhaps, that she should like it too. Arlene found the sense of being protected doubly sweet for the icy roads that she had driven on alone.

Where their street crossed Hawkes Avenue, they were stopped by the automatic traffic light. As they waited, a motorcycle stopped beside the coupé, a policeman peered sociably into the car.

"Howdy, doctor. Thought that was your boat. In a hurry to get through?"

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Halloran. No, thanks, no great rush tonight."

The policeman beamed genially, included Arlene's companion in his sociability.

"When the doctor's in a hurry to get across here," he told Reynolds, "believe me, she gets across. 'Member the night I tried to stop you?"

Arlene smiled reminiscently, hoped that Halloran would not go on. No need to tell that story to a man who was trying to take care of a woman. But, of course, Halloran did go on. It was a favorite story of his. "Streaking along Midtown Avenue, the doctor was, going forty miles an hour when I stopped her. 'Say, where do you think you are?' I says to her. 'Ain't you never driven in a city before?' 'I'm Doctor A. C. Dale,' she says to me, '44 Vincent Street, and I'll report anywhere you tell me to tomorrow, but I can't stop now. I'm on a hurry call.'

"I took a good look at her, so little and cute and young. 'You a doctor!' I says. 'Tell it to the judge.' With that she shifts her gears and takes off her brake. 'I'm on a hurry call,' she says, 'and I can't stop here arguing with you.' I had my bike in front of the car and I just give a kind of a nasty laugh—I thought she was trying to kid me." Halloran chuckled richly at the memory of his error.

"She whirled around at me, her eyes flashing. 'Get your motorcycle out of my way,' she says, 'or I'll knock it over!'

"With that she starts her car and I could see she was really going to do it. 'Say,' I says to myself, 'maybe she's telling the truth.' And I got my bike out of the road pretty quick."

Halloran finished his story with a burst of admiring laughter. "Yes, sir," he added, "that's the way Doctor Dale and I got acquainted."

(Continued on Page 91)

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(Continued from Page 89)

The Bainbridges' little brick-and-timber house was only two blocks beyond Hawkes Avenue. There was a light in the nursery window and they could see Mrs. Bainbridge peering out anxiously.

"It probably won't take me five minutes," said Arlene reassuringly to Keith.

Mr. Bainbridge opened the door before she had time to ring—he had been waiting too. "He's acting very strangely, doctor," he said, as he followed Arlene upstairs.

"Well, we'll have a look at him," said Arlene briskly.

All the way over she had felt sickly aggrieved at this last most cruelly unnecessary interruption to her precious evening. But there was no hint of grievance in her manner, now that she was actually on the case.

Mrs. Bainbridge was twisting and untwisting her plump hands in the nursery doorway. "Oh, Doctor Dale, I'm so relieved! I thought you'd never get here."

Smiling reassuringly, Arlene crossed to the crib, looked down at the baby. His fat little arms and legs were rigid, his face a ghastly bluish gray, his eyes rolled up and staring.

The reassuring smile vanished from Arlene's face like a light snapped off.

Mrs. Bainbridge, watching breathlessly, saw the changed look and gave a scared wail half between a whimper and a cry. The doctor silenced her curtly.

"You've a very sick baby here," she said. "You've no time for hysterics."

The young mother pulled herself together. This Doctor Dale was not the companionable, sympathetic young woman with whom she had gossiped cheerfully about teething and the weight of baby blankets. This suddenly was the doctor of crises, stern, authoritative, impersonal—the fighter.

Five minutes later, the doctor summoned young Mr. Bainbridge to the hall. "There is a man outside in my car," she said. "Tell him to go back to my office and have Helga give him all my tubes of ethyl chlorine and a fresh box of hypodermic needles, and bring them back here as quickly as he can. Write down this address for him so that he can't make a mistake." And then, merely as an afterthought, as Mr. Bainbridge was already on his way—"And tell him, please, that there isn't any use of his waiting for me. The baby's having convulsions and I may be here all night."

It was not all night, however. By half-past two the baby was quiet at last, the trained nurse was safely established. Doctor Dale closed her bag and put on her wrinkled coat and felt hat.

"Keep on with the bromides, and don't let anybody in the room," she told the nurse, "and call me in the morning between seven and quarter past." And to the limp young Bainbridges—"And now you both get some sleep. Bobby's all right, and I want him left alone with Miss Carter. Good night."

Mr. Bainbridge, wholly shaken out of his usual chivalry, did not even follow her to the door. Arlene let herself out into the cold, closed the door after her. All the houses along the street were dark and silent. Her little car was waiting, faithful as always, its parking lights dimmed through the sleet.

Often, after a night like this, Arlene would be elated, excited, triumphant. But not tonight. She knew suddenly how very tired she was—and lonely. The sense of utter, despairing loneliness swept up over her, colder than the sleety night, and bleaker.

The porch steps were slippery with half-frozen rain, the wind slapped a bit of icy vine stingingly across her eyes. The short drive home over the slippery streets, the putting the car into the cold, empty garage—all ordinarily matter of course—seemed tonight a frightful ordeal ahead.

And then, as she was picking her steps cautiously down the icy walk to the street, the door of the waiting car opened suddenly and Keith sprang out. In an instant he was beside her, his steadying arm in hers.

"I must have dropped off to sleep," he apologized. "I didn't see you come out."

"You here!" Arlene gasped, almost unbelieving.

"Of course," said Keith simply. "How did it go?"

"Beautifully. The baby'll be all right."

With Keith's arm in hers, the slippery walk seemed safe and easy. The sleety wind no longer cold, the world no longer bleak—everything had changed. Why, she did not need Keith's arm; she would not have needed even his physical presence. She knew suddenly that just the knowing Keith was hers, waiting for her somewhere, would be enough. No road would ever be truly cold or bleak or lonely, though she might be walking it alone, not so long as it was leading her eventually home to him.

The car was snug and warm. Keith tucked her in beside him, settling himself behind the wheel.

"To think," said Arlene shakily, "that you should have waited all this time for me!"

"I've been waiting for you all my life," said Keith. "A few hours longer don't count for much."

And then, without firelight or candles, velvet or roses, he asked Arlene what he had come to ask her, while the car windows rattled with the icy wind and the tiny dash light showed her face lined and drawn with weariness, while her wrinkled coat was chill and damp against his shoulder.

Even swept by eagerness that caught her throat in a queer, breathless clutch, even in a hot blaze of ecstasy such as she had never dreamed before—still, Arlene felt that insistent prod for utter honesty. She and Keith must be wholly true with each other.

"You've seen tonight," she said; "always, sometimes, it would be like this, sometimes much worse. We can never have a marriage that will be like other people's."

"If we have each other," said Keith again, "nothing else will ever matter much."

He had meant that truly then, not as men so often really mean it: "If we have each other, nothing you give up will ever matter much." Keith had meant it truly.

"Sometimes," Arlene insisted, still incredulous, "my work would have to come first with me."

"Sometimes so would mine with me," said Keith. "We'd both understand."

"But we—how could we ever live together?" Arlene faltered. "Your work and mine—so far apart."

"There are sick babies in Chicago," said Keith, "and there are corporations in Midtown. We'll study it out together and see who can best afford to make the change."

"But the little things—the silly, nagging, important little things you could never have in me that other men have in their wives; you can't even foresee them, but you'll mind them; men always do. You—you dear, you don't know what you're letting yourself in for."

For answer to that, Keith laughed and kissed her. "I'll take my chances," he promised, "blind."

As though they haven't always had to take their chances blind, those who love the pioneers! And how they keep on taking them, how love keeps up the pace beside the trail! In covered wagons or on wings, fighting germs or Indians, fording rivers or traditions, those who take the trail go always into the unsafe or at least the unexplored. And always there are lovers rash enough to go along.

Not at the bravest lonely outpost, perhaps, but not so very far behind, spring up the gardens—Mary Lou's flowers.

KAISER WILLIAM'S VIEWS ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 5)

French term, "best explains the fascination of the Empress. It is an indefinable something that draws one to her.

"The clear, open, intelligent and sometimes searching gaze in her lovely dark hazel eyes, beneath finely arched black eyebrows, is irresistible when softened by the ardent look of devoted love. Her lovely complexion gives her handsomely molded arms and her remarkably beautiful hands the color of dazzling whiteness. Her royal carriage is accentuated by the winning grace of the movements of her elegant figure. Her deep melodious voice," the Emperor continued, "charms the entranced listener. It is not surprising, therefore, that Her Majesty is popular in Holland.

"The Dutch love her. In those regions where thrones are reared, charm of this type is rare. It was possessed by Maria Theresa and by my great-grandmother, Queen Louise, the wife of Frederick William III.

"Some time ago Her Majesty underwent a small operation in Germany. When she recovered she received many distinguished men of letters, including a well-known poet. This poet after a conversation with her declared: 'The Empress is indeed an exceptional woman. I shall proclaim my discovery from the housetops and sing her praises wherever I go. She would be the ideal Empress for today.'

"The man who delivered these words," the Kaiser continued, "is a Republican. He has never been friendly to me. He has even lampooned me, but he was absolutely carried away by admiration for Her Majesty."

I know the poet in question, and I know his attitude toward the Kaiser. "Is it not possible," I remarked, "that this poet would have admired you, too, if the privilege of a personal meeting with Your Majesty had been vouchsafed to him?"

"I was always accessible," the Kaiser replied with some heat. "I was more accessible than your Presidents, certainly more accessible than Wilson. And I was always delighted to receive scholars and artists. At Kiel any gentleman could be introduced to me and eat with me at the Yacht Club. No European monarch was more democratic.' I went purposely to many provincial festivities. I talked to the humblest official, from the town constable to the mayor, from squire to peasant. Once a year we had a service and a banquet in the palace at Berlin—an ancient Prussian custom, the so-called Ordensfest—in honor of all those who had received an order or decoration from me. On those occasions chimney sweeps, corporals, policemen and actors brushed elbows with ministers of state and princes of the blood. No one can say that I isolated myself from my subjects.

"Recently the Empress met a German professor who had just written or was writing a book assailing me and questioning my motives. She asked him, 'How do you know this is so?' He said that he had read it in other men's books, and had heard it from others. 'But why did you not ask the Emperor himself?' This question seemed to dumfound him.

"If a man writes a book about Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great he is compelled to rely upon source books. But I cannot see why anyone writes on contemporary history without even attempting to secure first-hand information from the person he writes about. Till now, the professor has not acted upon this advice of the Empress.

"Recently an American historian, Professor Barnes, asked me for information on

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certain disputed points. I was able to set him right at once.

"Nothing pleases me better. I am devoting my life largely to the task of destroying the myth of Germany's guilt. The material I have managed to pile up against my former enemies is astounding and will appall the world when published.

"The Empress has many contacts with intellectuals. She never hesitates to state her point of view. She is ever ready to take up the cudgels for me. I mention the incident of the German professor only to point out how Her Majesty the Empress is fighting my battles like a true wife and a true comrade, because she understands me. She fights more loyally for me than many of my subjects ever did. Yet her reward—in Germany, at least—has been ingratitude and vilification. However, lies, as we Germans say, have short legs. The truth is marching on. Perhaps in time my people will realize how grossly they have been purposely misled in their judgment of me, as well as in their interpretation of the Empress Hermine, who sacrifices her youth and her freedom for me.

"Fortunately, whatever the years may bring, we have each other. Too often in human affairs, love is one-sided. Ours is mutual. It is as deep as it is abiding. We love as only mature people can love, not as children, to whom life is still a sealed book.

"I often felt that Romeo and Juliet did not know the true meaning of love. The 'love that moves the sun and all the stars' is the love between mature men and women, in whom knowledge has not slain romance.

"In a very amusing English novel I delight in reading, called Bindle, a young lord declares at an evening party: 'To be really happy one must not marry a girl unacquainted with life, but one must wed a knowing woman, an experienced widow.' That man was right! For I am really happy, having found Empress Hermine. She is matchless as a mate, a wife and a mother."

The Kaiser looked and talked with glowing eyes, like a young lover, full of adoration for his bride. Thirty years seemed to drop from him as he spoke. His face was bronzed, his health rugged. Today, at sixty-seven, he is reaping the reward of a life free from injurious indulgence, a life of constant physical and mental activity. His head is still crowned with white curls. His beard is silver gray; but to me, at least, it is more attractive than the celebrated mustache emulated for thirty years by the majority of his subjects. He lives in observant repose now. There is less action, more time for meditation.

Keeping Fit Sawing Wood

William II, at Doorn, is a thinker. His mind is as agile as his body. It is never closed to new ideas or new impressions. If the ability to absorb new ideas is the test of age, the Kaiser remains young. He partakes of that peculiar youthfulness, that perennial boyishness, that never seems to leave some men—such as Bernard Shaw, for instance, whom he somewhat resembles in feature. It remained to the end with Roosevelt. It will never desert William II. Whether he walks in his garden, whether he feeds his ducks, whether he waters his plants or saws his wood, there is zest in his actions. His energy is so enormous that he easily outwalks younger men.

I sawed wood with him at Doorn. My arms, unused to such work, soon grew tired. Others, men who work with him every day, looked longingly at a bench near the woodshed. But the Kaiser continued unconcerned. His vitality is unbelievable.

The Germans seem to take to long-lived rulers. Bismarck, Hohenlohe and Hertling were chancellors at seventy. The Kaiser's grandfather, William I, was more than ninety when he died. William II, in spite of his proclivity for colds, in spite of other physical handicaps, has so trained himself that in physical endurance he easily outstrips his juniors. Mentally, I repeat, he is no less alert. The evenings in Doorn, when he tells of the books he has read and discusses scientific and political questions that engage his mind, are as entertaining and stimulating as a course of lectures by a whole staff of professors.

Empress Hermine is thirty-nine. Almost a generation lies between the Emperor and his second wife. "The years," the Kaiser remarked, "do not separate us. On the contrary, the contact and intercourse with her youth has rejuvenated me. I frankly admit that I feared the difference in our ages would perhaps lead to difficulties. But today, after four years of marriage, our heaven is still unclouded. We are as completely happy as a pair of lovers can be, still in our honeymoon.

"Nothing human is alien to the mind of the Empress. Everything that interests me interests her. She occupies herself on my account with subjects remote from her own inclinations, such as military science and theology. She even rides my hobby with me—the study of archæology and ancient civilizations."

No Boyish Bobs at Doorn

The Kaiser's interest in archæology, which led to the excavations of Professors Winckler, Wiegand, Delitzsch and others, and to the discovery by the German explorers, Schliemann and Dörpfeld, of the ruins of Troy, is as vivid today as it was when he ruled his people. To this day eminent German explorers, such as Professor Frobenius and Dörpfeld, report to the Kaiser in Doorn their latest discoveries and subject their hypotheses to his scrutiny.

The Empress shares in all these activities. Seated by his side, she does her knitting, observing him, to quote the Emperor's own words, "with love in the dark hazel velvet of her eyes." She listens and talks the while the Emperor from time to time looks with affectionate devotion and admiration at his handsome and captivating consort. "Handsome" is the word selected by the Kaiser himself to denote the type of beauty of Empress Hermine.

"Fortunately," the Kaiser remarked, "the Empress is absolutely opposed to bobbed hair." The Kaiser detests boyish cuts and tells ladies who favor them so. "Bobbed hair," he insists, "is abominable. Poets of all nations for centuries have praised woman's hair as her glory. The pictures of Palm Beach beauties and film stars who make themselves look like boys are disgusting," he added. "I am dead against obliterating the distinctions between the sexes. It is immoral."

The Empress maintains her own opinion on certain phases of literature and art, but on all essential points William and Hermine seem to think as one.

"Her approval," the Emperor said to me, "is my pride and sustains me; it allows me to laugh at hostile criticism. I write no sentence on religion or politics or science, I decide no personal problem, without her advice. Her judgment is phenomenal. She manages her estates in Germany with the skill of a man. She knows more about finances than many of my erstwhile ministers. Her knowledge of practical affairs is infinitely greater than mine. Above all, she understands people. She has X-ray eyes. She can see through a man or a woman in a few minutes. The readiness with which she reads people's thought is positively uncanny, but in these days quite indispensable. Her simple bringing up was an advantage. For many years, after leaving her father's court and marrying Prince Schonaich-Carolath, she lived the life of a simple officer's wife. This, coupled with her natural power of distinction, gave her remarkable insight.

"I said that I was always accessible to my subjects—in fact to every man who had a message for me or who merited my attention," remarked the Kaiser, reverting to a subject that seemed to irritate and intrigue him. "It is not my fault if so many of my countrymen failed to avail themselves of this opportunity. It is possible, too, that my entourage at times, with the best of intentions, may have stood between me and my people."

"I am told," I ventured to say, "that your friend Ballin, the great master of German shipping, was denied an opportunity to speak to Your Majesty alone at a critical period of the war. It seems that he desired to enlighten Your Majesty on certain developments which were not permitted to reach your ears."

"That is positively wrong," the Kaiser replied. "I walked alone with Ballin for a long time on his last visit to me, in August, 1918, at Wilhelmshöhe—near Cassel—when he warmly advocated the opening of negotiations with Wilson to bring about an armistice. This idea was later put into effect—with what result? Ballin had every opportunity in the world to place the facts before me. For that matter, if he believed the question was one charged with life and death for The Fatherland, he should have permitted no consideration of etiquette to interfere with free speech—and he spoke freely!"

"I understand that ordinarily Ballin was invited to dine with Your Majesty. But on that occasion he had to eat at the table of the master of the household," I interjected.

An Impregnable Chinese Wall

"At that time my wife," the Kaiser replied, "the late Empress, slowly recovering from a serious illness, was confined to her rooms. For that reason I always dined alone with her. I could not make an exception even for Herr Ballin.

"Perhaps it is true that there is sometimes a Chinese Wall not only between a king and his people but also between the king and his court; nor could I suspect them, brought up as I was in the ideas of honor and chivalry. I did not know many things that were going on at my own court. Neither I nor the late Empress had any idea of the intrigues, the whisperings behind my back.

"Princess Hermine, being at that time the wife of a captain in the second Dragoon Guards, had access to all those circles. For her, the Chinese Wall did not exist. She often clenched her fist angrily when she heard the disparaging things that were said behind my back—things which have reached me only now, in the memoirs of unfaithful servants who exploit their relations, however remote, with me and my court for notoriety and for money. Long before her marriage to me, Hermine, then Princess Schönaich-Carolath, knew that treason was rife not only among the Socialists but among those who should have been pillars of the throne. Perhaps that is one of the reasons for the persecution to which she was subjected after her marriage to me.

"The campaign against her was largely inspired by fear—fear of a housecleaning likely to ensue if ever it should please God and my people to recall me. Fortunately, Her Majesty is not vindictive. Like a good Christian, she forgives her enemies. She forgives them readily, but she does not forgive mine."

Church Services at Doorn

I have already referred to the services which the Kaiser conducts every morning. Usually he reads some verse from the Bible, and a prayer. On Sundays he either reads a sermon by his favorite preacher, Pastor Doehring, or delivers a sermon himself. Although the former head of the Protestant Church in Prussia, the Kaiser is never dogmatic.

"Christ," he says, "is a living presence to me, not a figure on a stained-glass window."

The Kaiser always introduces into his sermons some parable or comparison that powerfully appeals to his audience, consisting of his family, his entourage, his stepchildren, his guests and the servants. Even the humblest kitchen maid is present at the morning services in Doorn. The Empress is never absent. In that respect, too, she resembles her predecessor, Augusta Victoria.

There was one question which I never had the temerity to ask until the end of my visit. It had been stated freely that the late Empress desired William to remarry in the event of her death. I wondered if the Empress had ever expressed this thought to her husband. On the last day, as I was walking with the Emperor through the rose garden hallowed to Augusta Victoria, I brought up this question.

"The late Empress," His Majesty answered without hesitation, "often expressed the fear that God would not permit her to remain with me to the end. After her stroke, in August, 1918, her melancholy increased. She repeatedly broached the subject, but I never permitted her to go on, because it hurt me too much to think of losing her. I was touched deeply, beyond tears, by her selfless devotion.

"However, the Empress discussed the topic at length, especially with her mistress of the robes, Countess Brockdorff. When I announced my engagement to Princess Hermine I received some abusive letters. I expected at best a coldly formal note of congratulation from the mistress of the robes—*Oberhofmeisterin*—of my late wife, Countess von Brockdorff. Much to my surprise, the old countess sent me a most warm-hearted letter, for which I shall ever be grateful. She told me that Augusta Victoria had often discussed with her my predicament in case of her death.

"Almost two years before she passed away in the August of 1918, at Wilhelmshohe, the late Empress said to her, 'My dear countess, I know I shall not live much longer. The poor Emperor will be alone when I close my eyes. I have only one wish—that he may soon find a wife who will love him and be good to him.'

"Empress Hermine fulfills the wish of her predecessor in an unparalleled manner. God bless and protect my beloved wife, a jewel among women, for the benefit of my house and of my country! The memory of Augusta Victoria is not a specter dividing us, but a tie that unites us."

Waiulua Bay, Island of Kauai, Hawaii

Prince Albert is surely one grand and glorious smoke

THE longer you stay with this fine old brand, the more convinced you become that no other tobacco is like it. Fads may come and fancies may go, but good old P. A. keeps right on, holding old friends and acquiring new ones by the thousand. And no wonder.

The very fragrance of P. A. in the tidy red tin makes your mouth water for a taste of it in your pipe. The very first pipe-load tells you the aroma has not held out false promise. Cool as the forward deck. Sweet as sunshine after rain. Mellow as moonlight.

No matter how hard you hit it up with your jimmy-pipe and Prince Albert, your tongue never says "stop." Slow or fast. Morning to midnight. Each pipe-load tastes better than the last. P. A. is a pal you can count upon to cheer you or cheer *with* you, whatever your mood.

If you haven't smoked Prince Albert, you don't know complete jimmy-pipe joy. You may *think* you're all set in the matter of smokes. Never mind. Try Prince Albert. Buy a tidy red tin today. Then you will know "The National Joy Smoke" is no mere catch-phrase.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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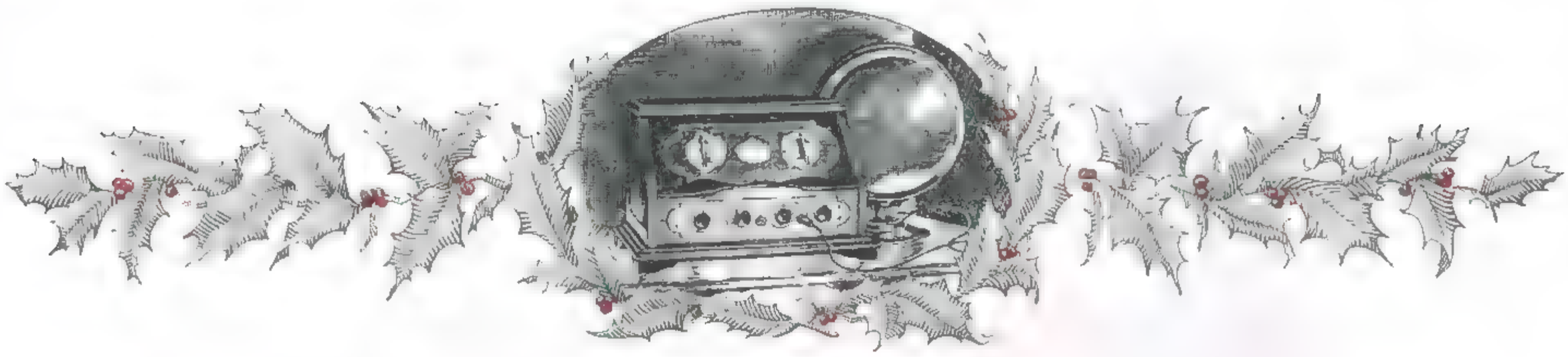


Tried, Tested and Perfected — *A Radiola for Christmas*

with all the latest improvements insured by RCA leadership—plus public approval

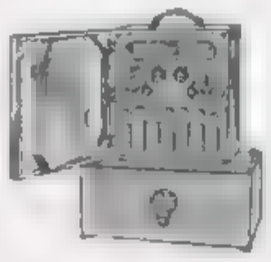
CHRISTMAS and an RCA Radiola—one suggests the other. Frost on the windows, a tree inside, and the one gift that cannot fail to enthuse the whole family.

A real Christmas and a real Radiola—one of the sets containing all the new improvements that have set the world talking—but tried and tested and perfected. Compared with ordinary sets, and complicated novelties, Radiolas reveal radio in its supreme basic phase of naturalness, simplicity and trueness of tone.

RADIOLA 25, with six Radiotrons, $105

If you have not yet heard radio in its natural, tested form—if you are still experimenting with inferior sets, or are merely on the threshold of the enchanted land—do not delay in asking your RCA Authorized Dealer for an introductory demonstration.

There is Radiola 20—an antenna set. It packs into one small radio set all the quality of making and performance that a man wants when he is interested in *results*—and low price. It has a power tube for volume—single control for simplicity—with verniers for accurate tuning of distant stations. And it *does get distance!*



RADIOLA 20, $225

RADIOLA 25, complete, $[illegible]

There is Radiola 25—the six tube super-heterodyne. It gets distance with only its loop. It tunes in with a single finger—gets clear, rich volume with its power tube. And its fine tone quality—sealed in—can be counted on to last for years.

Radiola 28 is the eight tube super-heterodyne. The eight tubes mean bigger distances and finer selectivity. It is so carefully made that even the wire of its loop is measured to the sixty-fourth of an inch. And the music it brings in with a single turn of the hand is *real!*

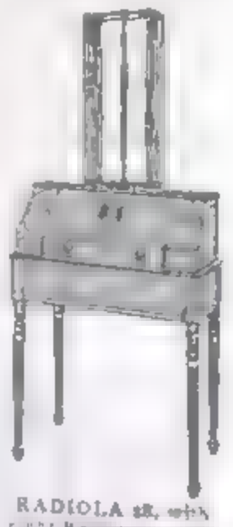
Radiola 30 is the eight tube super-heterodyne with power loudspeaker and *no batteries*. Just plug it in on the house current—tune in—and turn up the volume. It is not mere power—but *clear, natural volume*. Turn it low—use the power as a reserve to get the climax of a song without a crash. Or turn it high—use it to fill a great hall with the music of a brass band. But use it always to get reality—to get the actual tone and the actual volume of the original music—unaltered. This is the radio set of the future—the Christmas offering for the man who has an old radio set of an earlier day.

RCA Loudspeaker [illegible] complete, $[illegible]

Buy with confidence where you see this sign.

The super-heterodynes are built with thousandth-of-an-inch preciseness—yet they are built so sturdily and sealed so well that years cannot affect their most delicate adjustments. They are sealed—as no other type of radio set is sealed—in a catacomb that neither dust nor air can penetrate.

With the moderate terms that an RCA Dealer will arrange, you can easily greet Christmas morning with a Radiola! And it is a *permanent* investment, for it never grows old, but becomes a greater treasure as broadcasting grows and the great artists and singers of the world turn more and more to radio.



RADIOLA 28, with [illegible] complete, $[illegible]

RCA

RADIO · CORPORATION · OF · AMERICA · NEW YORK CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

There is no loneliness where there is a Radiola.....

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

RADIOLA [illegible] power. Radiotron for [illegible] get extreme. It's so [illegible] that [illegible] tubes [illegible] work of many more. With Radiotrons $115

RCA Loudspeaker 100 $35

RADIO · CORPORATION · OF · AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

A Glutton for Going
a Pinchpenny for Costs

WHEREVER there's tough work to be done, you'll find Speed Wagons hard at it. Towing log-booms down a Maine stream, bucking the snowdrifts of upper Saskatchewan, or chasing the dust-devils across the Mohave Desert—they're all in the day's work for the Speed Wagon.

And you'll find them delivering reliable, economical service in the less spectacular streets of the cities—a service often just as gruelling as that on the far, wilderness trails. Here's the Hunter Dairy, for instance, which drove a Speed Wagon on a Lansing milk route for over ten years, covering more than 400,000 miles during that time.

Speed Wagons are built to stand the grind of hard usage and to keep maintenance low. They are respecters of pocketbooks from the day they are bought until that last day, far down the years, when they are through.

Your Speed Wagon representative can show you some interesting evidence of Speed Wagon ability and Speed Wagon economy. Drop him a postal today.

CHASSIS PRICES
at Lansing

6-Cylinder $1240

4-Cylinder $1090

Heavy Duty $1985

© Reo Motor Car Co.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY · *Lansing, Michigan*

STUFFING

(Continued from Page 24)

Ferdie nodded. He suspected that a great deal of the property which he was to acquire had been secured by underhand means. In other words, he more than suspected that, for all his princely origin, his companion was not too honest.

"That is why I have asked that the money you pay should be in American currency. By the way, have you made that provision?" Lord Carfane nodded. "And of course, I shall not ask you to pay a single dollar until you are satisfied that the property is worth what I ask. It is, in fact, worth three times as much."

Lord Carfane was nothing if not frank.

"Now I'm going to tell you, my dear chap," he said, knocking off the ash of his cigar into his coffee cup, "there will be only one person at Carfane Hall who will know anything whatever about this little transaction of ours. He's a friend of mine, and"—emphatically—"he's an expert jeweler. I don't know anything about stones, and have never professed to. He is an authority and he will examine every piece and price it before I part with a single bob! I am John Blunt with you, but I am a business man, and I can't afford to take any risks. One faked piece in a dozen would take away every bit of my profit."

His Highness heartily but gravely approved of this act of precaution.

Lord Carfane had met his companion a few weeks before in a highly respectable night club, the introduction having been effected through the medium of a very beautiful lady who had accidentally spilled a glass of champagne over His Lordship's dress trousers. She was so lovely a personage, so bejeweled, so obviously an aristocrat, that Lord Carfane, mentally noting the exact amount of damage to the last farthing that had been done to his panta, did no more than smile graciously, and a few minutes later was introduced to her sedate and imposing vis-à-vis.

Harry the Valet invariably secured his introductions by this method. In this way he had scraped acquaintance at Monte Carlo with Senator Liggin, whom he eventually relieved of thirty thousand dollars. He had met Prince Basquileri by a similar accident on the Lido. Usually Harry worked with Molly Kien, and paid her a hundred pounds cash for every introduction.

He spoke no more of jewels smuggled from Russia and offered at ridiculously bargain prices, but talked sorrowfully and learnedly of the misfortunes of his country; spoke easily of his estates in the Crimea and his mines in the Urals, now, alas, in Bolshevik hands. Lord Carfane was immensely entertained. Harry the Valet was a conscientious and careful worker. He had read and digested six books on Russia's current affairs, and had even acquired a nodding acquaintance with its language, with the assistance of one of those volumes which undertake to teach the student any language in three months.

On the following evening Harry drove down in Lord Carfane's limousine to Berkshire, a slow and in some ways a dangerous drive, for a blizzard was blowing and the ground was a foot under snow. And so he was introduced to the glories of Carfane Hall; to the great banqueting chamber with its high raftered roof; to the private chapel, where real gentlemen had worshiped before His Lordship had purchased the estate for a song; to the white-tiled larder where petrified turkeys hung in rows, each grisly corpse decorated with a gay rosette.

"My tenants come in on Christmas Eve," explained Lord Carfane, "and my butler presents each one with a turkey and a small bag of groceries."

"An old feudal custom?" suggested the prince gravely.

"An old feudal custom," agreed Lord Carfane, with equal gravity.

The prince had brought with him a large, heavily locked and strapped hand bag, which had been deposited in the safe which was the most conspicuous feature of Ferdie's library. The expert jeweler was arriving on the morrow, and His Lordship looked forward with a sense of pleasurable anticipation to a day which would yield him 400 per cent profit on a considerable outlay.

"Yes," said Ferdie at dinner that night, "I prefer a combination safe. One can lose keys, but not if they're here"—he tapped his narrow forehead and smiled.

Harry the Valet agreed. One of his greatest charms was his complete agreement with anything anybody said or did or thought.

Whilst he dwelt in luxury in the halls of the great, his unhappy confederate had a more painful task. Joe the Runner had collected from a garage a small light trolley, usually dedicated to the service of the garden-truck business. It was not beautiful to look upon, but it was fast, and under its covered tilt, beneath sacks and amidst baskets, a man making a swift get-away might lie concealed and be carried to London without exciting attention.

Joe made a leisurely way into Berkshire and came to the rendezvous at the precise minute he had been ordered. It was a narrow lane, half choked with snow, at the termination of a footpath leading across the Carfane estate to the house. It was a cold, blue-fingered, red-nosed job, and for three hours he sat and shivered. And then, coming across the field in the blue dusk, he saw an old man staggering, carrying a rush basket in one hand and an indescribable something in the other. He was evidently in a hurry, this ancient. From time to time he looked back over his shoulder as though he expected pursuit. Breathlessly he mounted the stile and fell over rather than surmounted it.

Stumbling to his feet, he saw Joe sitting at the wheel of the van, and gaped at him toothlessly, his eyes wide with horror. Joe the Runner recognized the signs.

"What have you been doin'?" he demanded sternly.

For a few minutes the breathless old man could not speak; blinked fearfully at his interrogator; and then: "He's fired me," he croaked. "Wouldn't give me no turkey or nothin', so I went up to the 'all and pinched one."

"Oh!" said Joe juridically.

It was not an unpleasant sensation, sitting in judgment on a fellow creature.

"There was such a bother and a fuss and shouting going on—what with the safe bein' found broke open, and that foreign man being caught—that nobody see me," whimpered the elderly Mr. Timmins.

"Eh?" said Joe, suddenly galvanized to life. "What's that—safe broken open?"

The old man nodded. "I heerd 'em when I was hiding in the pantry. His Lordship found that the safe had been opened an' money took. He sent for the constable, and they've got this prince locked up in a room, with the undergardener and the butler on guard outside the door."

He looked down at the frozen turkey in his red, numbed hand, and his lips twitched pathetically.

"His Lordship promised me a turkey, and then His Lordship said I shouldn't have ——"

"Here, shut up!" said Joe. "They've caught the foreign man—the prince fellow?"

Old Mr. Timmins nodded pathetically.

Joe the Runner was a quick thinker. He had been in little jokes like this before, where the principal had been caught red-handed, and he knew his first duty to himself.

"Jump up in the truck," he commanded roughly. "Where do you live?"

"About three miles from here," began Mr. Timmins.

Joe leaned over, gripped him by the collar and pulled him up, parcel, bag and turkey.

"Get through into the back, and keep quiet."

He leaped down, cranked up the engine with some difficulty, and sent the little trolley lumbering on to the main road. His progress was slow, and when he passed three officers in a police car speeding toward Carfane Hall, his heart was in his mouth, but he was not challenged. Presently, at the urgent desire of the old man, he stopped at the end of a row of cottages.

"Gawd bless you, mister!" whimpered Mr. Timmins. "I'll never do a thing like this again ——"

"Hi!" said Joe sternly. "What do I get out of this?"

And then, as the recollection of a debt came to him:

"Leave the turkey, and hop!"

Mr. Timmins hopped.

It was nine o'clock on Christmas morning, and Angela Willett had just finished her packing.

"It is a great advantage," said Angela, "having so few things, but you never realize this till you start to travel."

John Willett, who was sitting on the lid of the trunk, pipe in mouth, thought that light baggage had its disadvantages.

"Stuff!" said Angela as she forced down the clasp of the trunk and locked it.

Outside, the skies were dark and cheerless; snow and rain were falling together, so that this tiny furnished room had almost a palatial atmosphere in comparison with the drear world outside.

"I suppose it's too early to start cooking the sausages. . . . By the way, our train leaves at ten tonight, so we needn't invent ways of spending the evening. . . . Come in."

It was Joe the Runner, rather wet but smiling. He carried under his arm something wrapped in an old newspaper.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, as he removed the covering, "but a gent I met in the street asked me to give you this."

"A turkey!" gasped Angela. "How wonderful. Who was it?"

"I don't know, miss—an old gentleman," said Joe vaguely. "He said, 'Be sure an' give it to the young lady herself—wishin' her a happy Christmas and a merry New Year.'"

Joe gave his invention a flowery completeness. It had struck him that it was rather difficult to explain how a man who could not pay a loan of five shillings could afford the purchase of a turkey. Moreover, he wished to remove any suggestion that he had come by the bird through dishonest measures.

"I'm poppin' off into the country again—goin' to stay with my sister," said Joe glibly; and in a sense he spoke the truth, for he had all the thief's ineradicable suspicion of a confederate, and did not intend showing his nose in London till it was absolutely certain that Harry the Valet had not squeaked. Unfortunately Harry had a reputation for squeaking on his comrades.

They gazed on the carcass in awe and ecstasy. As the front door slammed, announcing Joe's hasty departure:

"An old gentleman," said Angela slowly. "Uncle Peter!"

"Uncle grandmother!" smiled John. "I believe he stole it!"

"How uncharitable you are!" she reproached him. "It's the sort of thing Uncle Peter would do. He always had that Haroun-al-Rashid complex. I wrote and told him we were leaving for Canada tonight. I'm sure it was he."

Half convinced, John Willett prodded at the bird. It seemed a little on the tough side. "Anyway, it's turkey," he said. "And, darling, I adore turkey stuffed with chestnuts. I wonder if there are any shops open ——"

There was a large cavity at one end of the bird, and as he lifted the turkey up by the neck, the better to examine it, something dropped to the table with a flop. It was a tight roll of paper. He shook the bird again and a second fell from its unoffending body.

John gasped. With trembling hands he cut the string that bound the roll.

"It's money!" she whispered

John nodded. "Hundred-dollar bills. Five hundred of them at least!" he said hollowly.

Their eyes met.

"Uncle Peter!" she breathed. "The darling!"

Mr. Peter Elmer, the eminent shipowner, received in the afternoon of the following day a telegram which was entirely meaningless:

Thank you a thousand times for your thought and generosity. You have given us a wonderful start and we shall be worthy of your splendid kindness.

It was signed "Angela." Mr. Peter Elmer scratched his head.

And at that moment Inspector Malling was interrogating Harry the Valet in the little police station at Carfane.

"Now come across, Harry," he said kindly. "We know you got the money out of the safe. Where did you plant it? You couldn't have taken it far, because the butler saw you leaving the room. Just tell us where the money is, and I'll make it all right for you when you come up in front of the old man."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Harry the Valet, game to the last.

A Scene Near Richmond, Virginia

BATTERY ELIMINATOR VOLTAGE

WESTON

High Resistance Battery Eliminator Voltmeter

—and how vitally important is that glance!

Because battery substitutes bring you an entirely new standard of radio operation.

Accurate knowledge and control of battery eliminator voltage is essential to perfect reproduction. For, without the use of a quality high resistance voltmeter you have no assurance that the eliminator is delivering its rated voltage and that the set is performing at its best.

And now—instant, accurate battery substitute voltages at a glance from the new Weston Battery Eliminator Voltmeter.

Why? Because the Weston Model 489 Battery Eliminator Voltmeter is made with an especially high internal resistance of 1000 ohms per volt which means that only one milliampere is required to produce full scale deflection. The usual low resistance voltmeter will not meet the requirements because too much drain would be placed on the eliminator and it would not deliver its rated voltage.

This new instrument is made in two double range combinations of 200/8 and 250/50 volts. It is encased in Bakelite and is compact and handsome in appearance. A pair of 30-inch flexible cables is supplied with each instrument.

While this Voltmeter is especially intended for measuring the voltage from battery eliminators it can also be used to measure any other D. C. voltage within the range of the instrument.

Send for the interesting free booklet "Weston Radio Instruments" that describes this model and gives the complete story of the Weston Radio Line.

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT CORPORATION
Weston Avenue, Newark, N. J.

STANDARD THE WORLD OVER
WESTON
Pioneers since 1888

MUSH!

(Continued from Page 15)

"Believe me or not," said H. E. Holland, the Ontario mining recorder at the little town prospect of Pine Ridge, "when we went in to Red Lake last winter we had a sixty-year-old driver that gave us more grief than if we'd been hitched to the Transcontinental Limited. Everybody was going hog wild in the Red Lake area, staking claims wherever he could get a stick into the ground, and it was up to the government to send somebody there to record those claims. Naturally, since Red Lake was 180 miles from the railroad, there wasn't any way for us to make the grade except the same manner in which others were doing it—by dog team.

"So we picked up Nehemiah Faulkenham, a sixty-year-old musher, and ordered three teams, to bring in our supplies, our records, tent, stove and other equipment. It was nearly time for the spring break-up. Once off the hard-packed dog trail which led over Lac Seul, we'd have to slop about in six inches of slush to get the sleds back on the trail and the dogs started again. My two assistants and myself took turns on the lightest toboggan—following a hitch of dogs hour in and hour out isn't any soft task. But Nehemiah didn't even look at the sled. He'd strike his gait in the morning and he'd keep it all day, that monotonous trot, with never a break until his dogs stopped. Generally that didn't happen until night had closed in and we had found a halfway decent spot at which to spend the night."

The Morning Dip

"The rest of us, as soon as we had some food inside us, hit for our eider downs and sleep. But not Nehemiah. He'd fool around until midnight, boiling up rice and corn meal and fish for those dogs, cooling it, then getting out their pails and feeding and fussing over them and seeing that they were all settled for the night. After that was done he'd flop down for three hours' sleep, awaken on the minute, strip to the skin, take a running jump into a snowdrift, rub himself down, dress—and then was ready for another day. This at sixty! He told us," added Holland with a grin, "that he'd been a pretty good man when he was a young fellow!"

But then they grow 'em strong in the North Country. And they grow 'em also to have concern about their dogs, especially in the winter. This does not, however, apply to the Indian; his huskies often lead a sad existence, winter or summer. Nor does it hold true in every instance with the pioneer; often he's too busy in his attempts to reclaim the wilderness in the summer to give much attention to whether his dogs have every comfort. But the true driver, who knows that his life may depend upon those very dogs when the snow flies again, gives his animals far more than passing thought; and by so treating his dogs he dispels many of those fables which one so often hears about the fierceness of the husky, his treachery, his unstableness of temper.

One of the busiest mornings I ever experienced was aboard a Hudson's Bay packet in the company of an assortment of huskies, none of which, it seemed, weighed less than seventy pounds. They were the prized possessions of a bow-legged little Cornishman, who, his flat-brimmed hat cocked over shining eyes, his under lip stuffed with tobacco, his boots burnished with shoe blacking borrowed from the boat's cook, was on the way back to the world after eight months in the bush. He was taking his dogs with him—as passengers, occupying a private berth in the lifeboat which graced the roof of the slow-moving packet. The craft was crowded. I stood until my legs ached; then, at the invitation of the little prospector, went aloft to his "private suite."

"Damme, but they're fine dogs!" he said. "Sit down there an' look at 'em. As fine a set of dogs as ye'd ever set an eye on. Sit closer so you can see 'em."

I sat closer. Then, since Barkis seemed willin', I made the mistake of petting one of them. He crawled nearer. I petted him some more. Another got up and moved into range. Then a third and a fourth—and a fifth and a sixth. I petted them all—following which, I yelled for help. They were simultaneously trying to crawl into my lap. More than that, they succeeded. First one lumbering ungainly beast would succeed in clambering upon my knees, and then, smothering me with his size and weight, would proceed to the accompaniment of doleful whining and yapping from the rest to lick my ears with a tongue like a cross file. And when I pushed him off there was another to take his place, and four more after that. Finally I went below and stood again. After all, it was easier than playing nursemaid to 400 pounds of dog!

Indeed, the truth about huskies and their nature seems to be that they are greatly like any other strong, virile, full-spirited dog. Naturally, if a litter of husky pups should grow to the adult stage in the wilderness without the association of humans, they would be wild and treacherous and vicious—largely through fear. In fact, there is always a period of slow progress in making friends with a husky. He eyes you, he slinks away, he comes back again, pulled on by the dog nature of him fighting against the wilder instincts; for though all huskies may not be of wolf descent, the majority of them at least exhibit certain traits strongly allied to that animal. A dozen sallies may result before he will submit to the touch of a hand upon his head. But once his ears have been scratched, he likes it as well as any dog. Perhaps a bit more, to judge from his delighted whining.

As for the story of the driver who must ever be possessed of his whip, it is perhaps true. But that is not because of a certain trait of the dog's nature. It is more likely because of the fact that the dog has been beaten severely, knows that the master is a master only when he has that whip—and when he hasn't, a dog which fears and hates because of cruelty reaches out and bites a hunk out of his tormentor's leg. This also has happened with other dogs. The wise driver does his chastising no more than is absolutely necessary, and then with his hand. The result is that the dog knows his master always carries his weapon with him.

The North Country Ambulance

Against this, there is the condition such as that evidenced by the Cornishman's team—a team of overgrown lap dogs. In this there is a counterpart in another so-called wolf breed—hold a police dog in his place and he is a serious-minded, deliberate worker. Make a house dog or a pet of him and he becomes an absolute nit-wit, with an overwhelming desire to sleep on beds, chase his tail and sit in one's lap. A dog's a dog, it seems, the world over, as well as being all over the world.

Certainly he is all over the North Country, and in a hundred different capacities. In the little town of Nakina, stuck by the side of the right of way of the Canadian National Railways in Western Ontario, is a small hospital, the only thing of its kind in hundreds upon hundreds of miles. A team of huskies plays its part in the operation of that dispensary. Whip cracking above their heads, they carry the doctor upon many a weary journey during the winter.

The light sled often forms the ambulance which brings a patient across the icy stretches of lakes, down the rough expanses of frozen rivers and across the drifts of snow-swept burn-over into the warmth and efficiency of a pioneer hospital. And the journey more often is nearer 100 miles than it is ten—a long trip for the patient; merely a jaunt for the strong, nondescript dogs upon which depends the health of a frontier region.

It is not at all unusual, for instance, for an inspector of the Hudson's Bay Company to start at the fringe of the Arctic Circle in Labrador and hang to that circle all the way across the continent as he visits the lonely posts of the Company of Adventurers which exist in this land of ice. Horses would be out of the question for such an expedition, but it doesn't seem to bother his dogs—nor the inspector either, for that matter. The same is true of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Of course, since the motion pictures have become the first, middle and last word on the subject, it probably is lese majesty to mention a Royal Mounted man as going anywhere except upon a horse. All one has

(Continued on Page 101)

Harry Knight of Banff, Canada, and His Lead Dog, a Typical Example of the Husky Breed

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(Continued from Page 98)

to do to learn everything there is to know about a Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman is to see Flaming Snow or the Passionate Icicle, wherein the red-coated mountie inevitably rides up to the dance hall on his $5000 steed, looks at his gun, takes off his gloves, clenches his fist, repeats "Get your man!" a few times, and then strides within, where Klondike Kate awaits him with a mug of 14 per cent and a dirty smile. That's in the movies. But in real life the mountie is more often than not, when the snows fly, a sittee or a trottee, mushing with his dog team across the frigid wastes, to the distant spot where Eskimo John awaits him after having poked Eskimo Pete full of holes with a fish spear. For without the aid of dog teams the Royal Northwest Mounted Police wouldn't be nearly the efficient organization which it is. Horses may look good in pictures, but they can't make fast progress over slick ice.

Dogs can, and because of the fact they play their part in almost every activity of the North when the skies grow gray with winter and the snows follow one another with an insistence that seems interminable. One finds towns in the North that were literally brought there by dog team; one finds telephone equipment, far from waterways, the segmented structures of power lines, the high, frail-appearing lookouts of fire rangers, the lighter machinery of an operating mine, the supplies and smaller materials for the building of a railroad—all these things one finds as the result of strong-legged dogs, tugging away through the snow that a nation may build onward. And perhaps no greater evidence has been given in years of this means of pioneering than during the rush of last winter into the new gold camp of Red Lake. For there, indeed, the dog came into its own.

The Dog Boom at Hudson

The yellow metal was calling, even though six feet of snow lay upon the ground, thus precluding any possibility of a prospector learning what might be beneath. But the rush was on and prospectors were eager for claims. One by one the dog teams came into the jumping-off place of Hudson. Then in twos and fours—but still the cry went up for more dogs, more dogs! There finally came the day when, in a cursory count on his way out from the little tent camp, a prospector noted seventy-two teams of from four to six dogs each, all headed into the new region and all carrying with them the makings of a town.

There came a need for a doctor and hospital equipment; in it all went by dog team. Provincial officials arrived—they proceeded along the 180-mile course by the same method. At Hudson a veritable dog boom had its inception; from hundreds of miles away dog owners flocked to the starting point, lugging their canine possessions with them, there to barter and trade them to eager buyers that the rush might go on.

Prices rose; dogs which had been valued at $10 apiece jumped in price to $75 and $100. More and more dogs came; night was a thing of constant howling, day a concentration of concerted barking, as the sleds came and went, loaded on the outward journey, empty, save for the driver, upon the return. Greater and greater became the demand—and then the slump.

One can get a dog for the finding almost anywhere in Hudson now—or at least he could in the latter part of the summer. In fact, a search wasn't necessary; a greater difficulty was to keep from tripping over huskies which had been purchased for good hard dollars, then, with the end of the rush, turned adrift to shift as best they could. Out of the fields of gold and ice the prospectors came, through with their work of staking claims in the snow. A railroad awaited them, leading to new fields, to home or to comfortable cities. Sleds sold for a tenth of their cost. Dogs were a drug upon the market, not worth their feed. So they were cast loose, to howl from the hilltops, to beg or steal their food—and the prospectors went on.

But if there should come the time when Red Lake makes its mark in the world as an important producing gold camp, perhaps there may be someone sentimental enough to remember that a great part of its existence was due to the husky. For the debt there is heavy, just as it is weighty in every portion of the so-far undeveloped North. He is a mainspring of civilization, this husky, and he plays his part in every activity, even to furnishing the thrills of contest to a country denied the usual sports.

A North Canadian is hardly a baseball fan; he sees too few professional games to become an ardent follower. A country full of lakes, burn-over, rivers and muskeg cannot be expected to support football stadiums or the teams to play in them. Horse racing is rather difficult when the offering of animals is far more inclined toward the plow type than those accustomed to the barrier. But ask any husky-country man for the record of the Dog Derby at Le Pas and the history of the winning driver!

A thing of thrills and excitement, the dog race such as is held annually at Le Pas. Year by year it has extended its field, until the husky contests now form a winter sport of Quebec City, of Prince Albert and Big River in Saskatchewan; of Banff, Alberta; and even in two widely separated places of the United States—Ashton, Idaho, and North Conway, New Hampshire. And queerly enough, the color and excitement of far-away Le Pas, the founder of husky racing in Canada, is equaled only by the color and excitement of a United States town—that of Ashton, Idaho, where a dog-dazed populace has its annual innings, even to the clicking of the *pari-mutuel* machines, checking up the bets on the various contestants, and a winning driver forms the official town hero until the next race comes around.

It all started naturally enough in Alaska, this contest of sleigh teams, with the All-Alaska Sweepstakes, which lasted from the brighter days of Alaska's mining until 1917, when it finally was abandoned. Back in those days they believed in endurance, with the result that early November found prospectors, mushers and dog enthusiasts training their racers for a contest that was not to come until April. But then plenty of training was necessary for both the beast and the man—the race ran from Nome to Candle and return, a slight distance of four hundred-odd miles.

A distance like that, for a dog team, would give the ordinary person the belief that he could watch the start of the race, spend the rest of the spring in Jacksonville, Florida, and come back for the finish about the time that the salmon started running. But the statistics of the nine years in which the race was an annual event show a high-speed record of seventy-four hours fourteen and a fraction minutes for the distance—a steady speed of nearly five and a half miles an hour!

The Canadian Dog Derby

It was when the All-Alaska Sweepstakes was on the down grade, two years before it ceased, that a group of men assembled one day over their drinks in the Snake Room of the Opasquai Hotel at Le Pas and decided that they ought to have a race of their own. So they did. Rules and regulations were easy enough—they simply borrowed those of the Alaskan contest. The time was set. The race was held with ordinary husky dogs, without preparation or training. Few people in that country ever had seen a husky race; the drivers were North Country men who didn't know their own capabilities. But when that race was over, a new sport had been made for Canada, the name of a hero was on the lips of the North Country, and Le Pas had discovered that there was such a thing as a new thrill under the sun after all!

A motley collection of dogs, that first assortment that came to the scratch in 1915—the grandsons of wolves, crossed with St. Bernards, collies, shepherds and just dogs. Thick-coated, rough, wolfish-appearing, straight from their work of the winter, they faced the starter in the blast of a blizzard and were off on a grind of 150 miles, the snow flying so thick that one driver could not see another until he was upon him. But on they went, upon a course that was to lead to Sturgeon Landing, approximately seventy-five miles away, and back again, that a frontier town, set far north of Winnipeg upon an unfinished line of railroad, might have its dog race.

The prize was $500, and hardy men were fighting for it, among them a fifty-two-year-old contestant known as Bill Hayes. Once out of Le Pas the sweep of the storm bore down upon them with ever-increasing pressure; driver after driver strove to stagger against it, only to fail, pull tighter at his guide rope, and then, stumbling, fall flat upon his sled, allowing his dogs to go as they pleased. Onward, still onward, at last to reach Sturgeon Lake; and there make the circle that would start frenzied dogs and snow-caked men upon the homeward trail.

Sherty Russick, of Le Pas, Manitoba, With the Leader of His Russian-Wolfhound-Timber-Wolf Racing Team

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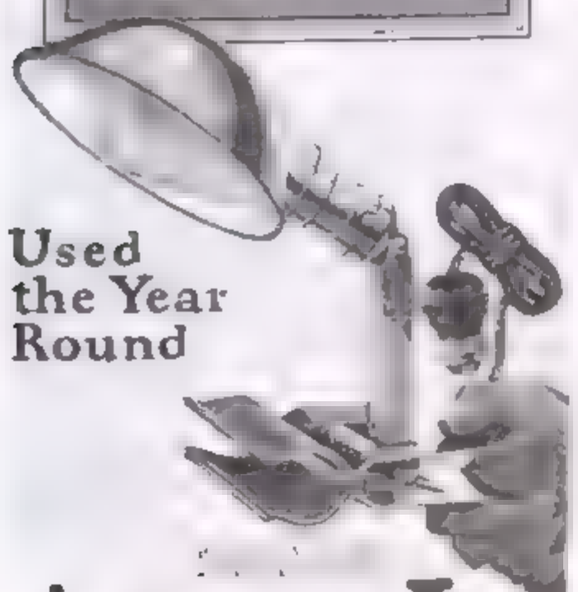

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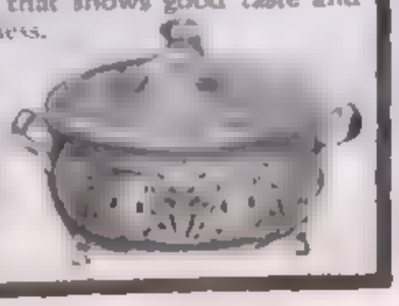

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The team of Bill Hayes swerved swiftly. His sled struck a rough stretch, careened wildly for an instant, then crashed in the turnover, pinning the man beneath it and driving a spire of rough ice into his chest. Bill Hayes groaned. His hand instinctively sought his breast, there to feel the flabbiness of broken ribs. But there was nothing to do about it—the race was on and he was seventy-five miles from the starting point. He straightened and fought away the pain of his wound. He pulled the sled back into position, his whip arm raised, cracking the long lash over the heads of his dogs.

"Mush!" His cry echoed with that of other vague men, faintly discernible through the blinding white of the storm, and huskies that they were, his dogs went on.

Seventy-five miles—over ice and snow, over lakes and wrinkled rivers, across flats, down hills and up hills; seventy-five miles with the pain of two broken ribs stabbing him with his every intake of breath, with the weight of fifty-two years dragging heavier and heavier upon his shoulders—seventy-five miles, but on he went. At last there appeared the vague form of the little town of Le Pas, with its crowded streets. Then the sound of cheering, as, faint and far away, the racing crew of another rider went past the finish line. Then a second, and after that ——

A wait. Until the snow-covered forms of the watchers saw a staggering man swing around the corner in the wake of his team, falter as though about to drop, then, with a final surge of determination, spurt forward until he reached the side of the leader. His whip raised high, cracking in circles above his team. He shouted, his voice pitched in a racking call. Again the whip cracked; the dogs responded with a burst of speed; the reeling driver dropped back, to weave uncertainly, then to clutch at the guide rope. An instant later he sagged; the dogs went over the line, dragging at the end of their rope the half-unconscious form of a fifty-two-year-old man with two broken ribs, the winner of third place in the first Hudson Bay Dog Derby. That sort of thing creates interest!

And what about the dogs in a contest of this kind? Perhaps the best answer would be the fact that Albert Campbell, of North Manitoba, won that first 150-mile race. Then he looked over his dogs and started out on a round trip to Port Nelson, far to the north, a total distance of 848 miles. It was a business trip; he carried a heavy load and a passenger. He was rushed for time, so he made the return journey from Port Nelson in 83.5 hours. Campbell was pretty tired when that was over. But not the dogs!

The Leg That Failed

It is such men and such dogs as these that make a Dog Derby something to grow hoarse over. And since that first race there have been many changes in dog contests. They know a good deal about it now. Dogs are trained—for every ounce of speed and endurance that they can give. They're watched over by rules and regulations which provide that every dog, dead or alive, must finish the race, thus necessitating a driver with an injured dog to bring it in on his sleigh rather than abandon it; therefore creating the obligation for the racer to guard his animals in every humane manner possible.

There's only one difficulty: Dogs, in spite of what some scientists say, have a habit of putting two and two together. In a recent race in the North Country a contestant noticed with a sinking heart that one of his best animals had suddenly gone to a pace on three legs. He pulled down the team and made an examination.

"Now you go on there and stop that fooling!" he shouted angrily after close inspection. "You don't ride in this race any more than I do! Mush!"

Whereupon the husky, since his attempt as a malingerer had failed, mushed thoroughly and enthusiastically on all four feet for the rest of the journey. Nor is that the only instance. It happens often.

Naturally, since racing goes not only to the swiftest but to the sturdiest and to the most resourceful, the training of dog teams for the various contests throughout the North has become a matter of almost as much individuality as the training of a race horse. Perhaps more, for with a horse there is only one animal to learn the tricks of his trade. With a dog team, there are five and sometimes more, and the operation begins in the breeding.

Up North they've done about every mixing of breeds possible; they've crossed wolfhounds with real wolves, pointers with huskies, bird dogs, collies—a racing dog team today may chase its ancestry half around the world and then not catch it. For this is an important matter, this assembling of a team that will win a North Country Derby—or one in either of the two towns of the United States, for that matter.

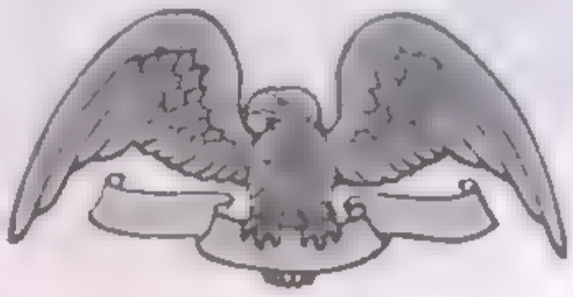
The prizes have mounted, year by year, until a winner may receive, in money and merchandise, emoluments running into the thousands of dollars. Sporting-goods houses finance the rearing and breeding and training of dog teams by famous drivers, content, when the race is over, to reap their harvest from the advertising; the pedigrees of famous leaders are known and discussed; speed trials are held in secret, often being run at night that other drivers may not know the worth of an opposing team; thousands and thousands of dollars are wagered, and a consistently winning driver is a hero.

The Grand Jamboree

For this is not merely a contest in which a town takes part. It is something for the entire surrounding country, bringing its watchers from hundreds of miles distant. The snow trails leading to Le Pas in the week before St. Patrick's Day are packed with husky teams, bearing their enthusiasts in to the dog races, as the old farm wagon once brought the people of the United States in from the rural districts to see the circus parade. It is a time of celebration; the town has ceased to be a place of rather routine frontier existence. The few hotels are packed, the lights glow in every room of every home in an effort to provide shelter for relatives, friends and acquaintances; for this is the grand jamboree of North Manitoba.

The dog race is, of course, the big event. But there are other things—the gatherings of prospectors, for instance, and their display of ore samples, mute evidence of many a trip of exploration into fields afar; there's the inevitable baby conference, and the curling contest and hockey matches, to say nothing of the fur exhibit, and the Indian dance, which turns loose the first evening and keeps going for every night of the Derby celebration—with such little nifties as the Red River Jig, the Drop of Brandy Dance, the Saskatchewan Circle, the eight-hand reel and quadrilles until the callers call not only for sustenance but assistance. And just as Le Pas turns 'er loose when Dog Derby time rolls around, so do the other towns cut up scand'lous, for this is the big event of the year. With, of course, the exception of Quebec, which is large enough to absorb an event like a Dog Derby without stopping the wheels of the city to give the proper atmosphere.

But Quebec is about the only exception; otherwise the Annual Dog Derby, either in the North Country or the two communities of the United States which celebrate it, is a signal for a town to swell to the bursting point both in excitement and in population. The little village of Ashton, Idaho, for example, is naturally populated by about 1800 persons, if one would believe the chamber of commerce. But when dog time comes around, there are 12,000 present by a conservative count, living where best they can, even to the employment of Pullman sleepers sidetracked for the event.



And wherever that Dog Derby may happen, there has been plenty of preparation beforehand—secret training, long hours of scheming, the scouring of countrysides in search of a much-heralded dog touted as a leader among leaders, only perhaps to turn out a lop-eared mongrel that doesn't know the difference between "mush" and a dish of porridge. But a rumor is sufficient to cause any dog racer to travel miles to look over a prospect. One never knows; leaders are born rather than made; their enthusiasm is of a type that almost reaches the pitch of human excitement; they seem to know exactly the pace to set to force the rest of the team to its full powers of speed, yet hold them within the limits of their endurance.

A true leader is all-important, and many a midnight lamp is burned in dog country over the problem of just what canine shall captain a team that may bring home the bacon. More than that, a dog which proves himself a true leader is worth regular money; a value of $500 is not at all excessive

Because of this necessity for a real leader, Wind River Smith, of Ashton, bore a large grin just before the primary races of 1917. Wind River had concocted a great idea, gained from coyote hunting experience, and Wind River intended to walk home with a pocketful of prize money when the event was over.

"I'll tell you what it is," he confided in deep secrecy to a friend. "Now I've got a pack of hounds, ain't I? Did you ever see them hounds fall down on a coyote? They just naturally eat him alive. Know the reason? Well, I carry a bulldog in a gunny sack on my horse till I've got sight of a coyote and the hounds have him slowed down. Well, then I turn the bulldog loose, and he's so sore anyway over being done up in that sack that he turns loose after that coyote like four of a kind. He's a leader, see? 'Course the hounds jump in, too, and there ain't any more coyote. Well, I'm going to hitch that bulldog in front of that racing team of mine, and I've got a six-horse whip to keep him moving. I'll win that race."

His Four-Leg Brakes

But Wind River's grin was gone after the contest. The scheme hadn't worked. For coyotes it had been excellent; but with the first three jumps that racing team had overtaken their bulldog leader, passed him, slowed up because he was hitched to the same sled as they, dragged him a short distance, slowed up again, got a new start, walked over him anew, and then quit in disgust, while the rest of the teams went racing on to the finish and the purses.

However, little mistakes like that are bound to happen before a man can truly find his worth as an inventor of racing tricks. One never really knows what is going to be the prime motive in the speed of a dog contest. Not long ago, at Ashton, Idaho, Mr. Smoky Gaston, of Idaho and vicinity, made his triumphant appearance with one of the best-trained teams that ever eyes set upon. When he said "Whoa," they whoaed that instant. When he yelled "Mush!" they mushed it, like the crack of a whip.

"Flivver dogs!" said Smoky Gaston proudly. "My own idea."

They were exactly that. Mr. Smoky Gaston had taken it upon himself to train a team of dogs for that American Dog Derby. Since his dogs were unbroken, he'd decided to use intensive training. Out came his flivver, and once he had accustomed his dogs to harness, he hitched them to the front axle.

"Mush!" he yelled, and started the flivver. Naturally, the dogs moved from in front of the car.

(Continued on Page 104)

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(Continued from Page 102)

"Gee!" shouted Mr. Smoky Gaston, and steered to the left. "Haw!" and he went to the right—and since the dogs were hitched to the thing, they obeyed accordingly. Smoky Gaston turned then to his really big idea.

"Whoa!" he roared, and slammed on the brakes. It didn't take long for that dog team to learn its commands.

All of which may sound like far-fetched methods in the preparation for a race, but dog drivers have a habit of insisting that it's the thing that the other fellow doesn't think of which often sends a winner to the finish line.

This was demonstrated rather forcibly in Le Pas in 1920, when, just at the moment that the regular North Country drivers believed they had figured out one another's strength with nothing more to worry about, there appeared a contestant who was new to this district—Walter Goyne, of Ruby, Alaska, with something different in the way of a hitch. Instead of harnessing his dogs in a straight line, he had put two at the wheel hitched to a pole as horses would be hitched, and three strung out before these, each attached to a singletree. It gave the dogs extraordinary pulling power; they romped home and gave a street exhibition which lasted for a half hour or so before another racer had even appeared.

That was remarkable from the standpoint of the dogs. But the more remarkable thing was that Walter Goyne, who had mushed with them, was crippled, having suffered injuries which had made one leg a full two inches shorter than the other. But just the same, in queer, shuffling fashion, he had got over the ground in pace with his dogs over a nonstop course of 100 miles!

When Death Wins

That made another hero of the Dog Derbies—one, however, who was to have his ending in tragedy. Goyne established kennels at Le Pas. He announced himself as being a resident of that place until he had won three races in succession, thus gaining possession of the Derby Cup. The next autumn, with his team and eleven dogs following, he started forth upon one of his training courses. He did not return.

In the extensive kennels which he had established, his Malemutes and huskies and crossbreeds howled for him in vain. Walter Goyne had disappeared into the maw of a vast country; they searched for him in vain. Then one day a North Country man moved swiftly at the sight of nine emaciated dogs, moving in lonely fashion about a lake in the vicinity of Le Pas. He called to them, but they would not leave. He searched the vicinity without success, then suddenly halted, hands cupped about his eyes, peering through the transparent ice of the lake.

There, below him, as though it were some ghostly mirage, a team of dogs revealed itself, stretched in its harness, each dog in place, as though carved within the ice. Behind that team was a sled, and upright in it a man, his eiderdown robe but slightly disturbed. In the rear of the sleigh lay two of the loose canines: Goyne and eleven dogs had gone to their death through the cracking of the ice above a swift-flowing current; the frigidity of the water seemingly had numbed them so rapidly that there had been practically no resistance.

At noon of the twenty-ninth of November a constable of the provincial police moved into Le Pas with a quiet form upon a toboggan drawn by nine slowly moving dogs. Behind that sledge was another carrying the possessions that once had been Walter Goyne's, while in the harness were some of those animals that had made their vigil at Moose Lake—a few puppies running loose. A silent procession it was, viewed silently by those who lined the curbs. A year before they had stood at practically the same spot, cheering a cripple who had given something new to dog racing. And as the procession went onward the huskies of the town joined it, trotting along with those in harness. Up in Le Pas they insist that those dogs understood.

It is easy to become dog-dippy. One reason, of course, is the affection of the animals, the intelligence, the knowledge which they seem to possess of the thrill of the contest. Then again there are such things as the death of Walter Goyne—that might as easily have happened in a race as at any other time. There's uncertainty to the contests, the need of stamina, of determination, of brains; there is also the knowledge that one never knows what little thing may mean the loss or the gain of a coveted trophy.

In the United States racing town of Ashton, for instance, they have a habit of leaving Canadian racers behind. This is not because there are better dog men in Ashton than come from the North Country, but because conditions are different. Ashton is dog country—one sees them in the summer, pulling little wagons with rubber-tired wheels; in the winter they are invaluable. Ashton is in snow country; it lives in summer by the snows of the winter, and when those snows come they stifle the land as far as ordinary horse or automobile travel is concerned. The result is that dogs haul the hay to cattle that otherwise would starve—at least, until the snows pack sufficiently for the use of horses. They maintain a mail route and play their part in the upkeep of the public utilities, the telephone and power lines, to say nothing of keeping the widely separated ranchmen in touch with one another. But, in quite different fashion from Canada, they are just dogs, without any particularization such as is possessed by the husky.

A husky or a Malemute knows no superior when it comes to endurance; the stride never lags, but it is an easy, trotting affair, built to cover ground in steady progress; excessive speed is not a part of the make-up. The result was that when Ashton took its place in the list of dog-racing towns, and the Canadian racers went south from the North Country in the hope of more prizes it was a trip of disappointment. The race at Ashton is twenty-five miles in length, and it's for speed and little else.

Therefore when the Canadians arrived they found not the usual huskies and Malemutes, but a collection of Llewellyn setters, Gordon setters, Irish setters, Labrador retrievers and black Belgian police dogs that were away at the crack of the gun to a speed which rather dazed the men from the North. There is hardly a rangy-built dog that cannot outrun a husky for the first twenty-five miles; after that the wolf dog truly comes into his own. One after another the Canadians tried their luck and failed. In one of the teams was Yukon, but he and his comrades were no more successful than the rest. And so, at last, the North Country men turned hopefully to a dog-racing hero who all but guaranteed to bring home the prize.

Shorty Russick, he was, and Shorty is some pumpkins in the dog-racing fraternity of Canada. It was Shorty, for instance, who won the 200-mile nonstop race at Le Pas in 1924 in the record time of twenty-three hours and fifty-two minutes. He was second in the 1926 International Derby at Quebec. He won the first leg on the Trimble-Murfin Challenge Cup at Banff, Alberta, in 1923. In Canada it isn't proper for a person to talk of dog racing without mentioning Shorty Russick. So down he went to Ashton to win some United States money.

More than that, he had reasons to believe he would be successful. His dogs were not huskies in the true sense of the word; they were wolfhounds crossed with true wolves, built for speed and endurance and plenty of it. But the day before the race, his leader broke a toe nail.

Even that would have been all right. Shorty Russick had another leader. Into the line he went, and the race started. Greater and greater speed those wolfhounds made, eating up miles as an elephant eats peanuts. But there was one difficulty. The course led through town three times, and on each one of those trips Shorty was forced to pass the barn where rested his crippled leader. The result was a howling signal which caused every team mate to forget that there ever was such a thing as a dog race.

Out of their course they veered in spite of Shorty's every effort, then to the barn and a sniffing contest to determine the cause of their comrade's sorrow, while the minutes ticked away and the other racers aped on to victory. It means something when a dog with the wolf strain in him sets up a howl, for, as has been mentioned before, that mixture of dog and wolf, done into a canine wa-hoo, is an affair that can accomplish much—especially in the destruction of peace of mind. But even that, they'll tell you in the North Country, is sometimes worth while.

A Sixteen-to-One Shot

Up in Alaska, for instance, during the gold-rush days, a solemn-faced individual made his appearance and promptly announced himself. "Boys," he said, "I'm bad. I don't like to be—that's why I'm tellin' you. I've got sixteen notches on my gun now, and I don't want no more. So don't cross me. Just let me have my way, that's all I'm askin'. I don't want to kill nobody. But when I go bad I just can't help it. The minute that there gun of mine comes out of its holster, somebody's just dead—I'm that mean on the trigger. It's instinct, I guess; I pull 'er down and she hits the mark every time. So don't cross me, will you? I don't like killin's, honest!"

He was earnest about it. There were tears in his eyes. And because of this nobody crossed him. There were plenty who would have been willing, but about the time they got up their nerve the mournful-appearing individual would mention the world's championship revolver contest which he had won in spite of a handicap in the shape of inflamed eyes, or tell about the time when he knocked down two running men at a distance of 100 yards, holding his gun three inches off to allow for windage, since a blizzard was blowing. More and more he held his sway—those quaint little stories of marksmanship were too much for persons who wished his demise. Until there came the day when the mournful bad man sat in a two-room cabin, surrounded by drinks purchased by those who didn't care to cross him, and discussing marksmanship in general.

"Boys," he said, "I don't know how I do it. Sometimes I believe that I could kill a man at fifty yards with my eyes shut. My hand just seems to go so true that I ——"

Just then a husky dog, struck by a stone thrown by a small boy, leaped into the air at the doorway, flopped into the room, howled with all his strength and made straight for the chair of the bad man. A shout echoed:

"He's gone mad! Shoot him! Shoot him!"

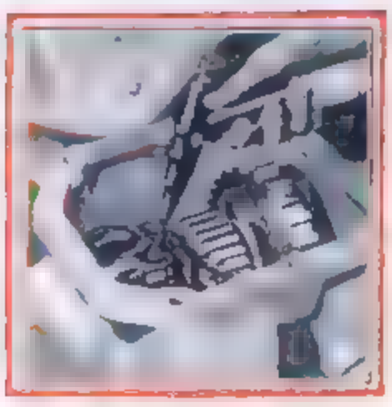
The bad man whirled. Out came his gun. Six times he pulled the trigger in barking succession—and shot the clock off the wall in the next room.

The next day the boys swore off on work. They felt they ought to. It wasn't right to let the sheriff go clear up there on Boot H... and conduct a funeral all by himself!

A Double-Hitch Dog Team. Allan McDonald, Racing Driver of Le Pas, and Some of His Prize Dogs

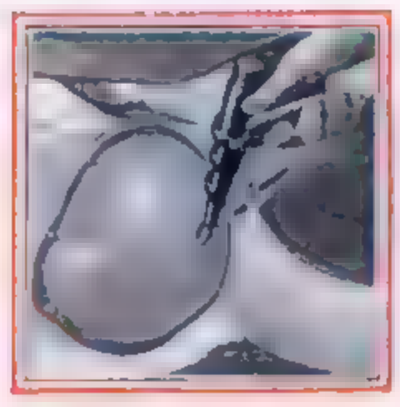
No Push and Pull

to shift your gears in zero weather



—for transmission

Now a smooth "two-finger" shift and 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline—by actual test—with this new type (cold proof) Transmission Lubricant



—for differential gears

There is no need to push and pull with all your strength to shift gears in zero weather. This comes from frozen grease that glues instead of lubricating your gears. Merely diluting your gear compound with light oil does no good. For most ordinary light oils congeal, too. What you need is a special *cold-test* lubricant.

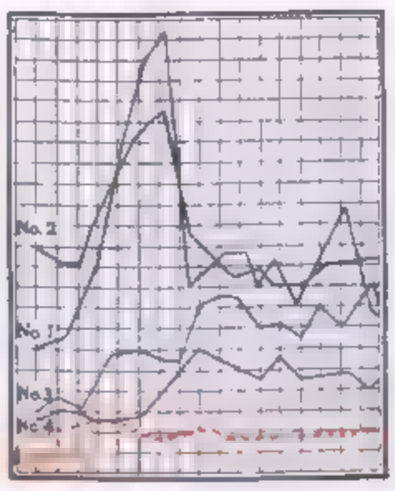
To meet this need Alemite engineers have recently perfected a new type, free-running lubricant for gears. It is *made* cold-proof. Requires no dilution. Its lubricating qualities are not impaired at 15 degrees below zero.

With this new Alemite Transmission Lubricant your gears will shift as easily in December as in June.

Scientific laboratory tests, in comparison with 4 leading makes of gear greases, proved that Alemite Transmission Lubricant allowed less gear friction than any other. (See chart.)

But the real proof of the remarkable difference in this new type lubricant is this fact. Under actual road tests an automobile will deliver from 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gas—if you put Alemite Transmission Lubricant in your transmission and differential.

We made this actual driving test with four different well-known gear greases.



This chart shows the results of a friction test of Alemite Transmission Lubricant made in the laboratories of the Armour Institute of Technology. Note how, compared with ordinary gear greases, Alemite kept by far the lowest friction throughout.

The gear-shifting test you can make yourself. Just fill your gears with this new lubricant.

Alemite Transmission Lubricant is made by an exclusive process. It contains none of the non-lubricating "fillers" and acids heretofore used in gear greases.

Naturally this costs a few cents more. For Alemite Transmission Lubricant contains only the highest grades of oils. It is made semi-solid by a scientific process—without fillers or acids. That is the secret of its unique power to make your car freer running.

Alemite Transmission Lubricant is made for motorists who want the best service from their cars. You will find it in garages and service stations catering to this class of trade. Ask for it by name.

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ALEMITE

Transmission Lubricant

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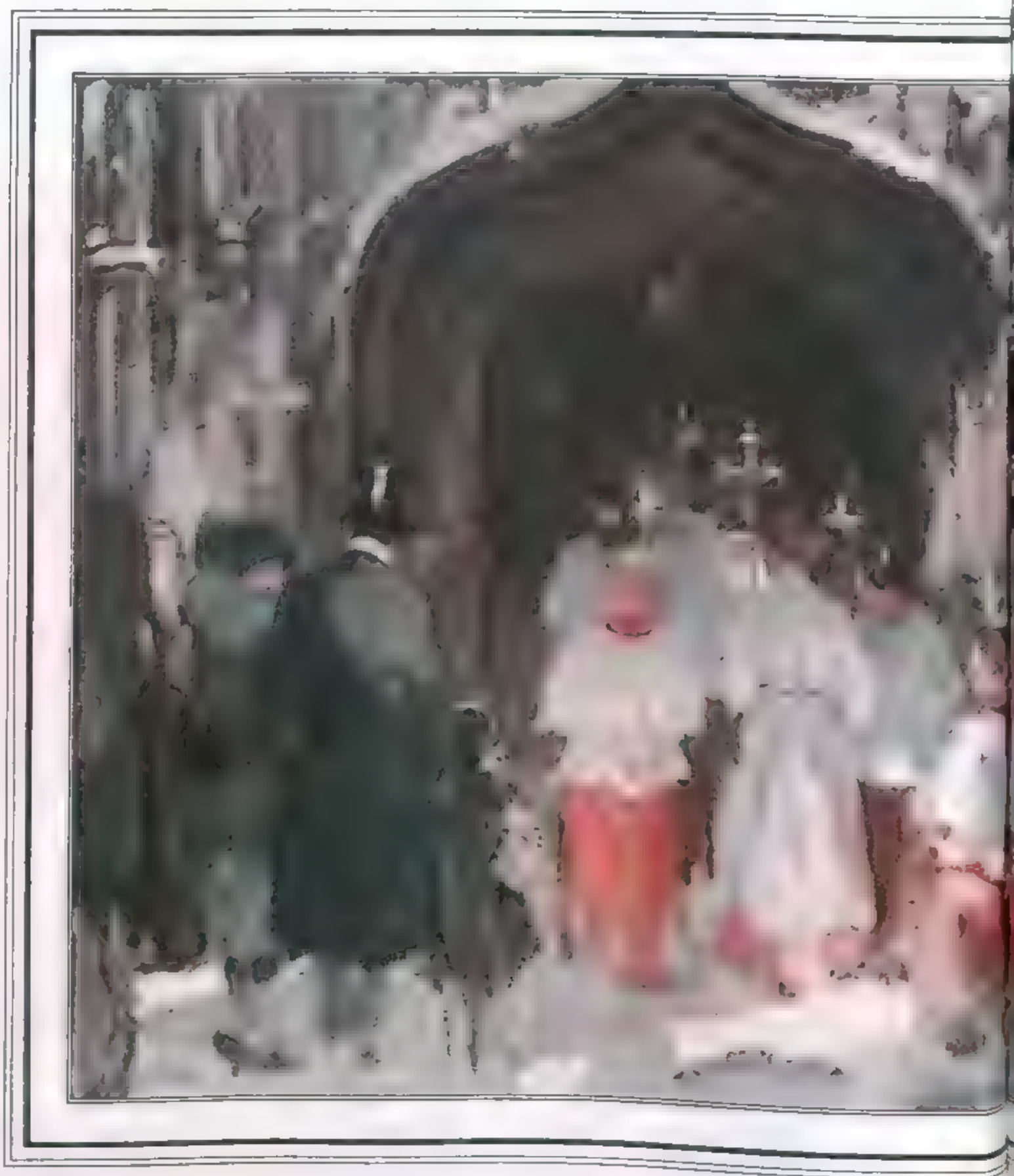

THE MAGIC

MULT

BY THE MOST WO

AN OVERLAN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

The keys of a Whippet Sedan! Two magic keys . . . just a subtle indication of the wonderful gift to come. What woman wouldn't thrill at the prospect of a Christmas Car?

IT'S a happy idea—this American custom of giving automobiles for Christmas. An automobile is such a practical gift; what woman wouldn't thrill at the prospect of a Christmas Car?

Why not decide today to make this the most joyous Christmas of all? Start your list with this gift supreme . . . and on Christmas morning unlock the gates to a world of happy, carefree days, with the keys to this wonderful Whippet Sedan.

* * *

The Whippet is a *real* woman's car. Designed for safety . . . for easy parking . . . for driving in the thick of congested city traffic.

It has all of the interior appointments women like.

Decidedly different in appearance. It adds a new style-note among the automobiles of conventional American design.

The débonnaire body lines of the Whippet frankly resemble the smartest custom creations you see on the Boulevards of France.

To thousands of American women this car has brought an entirely new pride of ownership—a new delight in its comfort and refinements.

* * *

Women who have driven the Whippet tell us it is the easiest car they have ever handled. The car they can drive with complete peace-of-mind.

Just a little pressure with your foot—and big, sturdy 4-wheel brakes stop this car in a fraction of a second.

It is the easiest car in America to park . . . a 14-foot curb space is all that's necessary, which is much less than the space required for the conventional type of automobile.

The Whippet will do 55 miles an hour . . . with all of the reserve power that this implies. You can drive it as fast as you like with the utmost ease of control . . . for no light car ever hugged the road like this before. In traffic it gets away with amazing speed; stop-watch tests show that it accelerates, up to 40 miles an hour, 18% faster than other light four-cylinder cars.

Compared with old-fashioned, big, bulky automobiles, the Whippet appears smarter and much more graceful. That's because height and length are in true artistic proportion.

Due to its unique body and dash construction there is actually more leg room than in any other car of this price class.

All seats are placed in a comfortable reclining position so that you have complete relaxation as you ride. No s sitting bolt upright . . . you ride in this not on it. Never before has any light car fered such unusual room and comfort.

In addition the Whippet offers outstand

CHRISTMAS PLIED

RFUL GIFT OF ALL HIPPET SEDAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OLIVER UNDERHILL

Put your wife's initials on a Whippet Sedan for Christmas. Arrange the details today—and on Christmas morning present her with this gift supreme—a Whippet of her very own.

conomy no light car can equal . . . 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline . . . well over 1,000 miles on a gallon of oil . . . with the smallest ax rating of any car in America today.

Just imagine what this saving will mean to you in a single year. It cuts present operating costs just about in half. Doubles the value of every dollar you now spend for upkeep. Exhaustive tests so far indicate that the average year's operating cost of the Whippet should save you from $75 to $150 in gas, oil, tires and mechanical upkeep.

The new principles . . . the new ideas and the new standards of design in the Overland Whippet are bound to change your whole idea of light car mechanical features. Its "high-torque" motor of 3⅛" bore by 4⅜" stroke is by far the most efficient light car engine made in America.

Because of this greater efficiency, the motor of the Overland Whippet costs more to build, yet less to maintain than any other light car engine built today.

This motor actually develops more horsepower per cubic inch of piston displacement, and pound of car weight than any other American-built light 4-cylinder engine. It has an 80-lb. torque . . . this means greater pulling power . . . the ability to master hills without shifting gears.

All 4-wheel brakes are 11" in diameter, of the mechanical internal type. They provide 192 square inches of braking surface—far more per pound of car weight than any other American light car built today. Each is completely encased, thus not susceptible to weather conditions.

The Whippet is not a 1- or 2-year car. Instead it has been built to give years and years of satisfactory service.

The engineers who designed this car . . . and the men who built it . . . have worked without restrictions.

Nothing has been spared that would improve its engineering or its quality.

At its remarkable new low price, the Whippet is beyond all question the outstanding value of the day. The recent Whippet price reduction has established an entirely new standard of light car value.

If you seek the utmost for your money . . . if you want the modern principles of design, and long life too, by all means see this wonderful new-type car.

Any Willys-Overland dealer will gladly arrange to deliver a Whippet to your door on Christmas morning . . . and extend to you the convenience of the Willys Finance Plan which offers unusually attractive credit terms.

* * *

The Whippet is furnished in three body styles . . . Sedan $695; Touring $645; and Coupe $685. All prices f. o. b. factory.

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Merry Christmas
FISK
BALLOON
Time to Re-tire
Get a Fisk
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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OF, BY AND FOR THE PEOPLE—YES OR NO?

(Continued from Page 9)

of holding it adds a few mills to his taxes? I have not heard of one, albeit I have scanned the newspapers, city and country, with some care for that particular item. Some professional politicians have had interviews to that effect, but there seems to be no uprising by those who pay the taxes.

If we want to save money in that way why not begin with the thing that made the first heavy increase in election expenses—the Australian, or secret ballot? Why not go back to the old unofficial party ballot? It cost the public nothing at all, so far as the outlay of public money was concerned. Or why not go farther back to the old practice of voting by word of mouth? That was done not so very long ago, and it cost nobody anything. But would any person so much as think of taking up such election methods now in place of the official Australian ballot, just because those methods cost little or nothing, and the secret official ballot costs a great deal? Would even professional politicians advance such an idea today?

If not why not? Much can be said for those former systems, especially that of viva voce voting. As to the question of expense the argument is all on their side. But much more can be said against them.

Economical Spending

So we see that the objection to the primary on the ground of public expense is just as strong against every improvement of our election methods, just as strong against final elections, just as strong against all popular government.

But the foes of the primary will say that I am begging the question by making such comparisons. I do not think so, but let us grant it for the sake of the argument, and directly meet the objection of public expense. If by spending a little money I save a great deal more I am the gainer, am I not? Very well! Consider the hundreds of millions and even billions of dollars of public wealth squandered under the convention system—natural resources exploited, franchises granted, special privileges bestowed. Since the people overthrew the convention and adopted the primary such wastage, or robbery, has decreased greatly. In fact, almost a stop has been put to it. So balance the books and you will find that the public has billions on the credit side as against a trifling fraction of that amount on the debit side since the people cast off the convention and took up the primary.

Now that the argument is out of the way that the primary makes necessary the squandering of vast amounts of money, let us take up the next objection which is urged with only less vigor and heat. That argument is that under the primary we do not get as good candidates and officials as we got under the convention. That assertion is made so constantly that we are supposed to accept the truth of it as a matter of course. But is it true?

That citizen must be very young or very forgetful who does not remember the kind of officials often forced upon us in former days—the corrupt mayor, the venal councilman and even, sometimes, the bought and owned judge. Lobby-controlled legislatures became an American scandal; nor did Congress escape. The empire of graft was a real power. Who does not remember the magazine articles entitled The Shame of the Cities that shocked the nation not so many years ago? And there was ground for those blazing accusations too. They were exaggerated, of course, but there was truth in them. Such men as the late David Graham Phillips lashed the betrayers of the people through the streets of public scorn.

To be sure we have some of the same thing today under the primary, but not nearly so much as we used to have under the convention. The majority of public officials in the old days were honest and efficient, but the number of them have increased since candidates have been chosen by primary elections. Of course we get bad and stupid candidates and officials under the present system. We who believe in the primary not only admit that unhappy fact, we assert it. But we say that we have fewer of such evil men in office than we used to have; and we insist that the way to reduce their number still more is to strengthen the primary instead of destroying it and readopting the convention under which we had so much exploitation of the public.

No one affirms so earnestly as we that the primary is not perfect. No one declares more emphatically that it does not do all that we had hoped it might do. But it is an advance in popular government—a very decided advance.

The Last Word in Liberty

Of course the primary does not work perfectly. But can anybody name anything human that does work perfectly or ever did work perfectly? Our Constitution itself has flaws, as every lawyer and scholar knows; but everything considered, it is the best scheme of orderly freedom that has yet been devised. It is far better than the plan of government adopted by other countries. As nearly as anything human can be, our American Constitution and our basic American institutions come near to being the last word in the realm of law-regulated liberty. Because our fundamental law and our underlying institutions have weak spots and the working of our Government is not always ideal, would any American man or woman now favor the abandonment of our Constitution and primary institutions and the readoption of the ancient order?

The thing to do with the primary is to improve it, strengthen it, purify it. We must remember that in some states the primary laws were written by the enemies of the primary. The professional politicians were forced by public opinion to do something; so they did as little as they could, and they sometimes tried to make the primary look and work as foolishly and badly as they possibly could. That was only human nature, and those who thus mangled the primary ought not be blamed too much.

But the practical and sensible thing to do is to correct the defects in our primary laws, rather than to repeal them and go back to the cast-off convention system. For instance, a certain state has a presidential primary. Yet if a candidate carries that state by five hundred thousand majority, all he gets are four or five delegates at large; and he does not even get them in reality. He only gets persons chosen by a state convention who are instructed to vote for him in the national convention as long as those delegates at large think that he has a chance. They, not he, to be the judge of whether he has a chance.

In that state the remaining delegates to the national convention—the great bulk of the state delegation—are chosen by caucuses of the delegates from each district to the state convention; and these district-delegate caucuses are held at various places the night before the state convention meets. So those delegates to the national convention are picked out in the old way by the professional politicians; and they seldom are for the presidential candidate who has carried the state; in fact, they nearly always are against him. Is that honest? Is it even intelligent? If most party voters in any state want a certain presidential candidate the delegates from that state to the national convention ought to stand by him through thick and thin.

"Look at the able men and at those who have been in public life a long time who have been beaten at primaries!" exclaim the foes of that reform. "They would not have been beaten in conventions," we are told. How do we know that? They surely would have been beaten in the convention if the party bosses so decreed. And perhaps they ought to have been rejected at the primaries. Let us not take mere assertions for granted. For that matter, many an outstanding public man was defeated under the convention system solely because he had not pleased the party bosses and those from whom they drew their sustenance. If they could not turn the trick in the convention the machine simply herded enough voters to the polls to beat him at the election. So, even conceding that good men sometimes are whipped at primaries, the same thing was done more often in conventions. At the very best it is six of one and half a dozen of the other on that score. So let us have no more whining about the noble men who have been sacrificed by primaries.

A Product of Both Systems

But to return to the objection that the primary does not give us good candidates and good officials. Time and again I have heard men complain of the radicals sent to Washington under and because of the primary. These radicals, usually Western men from highly intelligent communities, are roundly abused. They are not only wild as deers, we are told, but persons of no ability and little character; mere demagogues, in fact. Such candidates and officials would never have existed under the convention, it is said, and said with fierceness

Would they not, indeed? Not conceding for a moment that these Western radicals are the ignorant, reckless and deranged creatures that the enemies of the primary describe them to be—those whom I have met seem to be well informed and sincere, if somewhat overearnest, men—let us see if the old system did not turn out candidates and officials far more radical, far more daring and much less worthy than the so-called Western radicals of today.

Take for example, Senator Peffer of Kansas, Senator Allen of Nebraska, Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota or Sockless Jerry Simpson in the House, all of whom flourished from thirty to forty years ago. Can any radical chosen recently under the primary match any of those gentlemen for radicalism—determined, aggressive, incessant, fighting radicalism—yet all the men named were chosen by conventions.

The fact is that unless it is well controlled nothing is more subject to gusts of passion, anger and emotion of all sorts than the old-time convention. I have seen such a body stampeded for a candidate by a big brass band in the gallery suddenly starting up Marching Through Georgia and playing the tune as loudly and inspiringly as the band could play it. Thus the better man was beaten and a "true patriot who had bared his breast to the blasts of war, fellow citizens! Yes, bared his breast for you and me, fellow citizens!" was nominated, albeit he was not fitted for the office at all.

Convention Sob Sisters

So susceptible to influences like these are conventions that great politicians who took pains to keep them in hand used never to overlook such devices. Some emotional delegate might employ them and upset things, so the skillful boss used them first. Lorimer of Illinois was uncannily clever in the manipulation of conventions by flag wavings, band playings and other hurrah-boys methods. The late Senator Quay, one of the ablest and most resourceful politicians who ever lived, was a master of the spectacular appeal to conventions, as well as a master of carefully thought-out arrangement and plan, devised long beforehand.

One of the many reasons that the old-time party boss, and those behind the scenes whose orders that party boss carried out, took such care to control the old-time convention, was that the delegates might become excited, get out of hand, and do something foolish—something not on the program—unless they were controlled. The managers do the very same thing now whenever a convention is held. But we shall take up that engaging and dramatic feature of the convention in the next article.

One reason that so many unworthy men get on tickets and are elected to office under the primary is that very great numbers of public officials are elective. So we have long official ballots stuffed with names of candidates at the final election, and even longer ones at the primary election The voter does not know and cannot know whom he or she is voting for, except, of course, the voter who lives in the same neighborhood in which the candidate lives. But the convention would not remedy that defect in our elective system so far as final elections are concerned. There would still be as many candidates on the official ballot.

The short ballot, however, would utterly destroy the fault of a multiplicity of candidates, and we must come to that in the end. Most subordinate administrative officials ought to be appointed by those chief officials whom the people elect, and those

A Winter Morning in Halifax, Nova Scotia

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO

This Christmas
you can give your family
The Radio of America's Finest Homes

NEW LOW PRICES
$60 *and up for table sets* $95 *and up for console sets*
Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of the Rockies

NOW, with the vast manufacturing facilities of our great new plant, you can buy the newest and finest FREED-EISEMANN at prices amazingly low, and yet embodying the same precision standards that have always been the FREED-EISEMANN ideal.

In the forefront of the world's fine radio sets, the FREED-EISEMANN stands alone and unchallenged. It was selected by Government experts and purchased by the United States Navy for use on the President's Yacht, the Mayflower. It is the only American Radio ever awarded a gold medal at a European International Radio World's Fair.

The name FREED-EISEMANN is a mellow one. Since the first days of radio, the name "FREED-EISEMANN" on a radio set has conveyed a definite guarantee of superlative quality. The individuals who own and control the business which bears their family name are carrying out their traditional reputation for quality

Shown above: Model 850, $650. The only radio in which Hazeltine —Neutrodyne and Latour inventions are combined.

Only in the Freed-Eisemann Radio
will you find all these features at such remarkably low cost

Complete metal shielding from outside interference. One tuning control instead of three. Steel Chassis construction. Superb cabinets. All sets can be run from house current with Freed-Eisemann power units

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO
Freed-Eisemann Building, Brooklyn, New York

chief officials should be held responsible for those they thus appoint. Serious objection can be made to this plan, too, of course; as, for instance, that the appointing officer could thereby build up a personal or a party machine and would do so. To be sure he could and would, but if he and his appointees thereby hurt the public, they would hear from the voters at the next election or two. You cannot make that kind of thing work very long; especially if newspapers are newspapers—alert, honest, faithful to the general interest.

If the newspaper does its duty, the danger of bad appointments by the chief officials whom the public elect is reduced to a minimum. That danger is not prevented altogether, but it is greatly cut down. For that matter, no method can possibly obviate every defect in any form of government—as I have said, nothing human is perfect. But we can make improvements; we can do our best—and that is what we are trying to do under the primary. At any rate, the short ballot—the appointment by responsible officials of multitudes of inferior officials now elected—would get rid of the nuisance of large numbers of candidates. But we must bear in mind that the objection to a multiplicity of candidates applies to the final elections as much as to primary elections. The primary did not create the plague of candidates.

Yet enemies of the primary actually propose to improve it by transferring to a convention the nominations of principal officials such as governors, United States senators, and the like, leaving minor county and town and city candidates to be named by the people at their primaries. A very young man, faithful to the public interest, who was a candidate for his state legislature, nominated at a primary, wrote me a letter saying that that reform had been urged upon him, and he asked if it would not be a good thing. In fact, I have had several such letters from the same kind of young men in various states.

If anything would denature and bedevil the primary more than the professional politicians have damaged it already, that alteration would do the business. If any change is made it should be the other way round. Let the party voters at their primaries directly name their own candidates for the big offices, and if any must be chosen by conventions—a method I do not favor at all -let them be local conventions where the delegates must act under the eye of the party voters.

The Senators' Powers

A governor must appoint many subordinates, he must run the state and do more that affects the well-being of the people than any other one person in a state office; and a candidate for governor should be big enough to be known to the whole electorate. Why should such a candidate be picked out by the party bosses in party conventions, rather than by the party voters in party primaries?

The same considerations apply to the nominations of candidates for United States senator. Although under our national Constitution a United States senator has nothing to do with the appointment of Federal officials, yet all of us know that he dictates all such appointments within his state. That is one result of our party system, and there is much to be said in favor of it. But whatever its merits or demerits it cannot be changed, except, of course, by a President so fearless and independent that he chooses to exercise the power which the Constitution gives him, and to disregard and defy the party leaders in the persons of senators and representatives.

But he would be a bold and perhaps imprudent and unwise President who would take that risk. So old is now the custom of recommendation by members of the House and Senate of Federal appointments in their states or congressional districts, that they look upon that custom as their right, their perquisite. They are in ill humor when the distribution of patronage is denied them, or even is questioned; and they will punish a President by voting against something he wants.

Take Federal judges, who hold office for life and are as nearly autocrats as can exist in our republican Government. Although nominally the President appoints them he usually does so on the demand of senators of his party from the state or judicial district where those judges are to hold court, or on the demand of the party organization in that state or district, if its senators belong to the other party. Thus we often have political appointments of judges who hold office for life.

The senator or organization exacting such appointments from a President always insist that their man is as good a lawyer and will be as good a judge as anyone who can be found, but their motive is to help the party and strengthen the party organization, rather than to put the best man on the bench. Sometimes a senator insists on the appointment of his candidate solely to buttress his personal machine—it is a mighty power to make certain elements do the right thing on election day.

Government Bargaining

Then there are United States marshals, Unites States attorneys, collectors of internal revenue, members and agents of various Federal commissions and boards to be appointed by the senator, to say nothing of postmasters in big towns and cities. In fact, the senator who keeps a watchful eye on Federal patronage and insists upon his perquisites makes more important appointments than a governor does.

The President is well-nigh helpless in such cases. As a practical matter, what can he do? If he does not yield he may lose the support of that senator on a nomination, treaty or bill which the President wants very much to have confirmed, ratified or passed. Indeed, precedents are not wanting for actual deals—"Appoint my man and I'll vote your way; refuse and I'll vote the other way."

Yet in spite of this great appointive power which, regardless of the Constitution, a United States senator has come to possess, in spite of the strangle hold on the President which custom has given him, we actually are told that a senator must be chosen by a politicians' convention instead of by a people's primary. Worse still, we are told that such nomination would strengthen the primary, would improve and reform that system. All it would do would be to remove that senator, with his vast powers, further from the people and from direct responsibility to them, even assuming that the convention was not controlled by the party boss and was made up of independent, calm, informed and very wise men.

We come now to the final objection to the primary, the final argument for the convention. The primary, we are told, is not consistent with our representative form of government, whereas the convention is the method required by the representative system created and established by the fathers. If that is true it is a strong reason against the primary and for the convention.

We want only what is best for the country; and even if the primary is better than the convention in all other respects, but is hostile to and destructive of our representative form of government, we ought to get rid of it utterly and at once. For our American system of government is so good for us, on the whole, that in comparison nothing else is of value. Certainly anything that weakens that system or tends to weaken it ought not to be tolerated for a moment, no matter how helpful that thing otherwise may be. Since this objection to the primary compels us to consider the convention system with thoroughness and care, we must leave the treatment of it to the next article.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Beveridge The next will appear in an early issue

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DRINK MORE MILK

REALITY FROM REPLICAS

(Continued from Page 21)

bedroom is a copy. A copy," he repeated silently. This was clear. But why? Now that, on the other hand, was exceedingly mysterious. Willie could think of no reason, no excuse, for it. Was Arnold Ladney short of money, was he selling his old furniture, and had he lied? He was not, Willie knew, short of money; he was a careful, almost a frugal, man, his small fortune had increased rather than lessened; and he hadn't lied. Willie Gerald was absolutely sure of that. What Ladney had said about his furniture was as simple, as transparent, as it was sincere. He was all like that—a man who held highly to the traditions of a family always dignified if not impressive.

"No," Willie continued, "Arnold didn't sell it." It was just as obvious to Willie that Ella hadn't. Ella Ladney wasn't that sort of woman! Arnold was sympathetic but exacting with her; he was, in a small and not unpleasant way, something of a tyrant; that was, he required and got a degree of consideration from his wife rare for the present. Conscious that her own background was not so good as his, she merely contributed to the emphasis of his own name. Even there she advanced very little, mostly nodding in corroboration, or repeated in a diminished and fragile tone what he asserted.

"How did you like the chair in the bedroom?" she asked Willie. "Isn't it unusual to have a pair like that? Arnold says it is."

He liked it very much, Willie Gerald answered instinctively, and to have two that matched was most uncommon. "It gives them a very great value."

Ella Ladney supposed it did; but to that she paid small attention. "We never think of them that way," she added, after an important trick. Her voice was at once tired and, Willie thought, a little sharp. She was the most indifferent, the least engaged, hostess he could remember.

When Gerald had returned to his apartment and was preparing for the night, he was still engaged with the problem of Ladney's second wing chair. Again and again he went over all the facts that he knew and which were associated with it. He wished he had had more time to examine the copy—he hadn't even had a chance to turn it bottom up—since then he would have discovered a great deal more. He could have come very close to saying how long it had been made; he knew the work, the unmistakable signs, of perhaps a dozen cabinetmakers engaged in forging such early Americana. He didn't, however, intend to subject himself soon again to the Ladneys, even to come on the truth about their chair. Dull people and a dull entertainment.

His thoughts were diverted by the cards of invitation to Freda Renant's wedding lying on a table. The Carlins were having it for her at Bar Harbor; in consequence they were staying North later than usual; and Willie had had a letter from Ann Carlin, asking him to come for a week or as much longer as they remained. He hadn't been there since the unfortunate episode which marked the beginning of his temporary activity with the replicas of the past; he had left the Carlins in a bitterness, a desperation, of spirit, a feeling that he had been definitely dropped from their society; and he regarded Ann's invitation, his return to that desirable world, with the greatest possible satisfaction and pleasure.

There, at Bar Harbor, he made up his mind, would be the ideal place to get engaged to Eliza Grinling, far better than the crowded dinners of New York City and hurried parties into the country. And so when the next day he had an opportunity to ask Eliza Grinling to marry him, he put it off for the more perfect occasion. They were following a golf match at Piping Rock, and cutting across an empty fairway from one green to another, Eliza arbitrarily sat on a persuasive cool bank.

"If you have to see it, go on," she told him. "I simply won't move until I hear the bell for supper."

Gerald reminded her that they were not, still, at Belrive in South Carolina. "I wish we were," he said. "I'm happier there than anywhere else in the world."

"Why don't you go down?" she replied. "It's open, and you could fish all day in the Ashley." It was then his opportunity had come, but he resolutely ignored it.

He had an insistent vision of Eliza accepting him by the rocks of Seal Harbor. "That wouldn't be possible until after Freda's marriage," he pointed out. "It's three weeks from tomorrow. Of course you're going, but the important thing is how long will you stay?"

"Not more than two days," she answered. "And I'll be with the Farmerwells. If there is a party the day after, remember you must come. I mean, tell Ann, so you won't have to do something else with Rose Brincker."

The fact that Rose would be at the Carlins' had evaded him. Well, he thought defiantly, it would be very nice to see and be with her again. At the same time he didn't want Eliza to imagine that he was tied to Rose. Willie knew that the rumor of his old love for her had come up again.

"I'll be at the Farmerwells'," he replied positively. He paused. "There will be absolutely nothing to keep me at Jasper Carlin's." Eliza was leaning forward, arranging the leather fringe which kept the string of a brogue from being torn loose by brambles, and her face was hidden from him. She had on green and, when she straightened up, her mouth and chin were still concealed by the soft black folds of a veil. A striking and becoming arrangement

"Do you know," she went on, "I always thought you were interested in Freda. You had so much in common—the furniture and glass and china. It wouldn't have surprised me if the cards had been engraved with your name instead of this Rudolph. He followed me once for a week at Palm Beach, until I nearly drowned him, and then he stopped. God knows I'm careless, but there is a limit." She had said Freda, and even elaborated upon her, but Willie Gerald understood that Eliza was still talking about Rose. Women were not a mystery to him. Yet he had said all he intended on that subject; it wasn't entirely a bad thing to have Rose Brincker at the back of Eliza's mind. Rose was a very smart and desirable woman.

"No," he replied, "Freda and I were never interested in the way you mean. I guess we knew each other too long and too well. I had no surprises for her. And then," he added boldly, "there was another thing against it—Eliza. I hadn't enough money to make her happy, to make us both happy. I can be more honest with you, Eliza, than with anyone else in the world."

She pressed his hand. "Willie, it's splendid of you to admit that; a smaller person couldn't begin to do it. If we weren't on a golf course I'd kiss you." There was Bar Harbor, he reminded her, and she nodded. The match, they saw, would pass close by them, and they stood on a high bunker, Eliza's hand on his shoulder, and watched the faultless precision with which two balls were dropped close by the hole. "That will be a half," Eliza announced. "Come on. I don't know why, but you spoil it for me. I don't care what happens."

Nor was it, he told himself, wholly a bad thing when they came directly upon Rose seated on a terrace of the club.

"You must stop here, Eliza," Rose said, "for Willie has got to give me an account of himself. I have a ridiculous feeling that I'm responsible for him."

Eliza Grinling told Gerald that he might stay. "I've got to find Mary Bain," she explained; "I saw her just a minute ago; and then I'll be back."

Rose followed her with her gaze. "It's perfectly idotic that child wearing a black veil," she commented. "I suppose she thinks it makes her look darkly dangerous or some such thing. These girls make me quite ill."

Willie Gerald studied her deliberately. "My dear Rose," he replied at last, "you can't expect them to be as wise and charming as you are. They haven't had the experience; they haven't had time. As you say, Eliza, in spite of her divorce, is hardly more than a child, and all children like to dress up in black and velvet."

"Heavens, Willie, you make me feel as antique as the things you like so much. I must say you weren't adroit as usual. But then you don't have to be adroit with me, do you, Willie? I must find out, quick as possible, before Eliza Grinling comes back, how you are. How are you; I mean, really? And you mustn't be so busy, and go away on such long trips, so that I can't see you. I am beginning to believe you aren't fit to take care of yourself." Willie Gerald was conscious of a growing uneasiness. He wished that he had followed Eliza in search of Mary Bain, since he happened to know—and Eliza knew—that she wasn't there. Rose's chin, he realized, at last showed the faint mark, the beginning looseness, of years. But there was no reason for him to be afraid of her! He was sitting on the edge of his chair in the absurd attitude of an interrogated boy.

The elder Mrs. Watrous, who had been with Rose, returned and Gerald escaped into the clubhouse. There an attendant had a note for him:

Dear Willie, I couldn't be sure I'd ever see you again and so I am going on. Aside from that we will both be with the Vallies at the Constitution tonight. ELIZA.

This, he decided, was a nuisance, since he had counted on driving back to New York in one of the Grinling cars. But it wasn't serious—almost at once he found another returning to the city. The Vallies' dinner was larger than he had anticipated; he didn't sit near Eliza; and Ann Carlin, across the table from him, insisted on seeing him immediately afterward. Worse, she made him go with her to East Fifty-second Street, her house.

"I'm in a fix," she explained, "and only you can get me out of it. We're not in town yet, naturally; but the confusion won't interrupt us; you can see. There, Willie, that is my fix," she was pointing to a large unusually fine wing chair in the early Queen Anne manner. "No, you know nothing about it," she interrupted him. "You couldn't. The point is I wanted to buy something old for Freda's house—she is almost as bad as you about antiques—and I found that chair. Well, I've had it for two weeks now and I can't let it go, Willie. I simply can't. I have the one perfect place in the world to put it.

"I have been to all the stores in New York, and some in Boston, but I can't get another thing Freda would like as well. Highboys and lowboys, of course, and sets of Chippendale chairs; but they are all, if you know what I mean, just antiques. They look as if they came from dealers. And what I give Freda must be unusually nice." Intent on the chair before him, Willie Gerald was only half conscious of her words. Yes, the apron and stretchers were unique. A sudden excitement invaded Gerald—surprise at the wing chair before him, pleasure at being once more intimately with Ann Carlin, about to return to their house at Bar Harbor—and swept him away from all necessary precaution.

"Ann!" he cried, "I know a great deal more than you suppose. About this chair, for example. Would it interest you to hear that there is a pair of them? It should. More than that, I was looking at the other within a week." If he wasn't quite mad,

(Continued on Page 115)

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(Continued from Page 112)

Ann Carlin replied, he would have the other in her house tomorrow. "That is different," he admitted; "I know where it is, but the people who have it are even more devoted to it than you are to this. No, they don't need money. Yes, they understand all about it. Ann, I doubt if I can get it for you."

"Willie," she said, "you must." He asked where she had bought hers. "Do you remember a Matthew Wilson, who died? It was in his old place. I was surprised to find it there, too, for the man had nothing else worth getting. I don't even think anything else was honest. You know the kind—absolutely perfect curly maple with sharp edges, chairs just a little too light and entirely too good. Anyhow, there it was."

Willie Gerald added, "And here it is." He was lost in thought. How had the winged chair been taken from Arnold Ladney's house? Who had made the copy returned in its place? And who had profited from that exchange? Already Gerald was sorry he had spoken to Ann. He knew her well enough to realize that she would give him no rest until she had both chairs, or at least knew every detail about them. He wanted to get the other for her; it would do him an enormous amount of good in the Carlins' world—Ann was autocratic and loved such triumphs—but he didn't see how it could be managed. He really didn't. It would require a lot of discovering.

"Don't bother me any more now," he said decidedly. "It would be no use, for I can't answer you. Ann, I can't tell you a thing tonight. You'll have to be patient."

She couldn't see why Willie Gerald made such a mystery out of a wing chair. "If it's in a house it's in a house. Very well. You can take me to look at it. I won't disgrace you. An offer, after all, isn't an insult. I can't believe it's in a store and you want to make money out of me. Telephone, Willie, if it is in New York, and perhaps we can see it tonight. It's not dreadfully late."

But he could only repeat that there was nothing more could be done then. "I want you to have it, Ann. The people who own the chair mean nothing to me. I'd go in a taxi and steal it if I could. I can't, that's all."

Ann Carlin announced that at last she understood. "It's in a museum."

Willie replied that it ought to be, but wasn't. "That's the last word about it you'll get out of me now." The truth was he was anxious to be back in his rooms where he could think without interruption; for the moment he had forgotten Eliza Grinling.

However, the profoundest consideration brought him no conclusion, and the following day took him to the store which had been Matthew Wilson's. It was precisely as Ann had said—there wasn't a reputable piece of furniture or glass visible, and both the proprietor and a clerk were as strange to Gerald as they were incapable of suggesting any confidence in their assurances.

Willie proceeded at once with his purpose. "Mrs. Jasper Carlin bought a Dutch wing chair from you two weeks ago, and I want to know something about it." He had only to examine the chair, he was informed, in order to learn all that was necessary. Willie Gerald acknowledged this. "It's evident how good it is," he agreed. "I want to find out where it came from."

The proprietor of the store said at once that he couldn't tell him. "The people who leave things to be sold don't want their names mentioned," he explained. "It's nobody's business if they need money. If Mrs. Carlin don't like the chair tell her to bring it back. After she bought it I was offered three hundred more than she paid."

Willie didn't doubt that; he pointed out again that he was raising no question of the chair's value. "It's so good," he continued, "that I am anxious to know something of its history. For example, it isn't quite certain that it's American. If that could be proved it would be worth even more."

The proprietor understood that. "It is American," he declared. "You can take my word for it."

Gerald regarded him dispassionately. It was evident he had determined to say no more; and of course he was right. His position was unassailable.

"How long have you been here?" Willie proceeded at random. "I knew Matthew Wilson very well."

"Six months," the other told him. "And could I ask your name?" Willie Gerald replied that his name was Gerald. He was again deep in the difficulties of the situation before him when he saw that the assistant was talking rapidly and semiprivately, and as a result his employer stepped forward. "Mr. William Gerald, the expert in early America?" Willie nodded.

The owner of the store dropped a cordial hand on his shoulder. "Why didn't you say so at first? Right away," he demanded. "Why, I took you for a customer. Just a customer." He laughed as though this were tremendously humorous. "Come back in my office." He led Gerald to the small glass inclosure where Willie had so often sat with Matthew Wilson.

"Now, what do you know?" he was asked.

"Not a thing," he replied promptly.

Willie Gerald found the tone, the insinuation, of—what was his name?—very annoying. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Thomas A. Becket Meruvel," Gerald was informed. "I've been about to write to you, Mr. Gerald, ever since I opened. We could be valuable to each other. You may not know it, but some of your exploits are historical with the profession. I mean private, of course. It wouldn't do to let the customer in on our little old Americana, would it? No, sir! There's a demand and we're supplying it, and that's all there is to that."

Gerald grew stiff with anger; he was rising from his chair at the beginning of a cold and contemptuous speech, when he violently restrained himself. His body, his manner, relaxed.

"I'm afraid you're flattering me," he said. "I did very little, really. You must remember that I was only an amateur."

Mr. Meruvel contradicted that. "Your three-back Chippendale sofa," he reminded Willie; "the two secretaries that went to the same party in Albany. Say, we all split our sides about that. But you've been kind of quiet lately. What's on your mind? Can't I get in on it? Here I am occupying your old familiar ground."

Willie Gerald replied, "There isn't a thing just now. The market is dead; except for glass. If I hit on a promising idea I'll come back, I suppose, just from habit." He nodded cordially and moved toward the door.

"Oh, about that chair," the successor of Matthew Wilson added. "I got it from an interior decorator named Fitt—Addison Fitt. I think it's Forty-ninth Street, some piece east."

There was, Willie Gerald told himself, no need to wait, and he drove directly to the address Meruvel had given him. He had no difficulty in recognizing the decorator's shop, the window was draped with a pair of cerise brocatel curtains; it was no more difficult to recognize the decorator. He was a large bland and blond creature in a dove-colored suit and pale-yellow tie. All the time he was talking he caressed a pale-yellow mustache.

"I could come and see your apartment," he admitted. "I really could. But I don't know when it would be. Not right away. Oh, dear me, no! Something dark, I suppose, and masculine. I can see you're a very masculine man. Oh, very. Flemish might do, With the bedroom a little lighter in tone—a background for some naughty prints."

"Exactly," Willie said grimly. "Flemish and naughty prints. And there is no hurry. I don't know when I'm going to be in town, and so we must arrange for your call."

Addison Fitt said that he was uncertain too. It was just possible he was going to run away to the Berkshires. "My nerves are in a dreadful state. To stay with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Ladney. A sweet little woman," Fitt added, involved with his mustache. "I did a boudoir for her. A simple room, but faultless. Do you know the Ladneys? You look as if you might. They are in society. But simple." Gerald admitted that he knew Arnold Ladney slightly.

He, Addison Fitt considered, was a little abrupt. "Harsh," he added; "and with her!"

Willie Gerald's eyes, as he watched him, were half closed; they showed a hard, concentrated glitter. Vanity, it was clear, had driven Fitt to indiscretion. Gerald was tempted to proceed immediately with his purpose—its success would depend on the kind and degree of scoundrel Fitt was, and Willie couldn't quite decide that in advance. Still, it was as obvious that he was as soft as the textures about him, and a coward.

"Fitt," he said finally, "there is something else. A friend of mine has a very unusual wing chair, Queen Anne. The moment I saw it I wanted it, but that was impossible. So I asked some questions and discovered—I think I discovered—that it came from you."

Addison Fitt was disturbed; the truth was that for the moment he forgot his mustache. "Well," he declared, "you're wrong. I'm a decorator and not an antique dealer. Whoever told you was crazy, and I demand his name."

He was told he might learn that when Willie Gerald thought proper.

"How long will it take you to get the other wing chair?" Gerald asked. Back of his proceeding he was filled with pity for Ella Ladney.

"I don't know what you mean," Fitt insisted. "If you keep on like this I'll have to call an officer."

"A policeman, Fitt," Willie told him; "in short, a cop. The word 'officer' is reserved for old ladies—nice old ladies. And you haven't answered me. How long will it take you to get Arnold Ladney's chair out of his house and put a copy back? Then he really would have a pair again. As it is, his two are neither one thing nor the other."

Addison Fitt's back was turned toward him. "I haven't any idea what you are talking about," he repeated. "What chairs? What pair?"

Gerald poked him viciously with his walking stick. "I like to see your mustache," he explained; "although it is not very Flemish. And if you don't answer me I'll get Mr. Ladney to ask you. He'd be even more interested than I am in this. Fitt, could it be done in ten days?"

"Don't strike me again," Fitt directed him.

"I haven't," Willie said positively. "It was a poke."

"I did sell Meruvel a winged chair," Addison Fitt admitted; "but if there is another I wouldn't know how to get it. And if I could, it would have to be very expensive. Three thousand dollars."

Willie shook his head negatively. "Two," he said. "Two thousand, Fitt. I seem to like your name. Meruvel asked sixteen hundred for his and made a heavy profit. It oughtn't to cost you over two hundred, or two hundred and fifty, for the copy. The original will be free. And there is a little more yet—keep away from the originals that are left. If you don't, I'll see that someone decorates you in a deep black and blue and red. The Berkshires would be very unhealthy for you. I'm being generous, Fitt, really. I am even going to leave you some money, as much as a thousand dollars, and when you deliver the second chair to—to—send it to Meruvel, the other thousand will be there for you. That is, if I have it within ten days. Every day late

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Such praises rise spontaneously from men and women who have just changed over to Arnold Glove-Grips. What is different; what is superior about these shoes . . . to win such enthusiastic wearers?

An entirely new sensation of comfort—spirited, activated, vivacious comfort—*that* is the Glove-Grip feature that intrigues. It comes from the patented Glove-Grip arch design which you can never find in any other shoe. See how glove-like it fits about your instep and the arch of your foot. See how it gives that well-tailored, custom-made look. And you know how *that* adds to your smartness!

You will want to feel these shoes at once. And see them on your feet. May we, then, direct you to a nearby Glove-Grip dealer? Write for his address. M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, North Abington, Mass. Then you, too, can have the pleasure of wearing

ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

will deprive you of a hundred dollars." The decorator glanced hastily at the check; he folded it with trembling fingers and put it in a pocket.

"I can see that you won't need me to do over your rooms," he observed.

Gerald congratulated him on his acumen. "But I give you my word," he added, "that when they are changed they will be Flemish. Except the bedroom; I'll keep that light and naughty. Remember all that I told you; all, Fitt. Principally, though, about your flattering attractiveness. It would be too bad to have it damaged." He nodded curtly at the door.

Willie Gerald, as he had anticipated, was delighted to be back again at the Carlins' in Bar Harbor; an especially polite servant, with his bags, conducted him to one of the best rooms, Gerald realized, in Jasper's house. It was wide and bright with glazed chintz; the windows opened on a formal garden; and beyond, the maple trees were just beginning to be touched with red.

"Will you have rye, sir, or Scotch?" the man asked; "and with Scotch? Or a gin and ginger beer, with a green lime. It has been unseasonably warm, and that is very quieting."

He had unpacked Willie's things, and was standing with an evening coat and some odd trousers in one hand, pumps and a pair of tan shoes in the other.

Willie, however, preferred rye. "With plain water." Dinner, he knew, would be late, hardly before nine, and he decided to put off his appearance until then.

His thoughts, the present and the promised future, were so pleasant that he needed no other diversion. He remembered suddenly about the Farmerwells—he must tell Ann he had an engagement for that night. The day after, he added, he would have something more to tell her. Then, he was confident, he'd be engaged to Eliza. Willie sank into a comfortable chair more comfortable than he had ever been before in his whole life. It was marvelous to be back again in the most desirable existence the world had known. Now he felt he was part of it; married to Eliza, he would be one of its leaders.

The past few years appeared to him in the unnatural light of a nightmare. He had been, the truth was, shot with luck; he'd retired from an inconceivably dangerous engagement untouched. Better than that, he had in safe investments close to two hundred thousand dollars. That wasn't much of a sum compared with what lay immediately before him, but yet it wasn't entirely negligible. He would spend some of it on a magnificent present for Eliza and let the rest stay and accumulate where it was. Since he had nothing to do but dress, and three hours for that, he was late at dinner. No one except Rose Brincker and he had yet come, there were four at the table, and the conversation was general. Willie was glad of that; and because of his lightness of spirit, his renewed confidence, he was, he felt, extremely successful, highly amusing.

Jasper Carlin was as cordial as possible, Ann continually smiled encouragingly at him, and Rose was wistfully quiet. Willie was sorry for her; once he had been madly in love with her. He had been faithful to her memory for how many years? He couldn't remember, but it was a great many. How would she take the announcement of his engagement to Eliza? He hoped that it wouldn't be necessary for him to tell her. Even in imagination he didn't care to face that moment. She was dressed in black, with the celebrated pearls which had belonged to Jim Brincker's mother; and the effect, he was forced to admit, wasn't bad. Not bad, he told himself with a shade of condescension. Rose, for a woman of her age, looked remarkably well.

"Willie," Ann turned to him, "I haven't said anything to you yet, I haven't thanked you, but the chair came. You really are remarkable. The crate hasn't been opened, and I can hardly wait. I put it off until you came. It's in the back hall, and as soon as dinner is over —— Well, I can't tell you how excited I am. Rose, I bought a chair for Freda, and then fell in love with it. I couldn't bring myself to let it go. And imagine, Willie found the mate to it for me. I don't suppose you realize what that means, but it couldn't happen once in a million years."

It developed that Ann Carlin wouldn't even delay for the coffee. Jasper had lighted a cigar and good-naturedly he declined to stir; but Ann and Rose Brincker, Willie and a servant, proceeded to the back hall. Willie Gerald could see the outline of the wing chair through the openings in the crate. It had been a day later than he had planned arriving at Meruvel's, and with no time to inspect it, he'd had it forwarded to Bar Harbor. The servant went for a hatchet and slowly, clumsily, Gerald thought, pried the crate apart.

He lifted the chair, wrapped in newspapers, out, and Ann exclaimed, "There is a leg broken! Isn't that too stupid?" It was, Willie agreed. "It wasn't fastened properly inside. But it isn't split, Ann. Any local carpenter can put it back." Ann Carlin had the broken leg in her hand. She glanced at it quickly and then her gaze became intent. Willie Gerald was conscious of an instinctive growing consternation.

"Look at this, Willie," Ann said quietly. "It seems strange to me." She handed him the piece of wood, and with one startled glance, he saw that under a thick walnut stain it was white. "Pine," he was hardly conscious that he had spoken aloud. He looked up and saw Ann Carlin gazing at him with an enigmatic face. Rose was staring desperately at the points of her slippers. "Of course, Willie," Ann spoke at last, "if this is a joke I wish you'd tell me now, do you see, before Freda gets here. Because if it is it would naturally have nothing to do with her."

He tried to speak and failed, and tried, without success, again. That damned Addison Fitt had sent him the copy of Ladney's chair. Him, Willie Gerald! He instantaneously grasped every phase of what had happened - he was helpless. If Fitt had defrauded him—why, he, Willie, had schemed to defraud Arnold Ladney. "I am as bad as Addison Fitt. Addison Fitt is no worse than ——" He laboriously stopped the idiotic words running through his mind.

"It isn't a joke, Ann," he attempted to explain. "At least, if it is, it's on me and not you. I—I must find out exactly what happened; how, that is, it happened; and then I'll let you know."

"What would have happened," she went on, "if the leg hadn't been broken? Freda naturally would have found it out later and she'd have said nothing to me."

She turned away abruptly and left him standing with the pine chair leg and Rose. She said, "I could die right here in my slippers. Willie, put that disgusting thing down and come outside with me." In the garden she faced him with quivering lips. "Willie, the sofa was bad enough, but I found that out in time. This is—it's unmentionable! You just aren't fit to be alone; you'll be put in jail; you'll end in disgrace. And so I'm going to marry you. You asked me once and I told you, really, to wait. Well, we have waited too long already."

Willie Gerald stared at her, startled out of all speech. Rose was, he saw, serious, and sober. Far worse than that, she was absolutely determined. "I asked you to marry me, Willie," she repeated more softly. "We can explain to Ann about the chair together." A leaden helplessness descended on him—he didn't want to marry her and he didn't know what to say. What, in such a situation, was there to say? He was submerged in a confused embarrassment. The sense of inferiority which he had always fought against, striven to keep hidden, swept up and overwhelmed him. Rose Brincker was close. "You might kiss me, Willie." He kissed her.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth and last of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer.

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 27)

flying along the dusty bottom of what had been an inland sea ages ago, but his nerves had snapped from enduring such a long silence. It was like suffering solitary confinement with everybody present. I figured that the rest of us would explode with a bang presently.

This is precisely what happened. The people in that car began to mill, skip back and forth across the aisle to exchange opinions, discuss the sand, the weather and the scenery. When they settled down again they were all engaged to each other, so to speak Several card games were begun. Two elderly men who had been eying each other bitterly since we left New Orleans began a discussion of golf that lasted until they parted at Los Angeles. What had appeared to be a demure young girl suddenly raised the head of a flapper, reached up one little plucked eyebrow at a young university student and began an open-and-above-board flirtation. They spoke a foreign language of English words with a fluency that was simply maddening to me, who had acquired some reverence for words. The bald-headed man came back, subdued, and resumed the reading of his railroad folder. The poor soul had raised the wind but had found no companion to share his excitement. He had shattered the spell of silence in that car and made the dumb to speak, but nobody was grateful to him for this service. I have had similar experiences of ingratitude—talked myself weary to a circle of stupid people whose wits had perished from lack of mental nourishment, only to have them go off and say "That woman is a frightful monologue of herself!" when all the time I longed to escape from the staring dumb discourtesy of their silence. But let that go. We are all meaner than we think we are

During this period of social readjustment a firm-featured, pigeon-breasted woman who occupied the section behind mine came around and slid in the seat opposite me. She said the weather was very hot. I told her yes, any kind of weather would heat up in a desert furnace. She said that was true.

In spite of this banal comment I perceived her to be a woman of parts, if you know what I mean—not so much intelligence, but endowed with some kind of hard-fisted ability. No liquid feminine sweetness in her expression. She had a good constitution, florid complexion, strong blue eyes, a straightforward gaze that could be disconcerting if you had been guilty of an error of judgment. The kind of woman who could hammer and be hammered without yielding to tears.

She said she was from Wisconsin and that it was cooler there. I said that I was from Georgia and it was cooler there. We were matching no more than pennies of information with each other, but I knew she was getting ready to tell me who she was—somebody of importance, undoubtedly. I knew that much, by the way I was feeling myself, not exactly antagonistic, but "up" as the saying goes, because I could but notice that she lacked my powers of discernment in such matters. We went on goading each other with our personal pronouns until she could bear mine no longer. Then she told me her name and added that she was the president of the woman's club in ——, mentioning the name of a large city.

I recognized that club because I had been invited to address the members of it, but I resisted the temptation to tell her that and so disclose my identity.

You may think you are indifferent to your own distinction if you have any, but if you have labored a lifetime in secret to earn it, and rarely go abroad with your skimpy laurels published on your brow, and then find yourself unhonored and unsung for three days in a coach filled with people who are probably familiar with your works, you do long to leap up and spring yourself as a glad surprise in some modest graceful way. These sensations are not peculiar to me. In my goings to and fro upon the earth I have crossed the trail of more than one famous man or woman who did do it under less provocation. It is safer to make free with strangers in such matters than with diminishing friends who know our limitations, whether they have read our works or not. But I held fast to my integrity, having discovered that it augments one's own private vanity not to publish one's accomplishments or to mention those intimacies we think we have with great people.

I am merely telling you how I felt sitting opposite this prominent woman. Her look was subtly diminishing. I could see myself photographed upon the retina of her eye as a mild, kind, round-faced old person with no sign of wit in my own eyeballs. Finally, after further conversation, all in her favor, I compromised between pride and childishness by telling her my name was Mary Thompson and that I was the widow of a Methodist itinerant. I accompanied this information with the modest self-conscious look a public speaker bestows upon his audience when he has said something worthy of applause and waits a perceptible moment in expectation of that reward Nothing doing! She did not recognize the heroine of the Circuit Rider stories.

I was not exactly peeved, but under these circumstances there was no reason why I should go on helping her praise herself. No other attribute we have calls for so much reciprocity as vanity. I let her have the other cheek by turning away and staring through the window as if she was no longer present.

This was the last effort I made to penetrate the social atmosphere of this car. I reflected that every man and woman in it might be looking for an audience—a use we frequently make of strangers. This, indeed, may be the explanation of that defensive silence Pullman passengers undertake to maintain against each other. It is not characteristic of those in day coaches, who are not so concerned to exploit themselves as they are curious to find out everything they can about their fellow travelers—a more complimentary attitude of attention, whether they are aware of that fact or not.

The great gray scroll of the desert intervened between me and the people from this time on. It covered them up so completely that now I recall with an effort even the italicized features of the prominent woman.

The only vivid recollection I have of any of them is of the poor little man who cried out when we first slid into the depths of the desert. He remained static after that, but with the round bald spot on his head showing above the back of the seat in front of me. Invariably it reddened and glistened with sweat when we plunged into a lower depth, paled and cooled like a biscuit thermometer when we ascended. The recollection I have of the vast waste of sand, tall mountains and dead rivers is disfigured, outrageously punctuated by the bald spot on that wretched man's head. The subconscious mind may caricature your noblest visions with some such absurdity.

(Continued on Page 121)

Once every few years comes a contribution to better living which rouses the ambition of the entire family. 1926 brings such a contribution. It brings Servel Automatic Refrigeration at the full tide of its success.
There *is a gift!*

1926-27's Great family gift

1926 experience proves conclusively the right of Servel to be the Christmas electric refrigerator. Many of the leading electric light and power companies are now featuring Servel—and they carefully watch satisfaction-to-the-user.

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THE gift which you select for him must show thoughtfulness, it must have individuality — and, of course, it must be practical and useful. With this in mind, HICKOK Belts, Buckles and Beltograms are a perfect choice.
Discriminating men now match each suit with a Belt harmonizing in color and style. They select Buckles and Beltogram Watch Guards to fit the occasion — one for sports, for business and other activities.
in Hickok plate, Master plate, or Sterling Silver — all faithfully designed and wrought by HICKOK. This name, on the underside of Belt, Buckle or Beltogram is your assurance of the integrity of the piece that it is unapproached in value.
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It's the Whisper of the Eight

HERE'S what people like about the Jordan—that smooth—velvety—fascinating power-without-fuss. All cylinders in silent unison with an irresistible pull. Soft—positive—noiseless—the sensation of steam—the whisper of the Eight.

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But the motor with a smoothness you have rarely felt—yet with a wallop that thrills you the moment that you touch the throttle—that's the thing.

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The Fedco Number Plate System protects Jordan owners against theft

Snowshoes—rifles—and a glistening trail—a wonderful somebody in sport-clothes—a gleaming day in the open—a thrilling ride—a blazing fire as the sun goes down. That's youth. That's health. That's living.

(Continued from Page 116)

I have always had a longing for immeasurable spaces, which no width of sea can satisfy. The most placid ocean I have ever traveled was no more to me than the vast mollusk of space incessantly moving its hide, writhing and griping. The insensate motion it keeps up affects me most unhappily. I turn sick with the anguished desire for one ship's length of solid stillness. And if you have been one day's width of it you have seen it all; one element—water and yet more water—with no will of its own to move, but being moved incessantly. No color—borrowing its lights and shadows from the sun, the blue and gray of its loveliness from the heavens. What I mean is that I have no mariner's soul. I lack even the faith of an ordinary Christian woman to steady me the moment I trust myself to the insubstantial thing

How much more engaging and trustworthy the land is. No piece of it, however small, looks like the next acre. No one hill is like another hill. It changes from season to season, from age to age, by some principle of life in itself. It grows old, fades away, is born again in time, young and fair, hung with bridal boughs of bloom. A maiden, a mother, the sepulcher of us all, covering us deep with the dust of her heart, remembering us ten thousand years with her living green. Who calls the sea eternal? Oh, eternal earth, forever old, forever young, who can portray the majesty and sweetness of thy face, the gardens of beauty between thy great breasts! These mountains that lift thy forests like giant plumes into the heavens, these flowing rivers that gird thy meadows like wedding bands. Show me one flower that blooms in the trough of the sea, one lark's nest in the foam of its waves! It is a reservoir, a breeding tank that Nature used to use. Give me the land, and a long, long winding road that leads forever beyond!

The rim of the desert is very wide and green in April. It was not until we had passed down into the naked sands of it, where so many ages lie buried, that the spell of it fell upon me like a sleep. Awake, now, somewhere else, beyond all the conditions and circumstances that produced the mind I had had. What ease at last to be caught up without being caught up in the spirit! No aspirations, no desires, no memories, absorbed in this wide gray silence beneath the torrid sun, breathing this hot air which burned like a cleansing heat. I had no sensations either of sadness, weariness or happiness. I was nothing and the desert was everything. I shall never know such complete rest again in this world.

During that first day we passed through little villages, eked out around water tanks. Dark men moving languidly there like strong figures in a dream; Indian squaws squatting beside the railroad track with beads to sell—ugly, mysterious creatures, with their fat faces half veiled in long black hair that spread over their shoulders, as coarse as a horse's tail, smiling, always lifting their hands to hide these smiles—aboriginal sex betraying self-consciousness with desert modesty.

Now and then a work train showed up like a long red caterpillar on the bright burning rails. Mexican men walking back and forth; dark women, bare-headed, dipping shallow pans of water from barrels to wash their florid rags; naked children asleep in the sand.

It is the Old Testament of the earth, harsh and terrible.

We came at last to that part where every vestige of animal life disappeared; here were only the bleaching bones of beasts, old and very white. They could not decay and turn back to dust in this place. Horizons widened upon this ghostly waste, nothing to cast a shadow, night coming down from nowhere; day breaking over it as if this was the familiar home of the pale, gray light of dawn where nothing else could exist but light and darkness. No change until tall cactus columns began to appear, like monuments raised to heat and thirst upon this dying land that could not die, fore-ordained through all the ages to live, a Promethean waste, bound to these sands waiting for deliverance.

Once your ordinary senses leave you in peace, and imagination takes hold of your faculties, there is no marking of days and hours in your mind. Just so, I lost account of time, and I cannot tell now when certain mountains rose above the horizon on either side of the railroad over which our train was flying. But they were not like any I had ever seen before; snow capped, as lofty as that above the furnace of burning sand, naked, smooth, and as brilliant in the light of the sun as the jasper and amethyst walls of heaven. And they seemed to be closing in upon us, heading us off in the immediate distance. I do not know how I received this impression, but they appeared literally to be flying with incredible swiftness as the train moved and climbed more and more laboriously. The same mountains, you understand, drawing nearer, majestic and terrible, their bright sides flashing in the sun, carrying their peaks like white plumes, sky-high. Then a thunderous roaring in my ears, breathless oppression, horror at the flying herd of mountains that suddenly changed to blood red.

This was the last vision I had of the desert. It was growing dark before my senses returned to me. The train was fairly swimming through the gloom, swift and noiseless. Something had eased up. I could breathe. The windows of my section were open; no dust; cool air pouring in; strips of green showing on the gray level land outside; trees standing in squares on the dim horizon where those dazzling mountains swept by in a terrible race—not tall trees, but bunchy, hand-trimmed, no paleness of the desert upon them, neatly dressed in their dark-green leaves—obedient, yes! Staying where they were put. "Better people!" I reflected in the confusion of returning consciousness.

"All right now; getting your wind back?" a voice interrupted, and I was aware of the fact that a man with the medicinal countenance all doctors wear was bending over me.

I still lacked the wind to tell him how gay and saved I felt. They who come near the breath-taking experience of death must know the same refreshing satisfaction at finding themselves alive again.

"You made the grade, but it was a close shave," the doctor went on presently. "Better be careful. How much farther are you going?"

"Santa Barbara," I told him.

"You will make it. But go to bed, and see a doctor when you get there," he warned.

With some further assurances he took his leave and joined the procession of passengers going forward to the dining car.

I was left alone, and in my normal mortal mind for the first time since we had slid over the green rim of the desert on Tuesday. I was in my right senses because after you have spent two days and a night, in your imagination racing with mountains across the desert, your normal mind is depressing. It is like coming home to the same old house after a long journey and finding the same old worn-out things there you left when you started—disheveled memories, loose leaves of thoughts blown helter-skelter, forgotten plans scrawled in the dust of that place, something started here and something else begun there, nothing finished. By the shortest of hyphens in thinking, now, I suddenly connected what had just happened to me with other experiences not similar, but equal to the same thing.

On this train I had merely fought another one of those good fights, this time to keep soul and body together, and survived, as usual, by the skin of my teeth. This is the dominant characteristic of all the good fights I have ever had. Whether in the effort to outwit misfortune, survive devastating sorrows with courage, or establish the work of my hands, the effort invariably left me exhausted, ready to drop, but obliged to go on to the next engagement. This, I reflected, was no way to begin a pilgrimage in search of happiness. I had traveled three thousand miles to get a change of venue in living, and here I was flat on my back before reaching the end of the first lap in my journey.

I am equipped by Nature with two essentials for fighting good fights, and neither one bears the name of a virtue. They are temper and tenacity. One is a red-hot wedge of the spirit, and the other is the bench-legged front of the kind of mind I have. In the last ditch I am capable of negotiating a compromise, but not of surrendering a purpose. I once backed into the Strait of Gibraltar, figuratively speaking, when there was no intelligible reason for going through it at all, except that it seemed to me important to cover all the ground conceivable to my mind. This was in 1911.

I was going abroad for the first time, and quite without consulting anybody I resolved to land at the Strait of Gibraltar. In vain did friends more accustomed to ocean travel endeavor to convince me that I could not approach the lofty, sweet, lazy end of Europe by landing there. I fought it out with every steamship company in the country, and was obliged at last to disembark at another port. But that whole summer I traveled and doubled on my tracks in order to sail for home from Naples by way of the Strait of Gibraltar. What I mean is that my powers of tenacity are overwhelmingly stronger than my powers of reason, which of course relegates me to the lower plane of intellects. Even so, I have observed that willful people frequently achieve more in proportion to their natural ability than others better endowed mentally. The disposition to think reasonably of the difficulties involved in the enterprise may defeat a man before he tries his might against them. I never insult myself by taking a dare. When my funeral notice finally appears in our county paper it will be known by all those people who have known me personally that I did not die of a disease, but from the effort to do something that I no longer had the wit or strength to accomplish.

If I do say it myself, no woman has a more docile disposition or a milder temper under ordinary circumstances. I have bowed many a time with Christian brevity beneath the rod of misfortune without lashing out at Providence. I used always to obey my husband; that is to say, I do not remember ever withstanding him, unless perhaps in the matter of a little grudge I held at one time against Saint Paul when Lundy was his indignant defender. But this was a purely theological controversy, involving strong language but no real purpose I had in living. I practiced my temper and tenacity in secret for Lundy's benefit, and there could be no clash between us because he never knew much about my plans for him. But just let any obstructionist rise up any time during the past fifteen years to tell me I cannot do the thing I intend to do, and I see red. I not only hate that man, I despise him. His brains have made a coward of him and he is trying to impart his highly intellectual limitations to me, and so on, and so forth. I can abuse him for hours, turn him and wring him until his mildewed morals show between the pages of his glittering mind, and enjoy this exercise of my own hobnail virtues—the man of course having taken to his heels—and I am doing all this, with a woman's usual discretion, behind his back.

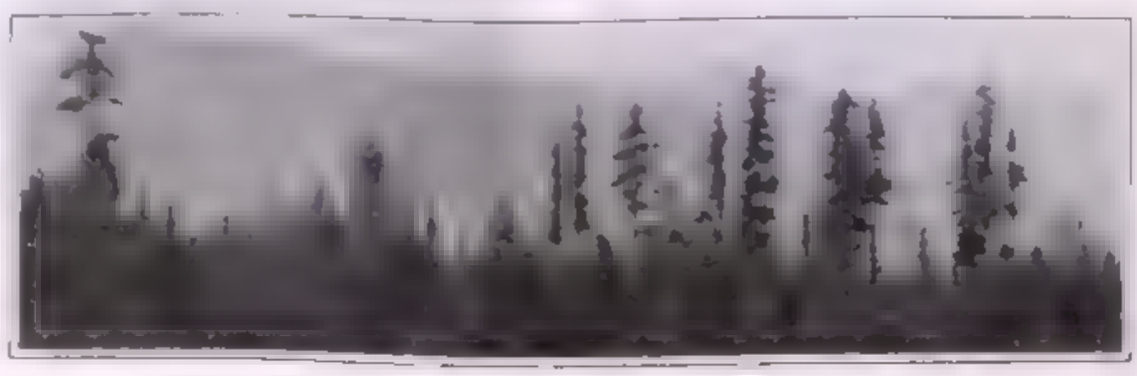
There is only one other class of people for whom I entertain the same kind of animosity. These are the intolerant, broad-minded citizens who call certain other people bigots and hypocrites because they do not agree with them concerning matters for the common good, like the Eighteenth Amendment, for example. Bigots are notorious for the good they have accomplished, in spite of the charity professed by sentimental weaklings for their own benefit. And there are no bigots among us so intolerant as those who show out behind the pewter platter of broad-mindedness.

This country was wrested from the wilderness and its pioneer civilization founded upon the laws of strictest integrity by those honest old hypocrites who burned witches around Boston and committed many transgressions in the effort to establish the liberties we now enjoy. Their methods may have been heinous at times, but their intentions were above reproach. No such defense can be made for these modern Pharisees. What they want is a license in living at the expense of other people's convictions, rights and decencies. You may be as logical and broad-minded as you like in thinking, but you can be neither the one nor the other in living, because here we are in the realm of instincts, appetites and emotions which have nothing to do with logic or purely artificial thinking. It is expedient then to tighten up the harness of laws upon our creature natures, which are singularly creaturefied in the ramping broad-minded class. They are the shrewdest of all hypocrites in their efforts to obstruct the development of a civilization.

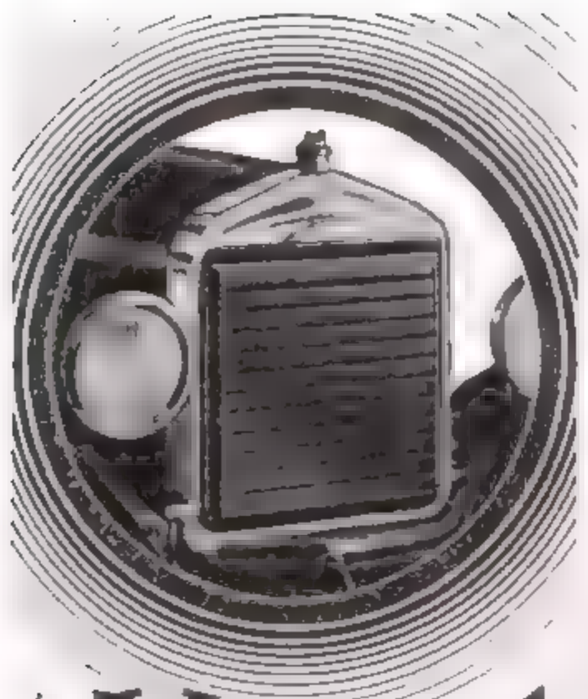
But let that go. I set out to record my own attitude to obstructionists. It was never the hardships of poverty, grief and anxiety that I found most difficult to overcome, but always one of these impotent intellectuals who had never accomplished anything, but had the gift of the devil for reasoning away my powers to achieve by hinting gravely and kindly at my limitations, either of sex, scholarship or native ability. To have withstood them required a great deal of impudence, but you are bound to admit that it was an impudence founded upon some kind of asinine courage, which is better than having no courage at all, or being the mean critic of valor in other people.

The conscious, or subconscious, fortifications I have had to maintain against the discouragement bestowed upon me by such people explains the hotness of my spirit. During that last winter at home I had unaccountable spells of vehemence which only the very pure in heart could have distinguished from fits of temper. I could neither think nor work: I had lost my dear powers of inspiration and interpretation, which are the only ones I possess as a writer. The superstition fell upon me that at last I had fallen under the spell of conscious incompetence such people had so often endeavored to cast upon me. Never once did I suspect it was due to a physical condition, because the greater part of my working years I have been ill enough to go to bed and send for the doctor. But I have regarded doctors as the benignant enemies of my spirit and have always avoided having anything to do with them.

Even now, lying back in my seat on this car, staring into the swimming darkness of the night, it did not occur to me that I was really ill. People in good health frequently lost their breath when they were hoisted over a great altitude across such mountains as we had just passed. What irritated me



Mount Arrowsmith, Vancouver Island



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VERNAY SHUTTER ALL YEAR ROUND

was the struggle to breathe even now on the level earth. I felt another fit of vehemence coming on, accompanied by a frightful wheezing. And I was able to calm myself only by resolving not to omit one jot or tittle of the long pilgrimage I had planned.

I arrived shortly after midnight of a starlit April morning at the Miramar, four miles out from Santa Barbara. This is not, literally speaking, a hotel. The old ranch house is still the family residence of those who descended from the original settler. It stands, you may say, within speaking distance of the waves of the Pacific Ocean, surrounded by trees and an immense rainbow puddle of flowers. Here and there tiny brown cottages are etched into the rim of this rainbow, low flung beneath the trees. I had one of the least of these. Calla lilies stood as tall as altar candles around this cottage. Fuchsia trees swung their rose and lavender bells against the windowpanes, and through a blossoming hedge of tall geraniums I could catch a glimpse of the ocean. Paradise scenery, very quiet—a good place to relax and rest.

Nevertheless, I did not sleep. I doubt if anyone sleeps soundly the first night in Paradise, and I was as peaceful as that, but awake, you understand, as if I was sitting up with myself in case something happened—a queer sensation.

The next morning I had another attack of vehemence, all the sensations of violent excitement; my heart fluttering like an angry old bird in my breast, with nothing in the world to be angry about.

The doctor came and there was a great to-do. X rays, cardiograms, measurements and tests, and consultations. While I was about it I ran the whole gamut of the medical profession in that place, from the doctor who took any kind of case from abstruse obstetrics to meningitis to the reigning heart specialist; not that I hold with specialists on principles, but I was trying them all out to get a more favorable diagnosis if possible. Nothing doing! I had a serious case of heart trouble, incurable. The only way to prolong life was to rest completely for the present, sleep twelve hours a day. I must not stand on my feet, must not turn over suddenly, but turn slowly, creepingly. I must not work, and above everything else, must not talk!

There is no occasion to go further into details. The symptoms of a defective heart are precisely the same as those of hysteria. I have known more than one woman to live to a green old age who nursed her good stout old heart like a frail orchid in her bosom, flinging fits upon the slightest provocation to tyrannize over her family, always threatening to die and never making good at dying. They are the disciples of selfishness, practicing the histrionics of morbid courage.

This is the test: If you are being victimized by one of these pale, sweet dramatists of nerves, remove her audience, leave the palpitating heroine resting uncomfortably on the floor where she fell under the expectation of being caught up in your strong arms as she went down. Her motive is horror, but she cannot put the thrills into her act if no one is present to watch and suffer with her through the performance. If you must stand by, give her a strong dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia. It is an anæmic medicine, but effective in relaxing neurasthenic *tragédiennes*. Once the sweat pops out on her cold marble-white forehead she is undone, she cannot hold her note, and you get the tears she meant to shed from the first moment of her seizure. But she will hold on to her murmur to the last, and nothing will cure her unless you commit the brutality of leaving her to writhe alone in her self-imposed anguish.

Such treatment is of no avail, however, in case of a really defective heart. Nothing can be done. You simply face your heavenly Father more intimately from day to day, not according to your comfortable faith in a far-off immortal life, but according to the very grave fear you have of becoming immortal sooner than you expected.

For a long time I could not grow accustomed to this feature of my case. Whenever I was awakened in the darker hours of the night by a very small pointed pain, sharp and sudden as a rapier thrust into the heart, the experience was invariably accompanied by a cold sweat of terror. I expected every time to be "asleep in Jesus" before morning, as the old script reads on so many tombs in forgotten churchyards. But when this happened frequently and I found myself alive in time for breakfast as usual, I digested my fears and let outraged Nature cut her capers. Observe, the fits of temper to which I had been subject for months changed to fits of fear due entirely to the fact that I now knew what had me by the throat. I doubt if the most exasperating tenant I ever had in the valley could have provoked me to wrath. Wrath under these circumstances was an indulgence too dangerous to risk. No better imitation of meekness ever existed in the humblest Christian soul than I now practiced. The way to face the inevitable is to be quiet about it. Do not stir the blasted thing up, or it will destroy you.

There is a shrewd economist, a sort of silent partner, in the last one of us, who never figures as favorably as he should in the histories and biographies we write of men. This other person we are prepares us for all our emergencies and for the inevitable at last, whether it is death or some greater misfortune. How is it that the blind have such a reputation for cheerfulness? Why is it that deaf people so rarely complain of their affliction, but sit politely silent among us, grateful as beggars who receive alms if we are sufficiently generous to raise our voices by way of letting one of them in on the ground floor of the conversation?

There may be men who have overcome their instincts so far by the practice of rationalism that they can die bravely, materialists to the last; but I have never known one with that much courage, and I have accompanied both atheists and bawling sinners into the shadows of death. Without exception, at the last moment, that other person in every one of them pops up and arranges matters comfortably for him, clears the dust from the vision of his mortal mind in time for him to embrace the great doctrine of immortality without passing through a sort of theological scourge to arrive. His religion is shortened up and simplified for him in this last emergency. But not by the preacher who attends him—no, sir!—though a preacher is a great convenience at such a moment; for even if he dies alone on the edge of black darkness that other person makes a light and pilots him out, reconciled and blessed as any other hard-riding old saint.

Whatever interpretation we may prefer for defining providence, even according to that circumstance recorded of how He sends the sun to shine and the rain to fall alike upon the just and the unjust, it is certain that He has predicted us according to a plan of peace by faith that cannot fail.

Just so, some meeker woman of my spirit whose influence I had not felt for sixteen years took charge of my affairs and laid me out. This was not the change I had planned, but it certainly was a change to be resting, propped high on these pillows, three thousand miles from the place where I had formed the habit of doing and achieving, and as many miles as that from any friend or relative who could weaken my horizontal fortitude by sitting up with me, watching me and worrying over my condition. One stands a better chance, even lying down, to come out of an illness in a normal and tenacious condition, if he takes to his bed among strangers. Strangers are kind enough, but they are not morbidly involved in your fate. They visit you, bring flowers, tell you you are looking so much better today, and go their ways, leaving you to proceed under your own power, which is the only exercise in courage you can possibly get under these circumstances.

I was obliged to cancel my reservations on that June boat for Honolulu, but a long way off I still beheld dimly the vision of those islands, east of East! The fingers of my mind still reached for the wild lilies blooming where Stevenson sleeps on top of that mountain somewhere in the Samoan Islands. And my imagination continued to dwell upon the bush lands of Australia. Queer about that. If I had gone to Australia I should probably never have got beyond the corporation limits of her civilization; but whenever you contemplate visiting any country with a single primitive human feature left, your mind seizes upon that; just as, for years after the Civil War, every New Englander who came South had a pop-eyed curiosity about negroes, and a sort of altruistic passion for making them worse, if he could. I had no such maudlin desire to pet an Australian Bushman, but I did want to find out what color he is, tall or short, and whether he has straight or kinky hair. I have seen only a few statues in the nude and I could not help wondering if Bushmen went about clad in a few switches or blades of grass.

I could not deny that my heart was in a very bad condition, and I was willing to agree with the doctors for the sake of argument that it would never be a good one again, hitting regularly on both cylinders; but who could prove that it had not been in practically the same condition for the past fifteen years! During this period I had made two trips abroad, including four months spent in the war zone in France in 1914. I had written twenty-three books, managed a farm and endured great tribulations. Therefore it seemed to me highly probable that I might still spend the last months of this holy year in Rome. Mussolini would no doubt have become even more interesting, which was forecasting the weather of his fame wisely—not that I claim any credit for that.

There was nothing wrong about the process of reasoning by which I reached these satisfactory conclusions. It was sound, logical, and covered the situation back and front. The trouble was with the premises. It always is. We can think only according to our point of view of the facts. So I am telling you that no man's merely rational conclusions are trustworthy. His logic is colored and directed, in spite of him, by what he wants to prove. If you arrive where you really belong at last you have got to take a jump through the spiritual hoop of your imagination, regardless of your little rational faculties. I have some agility at this business, but lying upon my bed at Santa Barbara, very weak and sorely oppressed by that sword of a pain in my breast, I was reduced to doing the best I could, according to the lower rational method of predicting my immediate future.

Half-Dome, Yosemite National Park, California

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.

IT'S THE *CREAM* THAT MAKES IT SO GOOD

It is *cream*, pure *cream* of especially high butter fat content that makes Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup so unusually good. You recognize the smooth, *creamy* richness from the first delicious spoonful to the last. You get this extra *cream quality* in addition to the flavor of sun-ripened tomatoes grown under Heinz supervision and cooked to perfection in Heinz sunny kitchens. Until you taste Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup you will not know *real cream soup* at its best.

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MADE WITH REAL CREAM

HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

THE CONNOISSEUR

(Continued from Page 19)

guilty of all three cardinal sins of being, looking and dressing—well, fifty, anyway. He could have forgiven her the first and, with a greater effort, even the second, too, but all three somehow indicated a perversity at once intentional and obstinate. To these, furthermore, Miss Olney added a fourth offense of spinsterhood, for which, to be sure, it wasn't altogether fair to blame her, but which Gilman Bray had always found an added reason for his disapproval.

Now, as he received her smile of greeting from the shadow of the sunbonnet, he found that the benign influence of the bicarbonate had mellowed him to a degree of affability so extraordinary that he could look, if not with full forgiveness, at least with tolerance on all four of Miss Olney's high crimes and misdemeanors. Indeed, as she stooped again to her trowel he was distinctly conscious of an access of benevolence that would have countenanced his lingering for a minute—an exchange of comments, perhaps, upon the weather, a compliment or two bestowed on the flowers.

In Miss Olney's manifest failure to expect any of these condescensions he saw as he resumed his way something poignantly pathetic; he dallied fancifully with a grotesque conceit in which he stopped at the gate, unlatched it, strode gallantly back along the narrow graveled walk and dedicated to that passive, unhoping spinster the full power of his compelling charm.

The idea caught insidiously at his imagination, so that he actually hesitated at the gate. He could almost see Miss Olney's flush of frightened, disbelieving delight, almost hear the breathless flutter of her voice as she looked up to find him at her side. He was startled, bewildered by the intensity with which the thought fastened on his sympathetic fancy. His step quickened as if to leave it behind, but in the sanctuary of the dusky reading room he found it still strong within him.

He drew a chair to the window and reasoned with himself. This was near the edge of downright lunacy; he had a pang of fear at the word, but even this made no impression on the stubborn, absurd delusion that he actually wanted to go back. Slowly, as he analyzed the impulse, he was reassured; it all fitted with his morning's humor after all. The secret of his pleasure in the company of charming women like Albertine and Fan had always been unselfishness; he made them happy and found his reward in the reflection of their pleasure. Till now this had been enough; he'd been content with a refracted glow that was no more than tepid, compared to the radiance that even a courteous gesture would induce in such a woman as Jane Olney.

He nodded. That was it. He'd merely progressed, developed. It wasn't enough, any more, to brighten such lives as Minnie Oliver's or Irene Pendleton's—he had climbed above that plane. There was something epic, tremendous, about the idea of illuminating the drab shadows in which Jane Olney dwelt. He fumbled vaguely for a quotation, found it:

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer ——

That was it exactly. He repeated the words under his breath. Glorious summer! After lunch —— He stopped the steward and confirmed an olfactory suspicion as to the impending meal. Chicken hash again! Frowning, he rose, resumed his hat and sallied forth. The hinges of the gate whined rustily and Miss Olney, crouching above a border, lifted a countenance of stunned question. The look went to Gilman Bray's head like absinth to a brain schooled to no more than beer.

"What is it, Wesley?"

The flutter in the voice fell gratefully upon his ears. It occurred to him, remotely, that he'd never wholly liked the forthright, aggressive resonance of the current vogue in women's voice; the quality of this one somehow harmonized with the unfamiliar name. He'd shorn away even the surviving W of Wesley, years ago.

"I just stopped in," he said, as if the episode were commonplace. "Your garden's looking lovely, Jen."

She regarded him with wide, puzzled eyes. He saw that she still sought some reasonable explanation of his presence, that it had not yet occurred to her that he was actually—calling on her.

"It needs rain," she said mechanically. "What—what did you want to see me about, Wesley?"

"I just stopped in," he said again. "I thought you wouldn't mind if I watched you a while. The club's lonesome this time of day."

He knew the potency of that remark; all women liked to hear unfavorable references to clubs, even those whose husbands got nothing for their dues except an opportunity to contribute to the Christmas fund. He saw it take effect upon Miss Olney, hearing it in all human probability for the first time.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I suppose it does." She gestured with the trowel toward a seat of painted cast iron. "Sit over there, Wesley. I'll just finish this border."

He felt a throb of compassion. Even now she hadn't altogether understood; there was still a visible quality of bewilderment in her face, and her hand fiddled uncertainly with the trowel. Seating himself, he crossed his legs and made conversation in his happiest vein; not even at the august Perrin dinner table could he have acquitted himself with better grace. Miss Olney, fumbling over the border, was required to contribute only monosyllables; presently, he saw, he would have put her almost at her ease. Conscious virtue welled up in him as he talked; he leaned back, expanding in the beam of his own beneficence.

It was too bad that he'd never reasoned it all out before; he was almost angry at himself for having wasted so much of his society on people like Albertine and the others, when the same outlay here would have accomplished so much more. Miss Olney, still, he thought, a little numbed by the miracle that had happened to her, rose, removed her clumsy garden gloves, faced him with visible uncertainty.

"It's been nice—this visit," she said. "You—you must come again sometime, Wesley."

He heard the sound of the screen door on the porch and, turning, saw the hatchet-faced maidservant in its opening. He touched the spring of the repeater: tink-tink-tink—twelve!

"Dear me! I'd no idea it was so late!"

"It's only twelve," she said; "but I have my dinner early."

The troubled indecision in her face quickened his sympathies afresh. It was wholly plain to him that she found her daring unequal to the presumption of actually inviting him to share that quaintly midday dinner. He yielded to a swift, almost peremptory impulse of high sacrifice.

"Couldn't I stay for dinner, Jen?" He made his voice sound wistful. "It's only lunch—left-overs—at the club."

"Why—why, of course, Wesley." She seemed, he thought, a little dazed. "We—we're just having chicken hash ourselves today, but if you don't mind ——"

"Mind! Chicken hash!" He made the words suggest ambrosial ecstasies. She led the way back to the porch without more speech. A persistent sense of high adventure followed him into the cool dusky hallway, the colors of its Brussels carpet hardly faded. He hung the pearl bowler on the peg of a huge walnut hatrack with a queer feeling of profanation. A glimpse of the parlor made him wonder how many years it had been since his last encounter with antimacassared plush chairs and fat carpet-covered hassocks. He almost tiptoed into the dining room when the lantern jaws of the maidservant summoned him.

Here, facing the object of his well-doing across a stiff-clothed table, he experienced a new, grateful glow of self-approval. His presence, he perceived, had already worked a visible improvement in Miss Olney's appearance. Without the atrocious bonnet and against the background of flowered wall paper, she was like a different person; there was in her voice and look a curious gentleness, and, trapping her glance before she had time to change or move it, Gilman Bray repeatedly found it fastened on him with a strange, appealing quality that was almost tenderness, as if her eyes sought to express the gratitude for which she had no words.

Himself, he suffered from no lack in this respect. Giving a critical ear to his discourse he felt that it was even more happily fluent than usual. He was distinctly at his best; sprightly anecdote, long since familiar at other tables, fell here on virgin hearing. Adding to gracious deed a graciously untruthful flow of compliment, he made it seem throughout the meal that it was she who conferred the favor, he who gratefully received it. At length he dwelt upon the dreariness of lunching at the empty club; he made it appear that only her hospitality had spared him this. Departing replete, he crowned his charity by pleading for permission to repeat the visit.

He saw plainly that Miss Olney hardly dared to credit this final gift of fortune. She hesitated, surveying him with eyes in which the melting look seemed to appear against her wish.

"Why, yes," she said uncertainly. "I suppose so, Wesley, if you want to."

"If I want to!" He gave the repetition an ironic glow that couldn't have been more eloquent if he had been addressing Albertine. The pearl bowler, as he walked away, assumed a swaggering tilt; the Malacca whirred in jubilating circles.

Disrobing presently in preparation for the nap to which by long-established habit he dedicated the early hours of afternoons otherwise too long for endurance, he found himself in a state of excitement that postponed slumber. He felt the thrill of an explorer in undiscovered lands, of the wandering miner whose chance-led blow strikes in upon free gold.

It was all absurdly clear now; always he had received in happiness in exact proportion to his giving. He had been mildly contented, for example, whenever he brought a trivial gladness to Minnie Oliver or Fan Gilchrist; flooding Miss Olney's spirit with pure rapture, he was repaid in corresponding measure. He sighed deeply as he composed himself to sleep; he'd wasted his time on all those pretty, charming women—women whom any ordinary person could amuse and gladden, women who married dull men like Gifford Buller and Gus Pendleton in naïve confession of their unexacting standards.

These seemed to Gilman Bray's enlightenment unworthy of his taste and talents. He realized that in this as in other matters he was a sophisticate, a connoisseur. Commonplace beauty, visible to the unschooled eye of raw amateurs like Johnny Bischoff or Bill Oliver, was beneath his dignity—mere shad roe to a palate educated to caviar.

The words followed him agreeably across the borderland of genial dreams: Caviar—Jen Olney—connoisseur.

The repeater tinkled four times, paused, sounded a single note and then three more. Gilman Bray frowned. Only eighteen minutes after four. He laid aside the London weekly with a certain impatience toward the important personages whose half-tone portraits failed, for once, to give him a subdued sense of congenial company. "At Bluster for the Point-to-point: Lord Chiselton, Captain the Hon. Cecil Caraway-Smith—Lady Miriam Adelstein." Mr. Bray dismissed them with something like annoyance.

From the windows he observed a parade of cars, headed, of course, toward the Junction and driven by women who deepened Gilman Bray's vague displeasure. There they went, as usual, to meet the 4:50 and fetch home the dull dogs they'd married!

He shook his head in contemptuous, understanding pity as Albertine's car passed. Fancy driving four miles just to ride back with Gifford Buller! Concerning Albertine the scales had fallen from Gilman Bray's vision. No wonder she'd married Giff—no wonder he'd married her! Perfectly mated—each absolutely obvious, neither capable of seeing anything that wasn't!

Almost reluctantly Mr. Bray went back to the card room. He felt that it was his duty to put in an appearance there each afternoon; he knew that the bridge players would feel slighted if he seemed to avoid them. It lay wholly with him to enliven the company; naturally, being men who depended on bits of pasteboard for amusement, they hadn't any social resources of their own. Left to themselves they'd sit around the table till dinnertime without saying a word except for their bids and the post-mortem incident to every hand. Mr. Bray compelled himself to endure the mild boredom of their society, although sometimes, especially since he had come to understand the secret of reflected pleasure, he wondered whether they were intelligent enough to appreciate his conversation at half its actual worth.

Today, addressing each of the four players by a playful pseudonym of his own invention, he felt a recurrence of this doubt, a weary distaste for his voluntary task. After all, people who could get pleasure out of the fall of cards weren't worthy of his steel. He related an anecdote so half-heartedly that he hardly blamed them for not laughing with more enthusiasm. A compliment on a successfully finessed knave sounded hollow even to his own ear, and the player to whom it was addressed exhibited, with something like impatience, the ace and king and queen still in his hand.

Mr. Bray fell tamely silent; presently, apologizing falsely, he withdrew. The evening papers failed to interest him; he abandoned after a brief experiment an attempt to entertain old Colonel Plimsoll with the story of two bootleggers. The penalty of his enlightened state came home to him.

After you'd hunted big game, he told himself, you couldn't get any thrill out of shooting rabbits; after that first experience in illuminating Jane Olney's desolation Gilman Bray had never really enjoyed such trivial philanthropies as mitigating the midday loneliness of Irene Pendleton, for instance, or dropping in at Minnie Oliver's for tea. Progressively, through the five supervening months, he had learned to feel a definite and positive distaste for all these lesser benefactions. It cost something to be, in this as in other things, a connoisseur.

Successively, as they rose in reproachful parade before his mind's eye, he examined and rejected a number of potential evening activities. He really ought to go out to the Bischoffs'—they must be wondering why he hadn't been there all this while. He hadn't shown his face at the Pendletons' either—not since their anniversary dinner. He'd promised to take little Sallie Bischoff to the movies, too, months ago. He scowled at the admonitory face of duty—let that Worrell pup take her. She wouldn't know any better than to like it! Time enough, after dinner, to decide where to go. The procrastination somehow cheered him. He ate alone and early and emerging to a welcoming twilight, left the choice of destination to his feet.

They carried him directly to the gate in the white picket fence; they led him along the gravel walk between dahlias and asters to the screen door of a vine-hung porch; they deposited him in a deeply padded plush

(Continued on Page 129)

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From a painting by J. F. Kernan

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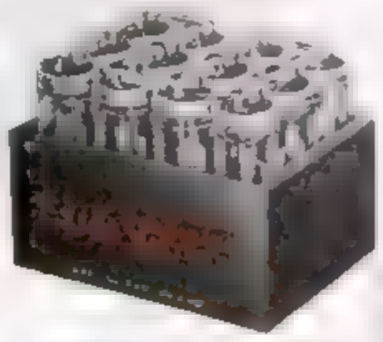

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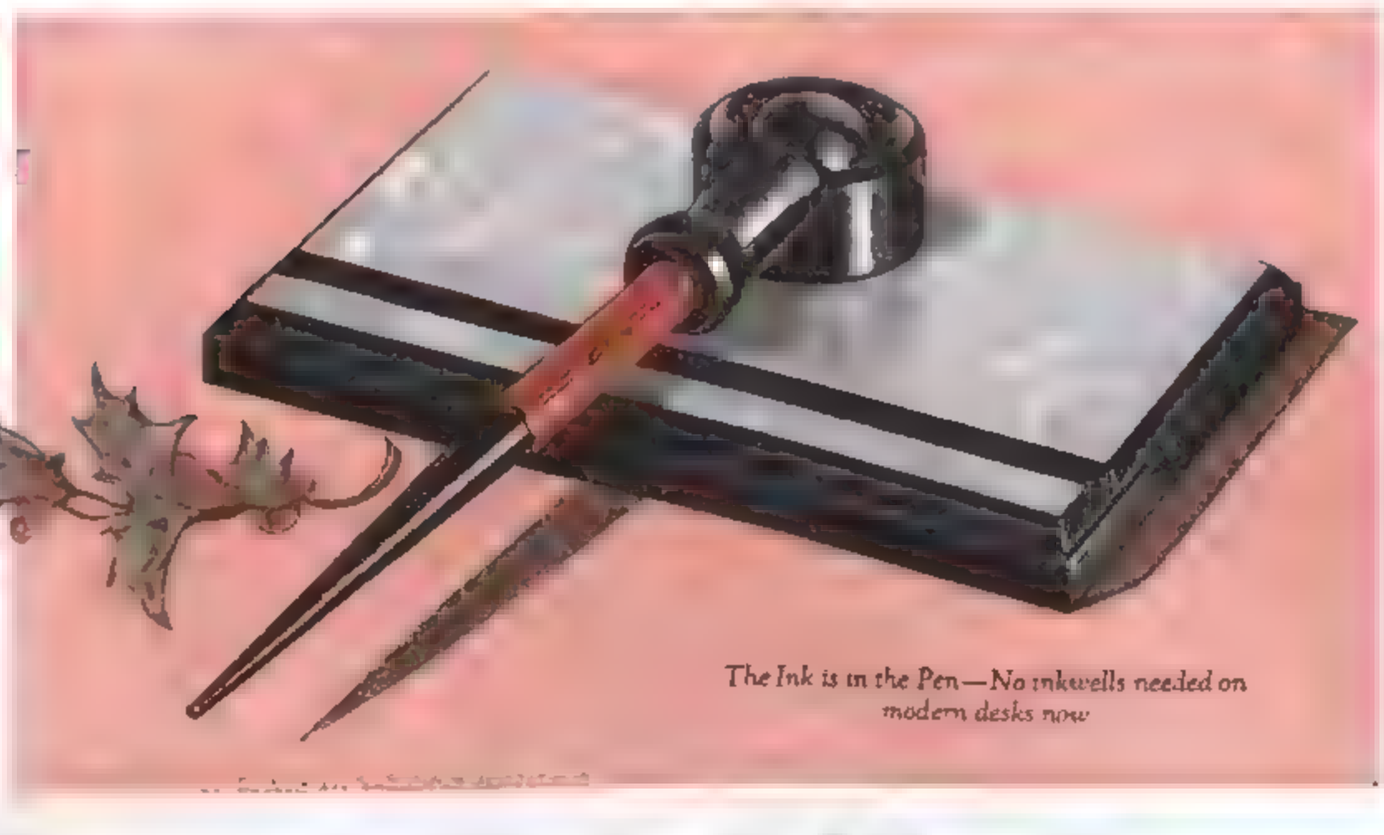
Base of Pearl Permanite on Black, or of Tortoise Shell, Edged with Gold Design Complete with Parker Duofold Pen, $16.50
Gift Box Included



The Ink is in the Pen—No inkwells needed on modern desks now

Here IS Something New to Give!

And Because the Pens Lie Level Without Drying Geo. S. Parker's Desk Sets Are Far Ahead of Others

All With Non-Breakable Permanite Barrels—And 25-Year Pen Point in the Parker Duofold

OF all the Christmas Gifts that have appeared this season, not one has caused such tremors of delight as these tapered Parker Duofold Fountain Pens in rich Glass and Permanite Desk Bases.

Here IS something new to give!

And all the more reason to give the one that permits the pens to lie level on the base *without drying*—always ready to write.

Parker's Ball-and-Socket Action does not hold the pens rigidly upright, as some. Nor merely let them tilt, as others. Parker's action permits the pens to move gently *in all directions from horizontal to vertical.*

Thus these Desk Pens do not remain sticking up in the way. No accidental blow can tip the set over or spoil the pen. And at night one can slip the Parker Set in a drawer and lock it up.

And also this—if anyone to whom you give the set wants to exchange the point, he can pick out any Parker Fountain Pen in the dealer's stock, and have it converted into a tapered Desk Pen in a twinkling.

Only the Parker Pens and Sets have this interchangeable feature!

Moreover, all Parker Duofold Points are guaranteed 25 years not only for mechanical perfection but *for wear!*

If that's the kind of set you want to give Christmas, insist on the original Geo. S. Parker and accept no other. Write us for illustrated circular if no Parker dealer is near.

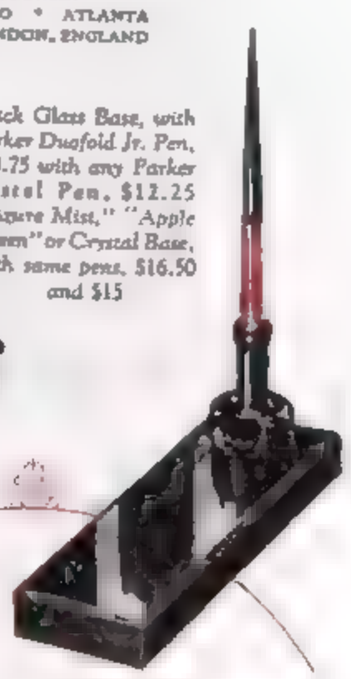
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

Complete Sets
Including Parker Duofold Pens, Bases and Gift Boxes, $10 to $35

Parker Duofold Desk Sets

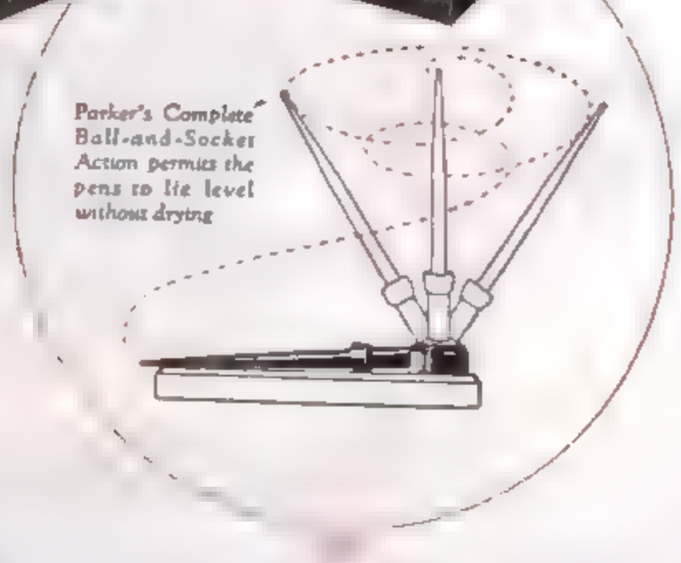
Black Glass Base, with Parker Duofold Jr. Pen, $10

Black Glass Base, with 1 Parker Duofold Pen, $17.50 or $19.50; with 2 Parker Duofold Pens, $27.50 or $31.50



Black Glass Base, with Parker Duofold Jr. Pen, $13.75 with any Parker Pastel Pen, $12.25 "Azure Mist," "Apple Green" or Crystal Base, with same pens, $16.50 and $15

Double Oval Base, Black Glass, with 2 Parker Duofold Jr. Pens, $31; with 2 Over-size Duofolds, $35



(Continued from Page 124)

chair and lifted themselves immediately to a plump hassock.

Dimly, from this position, they transmitted to Gilman Bray's mind a thought of slippers—carpet slippers with a worsted flower embroidered on the roomy instep of each.

Mysteriously the suggestion caught at Gilman Bray's fancy. He found himself carried helplessly headlong in the train of thought it set in furious motion. Slippers—a smoking jacket—an antimacassar behind his head ——

He caught in his breath as the vision cleared and steadied. The immensity of it dazed him, hypnotized him. Spellbound, rapt, fascinated, he stared at it, and, beyond and through it, at Jane Olney's face, transfigured in the gentleness of lamplight, the queer softening look about her lips.

If just by dropping in to call like this he could flood her being with that radiance in whose mere reflection he felt his spirit bask—again he caught his breath. Only Gilman Bray, only the most adept of connoisseurs, could have conceived this epic inspiration; could after one stunned glimpse of its splendor translate it instantly from shining fancy into yet more glorious fact.

He saw his previous irradiations as no more than firefly gleams against a pit-black night. Now she would feel the full, unfailing flame of noonday sun! She, who had joyfully taken mere niggard moments, should be overwhelmed with months and years.

He heard his voice. Remotely, as if he listened to an actor, he approved the tone; it did not offer, it entreated; it spoke not of her loneliness, but of his. Of Gilman Bray, as if he were a homeless dog, whining before a doorway! Artistically he even stammered on the amazing word: "M-m-marry ——"

Thrilling, he saw the sudden quiver of her lips; the tenderness of tears came to her eyes. If he had been free to choose her answering words he would have changed no syllable.

"Why—why, Wesley! Of course I will—you poor, poor thing!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

energy and enthusiasm which is bound to bring success and a big future. The head trackwalker has promised to promote me from the local tracks to the express tracks on January first, and will raise my pay on that date. It is my hope and dream that I may celebrate Christmas Day by giving my family hot soup all around. In view of these facts, may I humbly beg of you to postpone cutting off my gas until January first? Hopefully yours,

MORRIS BISHOP

Dec. 15, 1926

Serial No. J-23456
MR. MORRIS BISHOP.

Dear Sir: Your request for an extension noted. Would say that the calls upon our gas are particularly heavy in the holiday season, and in justice to our directors we cannot accede to your request. Our representative will call on December twenty-fourth to cut off your gas.

Cordially yours,
THE TOMPKINS CITY GAS CO.

Dec. 22, 1926

THE TOMPKINS CITY GAS CO.

Gentlemen: With reference to your Serial No. J-23456, would say that my efforts to borrow the sum of $9.00 have been vain, and if nothing can stir your hearts to mercy, my only recourse must be suicide.

Yours very sincerely,
MORRIS BISHOP

Dec. 24, 1926

Serial No. J-23456
MR. MORRIS BISHOP.

Dear Sir: With reference to your attempted suicide of this morning, we beg to call your attention to the fact that you consumed 15,000 cu. ft. of the company's gas in this attempt. The charge for this consumption, as reported by our representative who cut off your gas, has been noted on your bill. Action for this sum will be brought against you by our attorneys in case you survive, and will constitute a prior claim against your estate in case your attempt should prove successful.

With best wishes of the season, we remain, THE TOMPKINS CITY GAS CO.

Dec. 25, 1926

In This Season of Peace and Good Will
The Tompkins City Gas Company,
Clasping the Hands of its Clients
Who are its Dearest Friends,
Extends its Heartiest Good Wishes
For a Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year.

—*Morris Bishop.*

The Well-Bred Spider and the Fly

THE spider spun a web of wondrous sheen. Frail and gossamerlike, it hung suspended below an ancient oak in a dark forest glen.

The fly flew lazily into the forest. When he was still a hundred yards away the spider observed him, and immediately employed every feminine wile to win his attention.

She darted up a thin strand of her web, casting amorous eyes at the enraptured fly. She executed a graceful little dance. She spoke flatteringly of his masculine charms. She hummed little snatches of song, pouted, and hung her beautiful head in a coy display of wistful sadness.

Fascinated, the unsuspecting fly drew closer. The spell was upon him. He advanced to the outer edge of the web, ready to enter.

Suddenly the spider uttered a little shriek of horror. She had forgotten her breeding, her etiquette. There stood the fly, ready to enter her web.

Was it proper? Was it being done?
Should she invite him in?

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Tom

TOM looked so like a movie hero;
But now I rate him less than zero.
A week ago Tom said, "Old Thing,
Let's have a day of gypsying!"
He got a car for hire.
"With or without a driver?" "Oh,
I'll drive, myself!" he said, and so
He did. A blow-out! Heavy showers!
We had to sit there seven hours.

He couldn't change a tire.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

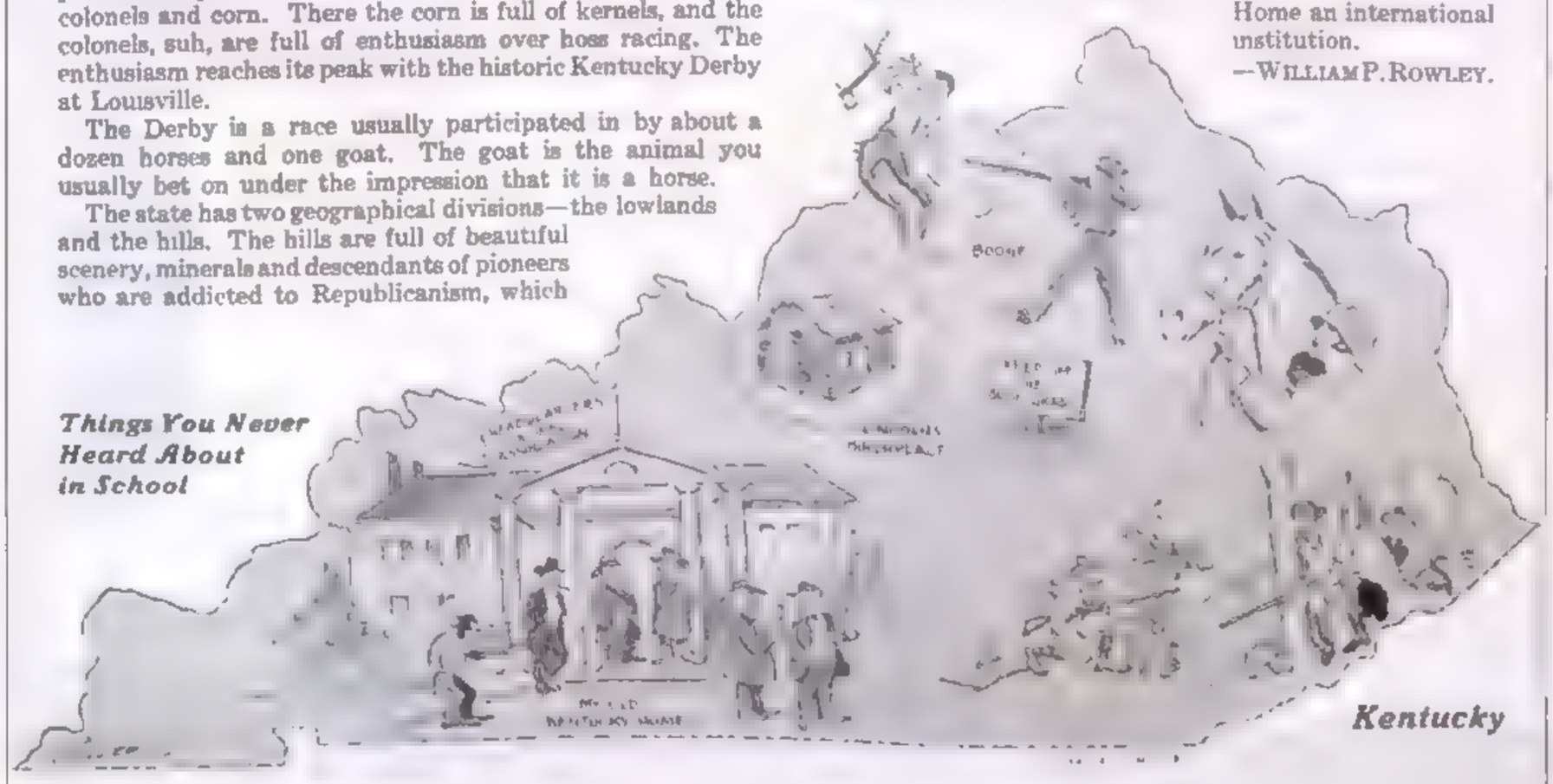
A Vest-Pocket Geography

KENTUCKY is the Blue Grass State. It is noted for its tobacco, its fast horses, its beautiful women and the proclivity of its citizens not to bother the courts with purely personal disputes. It is also noted as the land of courtesy, colonels and corn. There the corn is full of kernels, and the colonels, suh, are full of enthusiasm over hoss racing. The enthusiasm reaches its peak with the historic Kentucky Derby at Louisville.

The Derby is a race usually participated in by about a dozen horses and one goat. The goat is the animal you usually bet on under the impression that it is a horse.

The state has two geographical divisions—the lowlands and the hills. The hills are full of beautiful scenery, minerals and descendants of pioneers who are addicted to Republicanism, which in the lowlands ranks with horse stealing. Kentucky is proud of its sons, and glories in the fact that it gave Lincoln to the North, Jefferson Davis to the South and inspiration to Stephen C. Foster, the sweet singer who made the Kentucky Home an international institution.

—WILLIAM P. ROWLEY.



Things You Never Heard About in School

Kentucky

ACCORDING to the dictionary N. B. means "Take Note" or "Mark Well". You see it printed on notices and bulletins, calling your attention to some particularly important feature. On the

HATCHWAY
No-Button
Union Suit

it calls your attention to a feature such as you have never seen before, or ever will see, in any other underwear. It means NO BUTTONS. Absolutely buttonless front and back, without a single button anywhere in its entire construction, Hatchway guarantees complete freedom from petty annoyances and costly repairs. Not a button to get lost, cracked, or broken; not a buttonhole to gape and tear and rip; not a single uncomfortable pull or strain in the whole garment. It's knit to fit, and stay put, without a single button.

HATCHWAY is made to please every taste. To suit every pocketbook. Medium or heavy, in cotton, wool, worsted or mercerized fabrics. Most good dealers sell HATCHWAY UNION SUITS. But if you have the slightest difficulty getting exactly what you want, we will gladly see you are supplied, *delivery free*, anywhere in the United States.

Men's Suits—$2.00; $2.50; $3.00; $4.00; $5.00; $6.00

Boys' Suits—Ages 6 to 16 only—$1.50; $2.00

In ordering, please write, stating size and enclosing check or money order, direct to our mill at Albany A beautiful catalogue illustrating the complete line of HATCHWAY UNION SUITS in both winter and summer weights sent free on request.

DEALERS

Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany New York

Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada

Give Whitman's

The Candy Everybody Wants!

Whitman's alone cater to individual tastes in chocolates and confections.

By taking a little thought you can pay the real compliment of giving an assortment that will exactly suit the taste of the person who receives it.

Packages of known quality—names made household words all through the land because they stand for definite candy tastes, each package having an individuality and an appeal all its own.

Write for our illustrated descriptive circular and order form which will simplify your Christmas shopping, and enable you to make your candy gifts each a personal choice.

At the Whitman agency near you are all the Whitman packages, in special Christmas wraps and bands—Sampler, Pleasure Island, Salmagundi, Cloisonné, Bonnybrook Milk Chocolates, The Fussy Package, Nuts Chocolate Covered, Chocolate Covered Fruits and Nuts, the Wonderbox and others.

Every package of Whitman's is shipped direct to Whitman sales agents everywhere and doubly guaranteed.

Examine also the fancy holiday containers for Whitman's—unusual and beautiful boxes, baskets and chests.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia

New York Chicago San Francisco

WONDERBOX—Selected candies for children. Boxes show twelve different wonder-tales. Sold singly or by the set

PLEASURE ISLAND—A real find in chocolate treasure. A romantic package, also to be had in this outer "sea-chest."

A FUSSY PACKAGE—Nut combination, nut and chew-y centers. Special Christmas bands

BONNYBROOK MILK CHOCOLATES—New and already a great favorite—give it in its bright "Merry Christmas" band.

SALMAGUNDI—A "medley of good things" in chocolates packed in charming metal box, banded for Christmas

STANDARD CHOCOLATES—More than ever attractive in colorful holiday attire

CHOCOLATE COVERED FRUITS AND NUTS—Richness and luxury.

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED—Whole nut meats, embedded in rich chocolate

CLOISONNÉ—Chocolates in a beautiful box of metal—a gorgeous gift. Decorated with Christmas band. 3½ lbs. $5

THE SEARCH FOR OUR CASTLE IN IRELAND

(Continued from Page 25)

I discovered that all the time we had been searching the mountain roads for girlie's original old hat it was still right with us, wedged tightly between the rods of the baggage rack on the tail of the flivver. When I yanked the old hat loose at Dijon it was solidly caked with the white dust of France. We left it out with our shoes for the hotel boots, however, that night, so it was the old hat mom wore into Paris.

From that on the new hat that my little boy had picked out for the missus at the farm-implement store at Moutard was one of the greatest handicaps to my driving. As girlie just about fits into the rear seat of a tonneau, there was no room for the new hat any place except down at my feet. Trying to drive through the traffic of the *Grands Boulevards* of Paris while attempting to keep your own feet, hand luggage, two restless children and a St. Bernard suffering from delusions off a lady's new hat is—well, it takes the heart out of you. And I was handicapped by my ignorance of certain local traffic rules in Paris.

In the busy plaza in front of the Paris opera house, for instance, the traffic cop stationed out in the middle of the plaza sprung a new one to me. He first clears the whole plaza for action by raising his gleaming white baton, halting all automobile traffic in all the six or seven streets converging into the plaza.

A Man of Courage

Then, the plaza cleared of cars, he suddenly grasps the waxed right tip of his mustache and gives it a graceful twirl. This is the signal for all motor traffic in the three streets radiating off from the right tip of his mustache to charge into the plaza. This would be all right if a French cop had the strength of character to pause after the first graceful flirt with the right tip of his mustache. He can't do it. From force of habit, and to preserve the balance of the facial *ensemble*, up goes the hand instantly to give the left waxed point a graceful twirl also.

On comes all the traffic in the four streets radiating off from the left tip of his mustache. The cop saves his own life by scrambling up an ornamental electric-light pole, out in the middle of the plaza, and holding his feet close to his body when the opposing lines of cars crash. But I had my own troubles, what with trying to take on only cars my own size in the battle, and the children taking advantage of my preoccupation to get at mom's new hat and tie it on the St. Bernard's head, and mom screaming at me to rescue the hat from the half-wit mutt, and the children cheering, and the crazy St. Bernard's elbow poking me in the right eye every time the mutt made a pass at the hat.

We lost part of a mud guard and one suitcase in the rumpus, but as the suitcase contained only my own stuff, girlie took the loss calmly. A big motor truck, which was fortunately going out our way, finally batted us backward outside the city limits, and we had no troubles after that—at least not until our real troubles began in Ireland.

Merely a casual, harmless question that I put to a Dublin garage man, this McGraw gent I mentioned, started the first catastrophe just as I was all set to climb into the flivver one Monday morning and start westward across Ireland.

"My good man," I happened to remark, "I don't suppose the roads in Ireland are as good as they are in England, eh?"

I give you my word of honor that's every last word I said, but right away he went loco. Landing on both my eyes the way he did, without the slightest warning, he caught me off my guard. Even then I'd have killed the big plate of mush if girlie, as usual, hadn't butted in. With girlie's entire weight draped round me, holding my arms and screaming, what chance did I have to do my stuff to the big blah?

Taken off my guard the way I was, I had to stay in Dublin all that week, or until I was physically able to appear at the police-court hearing. Then the magistrate bawled me out when he heard what I had said to McGraw, but on account of my surname he let me off with a suspended sentence. It's a good thing it wasn't girlie on trial. Her maiden name was Cromwell.

Even when I could see well enough again to drive from Dublin to Athlone, our second overnight stop, I was in no fit physical condition to take on this Higgins misfit who attacked me there. Girlie, fortunately, wasn't on hand to cramp my style when I mixed it up with this Higgins; but as Higgins also went loco without the slightest warning, he also, of course, caught me off my guard or I would have killed him too.

I was stretching my legs in a stroll, the evening we arrived at Athlone, when I met up with Higgins on a little stone bridge. They usually come big, the Higginses—at least all I've met. McGraw, back in Dublin, was the biggest man in all Ireland, but this Higgins was easily twice as big as McGraw. He seemed a peaceful enough man, however, as I stopped him to ask the local name of the damp spot oozing under the little stone bridge.

"What name, my man, have you here for this little drink of dirty water, if any?" I asked Higgins politely.

Maybe I should not have added the "if any." And, later, I learned that often at Sunday-night concerts in the New York Hippodrome the great John McCormack sings a song about this same Athlone stream, always in a way that causes even Moe Ginsberg, the usher, to break down and cry as if his heart were breaking.

I didn't know these things then, so this Higgins caught me off my guard. Before I could get myself set to break his bull neck he had me over the bridge and into the muck they call a river. And when I tried to drag my feet out of the mud and break him in two, Higgins, being now firmly footed on the solid bank, was in an advantageous position, from which it required no skill to push an adversary back into the muck with repeated rights and lefts to the face.

"A drink of dirty water, is it so?" the big maniac would shout at each new wallop. "Well, drink deep then, my bucko, where the River Shannon flows!"

Night fell. I had Higgins played out by that time, so he finally went on his way and I scrambled out to solid ground. Before I could get at him he had faded in the darkness.

The Warrior's Challenge

Instead of our expected one night at Athlone, we were there four days. I was well enough, really, to start off on the third day; but just as we were about ready to pack and move onward the little half-portion doctor who had been attending me came to the hotel to take a last look at my face. I hadn't had my morning coffee, and the little doc wasn't any too gentle with the adhesive plaster. To make matters worse, just when he was ripping off the biggest strip of plaster on my face the little squirt began to sing Where the River Shannon Flows.

As I often tell the missus I'll stand just so much, then look out from under! All I meant to do was just to grab the little fellow and shake the song out of him, but my foot caught in the carpet or something and he caught me off my guard.

The doc, thinking I had suddenly gone delirious, was on top of me the instant I fell. He didn't knock me down. I fell. And still thinking I was off my head, he grabbed the bedclothes and had me tied up helpless, hand and foot, before I could realize what he was at and paste him one. It was afternoon before I woke up from the shot of morphine he had jammed into me.

Girlie knew just as well as I did that I wasn't delirious, nevertheless, when I finally woke up I was still tied up just as tight as I had been when the little doc left—tighter. And instead of untying me, girlie just sat down beside the bed and talked to me all the rest of the afternoon.

"One final word and I am done," she concluded as darkness descended. "Since landing in Ireland you have asked the natives only two questions. You are now just two questions over your quota. From now until the day we leave Ireland, all you have to do is to shut your big trap and chauff."

That's how much sympathy I got in my weakened physical condition. But girlie and all the Higgins and McGraw gents alive can't intimidate me. In fact, I want to pause just long enough right here to tell young Mr. McGraw to his teeth in plain type that I saw some country roads in Ireland that were worse than the roads in England. They were rotten. Is that plain enough? Rotten! Yes, and I here and now tell this Higgins bird also that if the damp spot I saw at Athlone is a river, then our cellar in Brielle, New Jersey, after a heavy rain, is the mouth of the Amazon. And my address, Messrs. Higgins and McGraw, is the Grand Hotel du Lac, Vevey, Switzerland, and you can always find me right here. They'll get fat, these birds, trying to throw a scare into me.

Accidents Will Happen

When I've finished my business with these two bright little boys at our next meeting I intend to conclude the session by standing over them and telling them in complete detail also what I think of the roads through three sections of Central Ireland that are known now as the devastated regions.

The first of these devastated regions we bounced into was, until recent years, the site of a splendid statue of Ireland's late revered ruler, King George III—up to the time that the British Army moved out of the local barracks and the new Irish Free State Army moved in. While the lads of the Free State Army, it seems, were studying the mechanism of a field gun on the day of their arrival, the gun accidentally was discharged. The first shot happened to knock the king's block off. A few minutes later the same accident occurred, the second shot slamming King George in the slats. So it went, day after day, or until the boys had learned to control their field piece; but by that time the king was a mess.

At the second devastated region we came to I met up with four major generals of the Free State Army who were stationed in the local barracks, and the four gentlemen kindly dropped their card game of forty-fives and personally conducted us to the spot, now a chasm, which until recently was graced with a statue of the eminent British statesman, Robert, second Viscount and Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Castlereagh—or, as he has been affectionately remembered in Southern Ireland for a century, Blatherskite Bob. Accidents had happened here also, the major generals all told us, while the boys were at target practice; or as one of the gentlemen, Major General McElhenny, well phrased it, boys will be boys.

The third of the devastated regions we came to can now be crossed only in a balloon. We had to make a lumpy detour of sixteen miles to get round the artificial hole. Until a regiment of the new Free State artillery arrived—care-free, high-spirited lads all of them—the middle of the newly created valley was a high mound decorated at the peak with a beautiful statue of William of Orange. You would never know William now. This whole region, in fact, now ranks first among European exhibits of its kind, the second being Verdun.

Continued on Page 133

AUTOMATIC

Just press the trigger – there's your light

It must have been a relief to grandpa when center-fire cartridges replaced flint, fuse, priming cap, powder horn and shot bag; when the musket bowed to progress and invention. Certainly Dad rejoiced when he traded in his get-out-and-crank automobile.

And now we no longer see the get-out-and-crank lighter!—at least not in critical company.

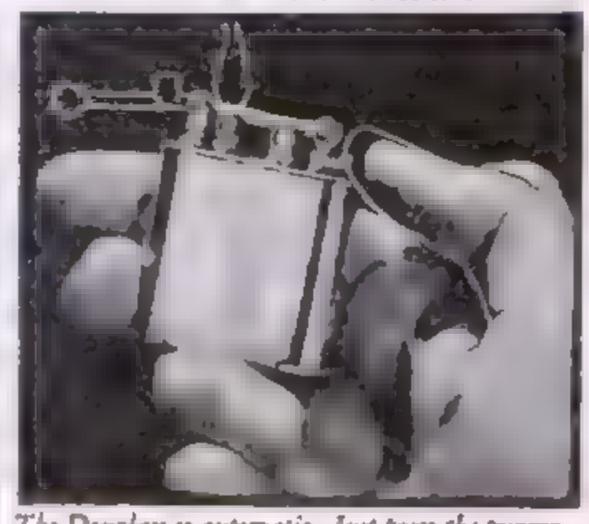
A new lighter, the Douglass, produces a flame at the mere pressing of a trigger; is startling in its simplicity, in its precision. Lighters of yesterday will soon repose as curios on the mantel—under grandpa's musket.

The new Douglass, in gold, silver, or leather covered, will make many a smoker's way easier this holiday season for it graces vest pocket or vanity equally well and is a gift supremely certain of appreciation.

DEALERS who haven't yet stocked the Douglass should wire Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago, for an assortment. The Douglass Co.

The Douglass Lighter

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT



The Douglass is automatic. Just press the trigger—there's your light! At your favorite tobacconist's or jeweler's—the name Douglass on the bottom of each lighter.

MANSFIELD

Built ~ Not to Undersell, but ~ to Overserve

Three Times as Many Friends

Recognition

THE great annual festivals have a way of reminding us of former celebrations.

A year ago, this organization had cause for celebration because twice as many people were riding on Mansfield Tires as had known them from experience a year previous.

Now, a year later, three times as many car owners are experiencing Mansfield Tire Service on their cars.

It is an inspiring thing to be able to make a better Tire—but it is even more inspiring to win and hold such astounding *recognition* of superior quality and value.

The very great privilege it is to deserve such recognition, implies the very great responsibility to continue to deserve it.

To the great Hardware Wholesalers who make the Mansfield standard of quality possible by lowering the cost of tire distribution—

And to car owners everywhere, we repeat,—"The standard of quality *is* higher"—and always will be.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

The Cost of Distribution is Lower ~ The Standard of Quality is Higher

(Continued from Page 131)

But the happy day finally arrived when we were out of the last shell hole and bowling westward on the splendid highway justly celebrated as the Ballaghaderreen-Cushlamadhuhgdheen-Blannydhawshkillik Road. It's a credit to Ireland, that road - to any country. In English the name of the road means, in fact, the Highway Across the Little Bit of Heaven That Fell and They Called it Ireland; but the natives have whittled that cumbersome title down simply to the Ballaghaderreen-Cushlamadhuhgdheen-Blannydhawshkillik Road for the convenience of visiting motorists.

"At last we are on historic ground, children," I cried, as we zipped along the beautiful highway. "This is the very road that Uncle Malachy's beautiful young aunt, the madcap Lady Kate, followed—the time she lepped on the back of one of her sainted father's herd of superb Arabian stallions and rode like the wind all the way across Ireland, from our castle on the west coast to Dublin Town. As Uncle Malachy always said, Lady Kate was a case. She had had some sort of girlish tiff, it seems, with a school friend, the then uncrowned and youthful Victoria, later Queen of the Sassenachs; and madcap Katie dashed across Ireland just to give the grandest ball Dublin had seen and get square with the Queen-Victoria-to-be by not inviting her."

"An' sorra the day," the missus broke in, "that same blow killed the Queen in her youth, so it did."

But blooey for that kind of stuff—the children and I just paid no attention. We reveled in every historic inch of the highway until, a few miles to the westward, we were forced to leave it. We had to detour for miles round a section where, by an odd coincidence, a monument of this very same Queen Victoria had stood until the Free State artillery arrived.

And I never could find the Ballaghaderreen-Cushlamadhuhgdheen-Blannydhawshkillik pike again. I couldn't ask the natives to direct me back to it. I couldn't pronounce it. We were sunk. I did have, however, a pretty good idea of the general location of our castle. Its towers and turrets, as Uncle Malachy used to say, combed the clouds of the heavens at the extreme end of a noble, lonely headland of the Atlantic, called Carrickyvegraly Point. But not a native could get my pronunciation of Carrickyvegraly.

A Retainer's Humble Cottage

For days the best we could do was to keep our ears open until we heard someone mention some burg or other having a name of only two or three syllables—something we could pronounce. From Tulsk, say, we would go to Sligo. At Sligo we would hear the word "Tuam" and zigzag south to Tuam, and so on. Finally, when I found myself driving into a little town called Ballina for the third time in the same week, I just chucked my whole routing system and steered west by dead reckoning.

"Just find the Atlantic," Uncle Malachy used to say, "and you can't miss the castle."

You can imagine our relief then when, one pleasant morning, on our third complete tour of the County Mayo coast line in search of the castle, we caught up with a wagon that displayed on the tailboard in bright green lettering, "The Carrickyvegraly Point Lobster and Kelp Company, Ltd."

I threw the fliv into low and slowly followed the wagon out to the extreme end of the noble lonely headland of the Atlantic, called Carrickyvegraly. We were standing at last on the sacred soil of my people.

Someone—need I mention the nationality of the miscreants?—had been there before us.

Never before had I looked upon such a scene of barbarous, destructive sheer devilry! Not even a tree of our old castle park that Uncle Malachy had described had been left standing by the Sassenachs in their wild lust for revenge. Of the great castle itself not a stone remained upon stone.

I could see it all—the craven invaders skulking beyond castle walls until their betters were far overseas: the fear on their hideous faces when they at last nerved themselves to cross the portcullis; their wild screams of hate when fear faded at last in the mad scene of revengeful destructiveness.

A humble cottage—once, no doubt, the proud little home of one of our under gardeners or kennel masters—stood alone at the extreme end of the noble lonely headland. That was all they had left standing. Sadly I entered the roofless small cottage, peering about for antiques in the living room. Nothing remained but a wheelbarrow.

Unconscious Leave-Taking

My intention had been to stay there a week, making catalogue lists of the antiques and tapestries. Small chance had I now of recovering the antiques—far scattered long since among grand homes in England. The desolation repelled me, unmanned me. And when we got back to the fliv the St. Bernard in the meantime had chewed girlie's new bonnet to ribbons.

"I might have known what we'd find!" she screamed hysterically. "A wheelbarrow! A wheelbarrow! Oh, for a good firm grip this minute on your sainted ancestor's pick or shovel!"

She was in no mood to reason with. And all the way back across Ireland she —— Well, only a lady of her physical stamina could keep up to top form that way, day and night, from the west coast to Dublin, and survive such intensive internal combustion.

The first time she smiled again was when a big hulking dock hand—one Donnelly, he turned out to be—raced aboard our boat, just as we were casting off from the North Wall docks of Dublin, with a last load of hand baggage and knocked me down with his lumbering wheelbarrow.

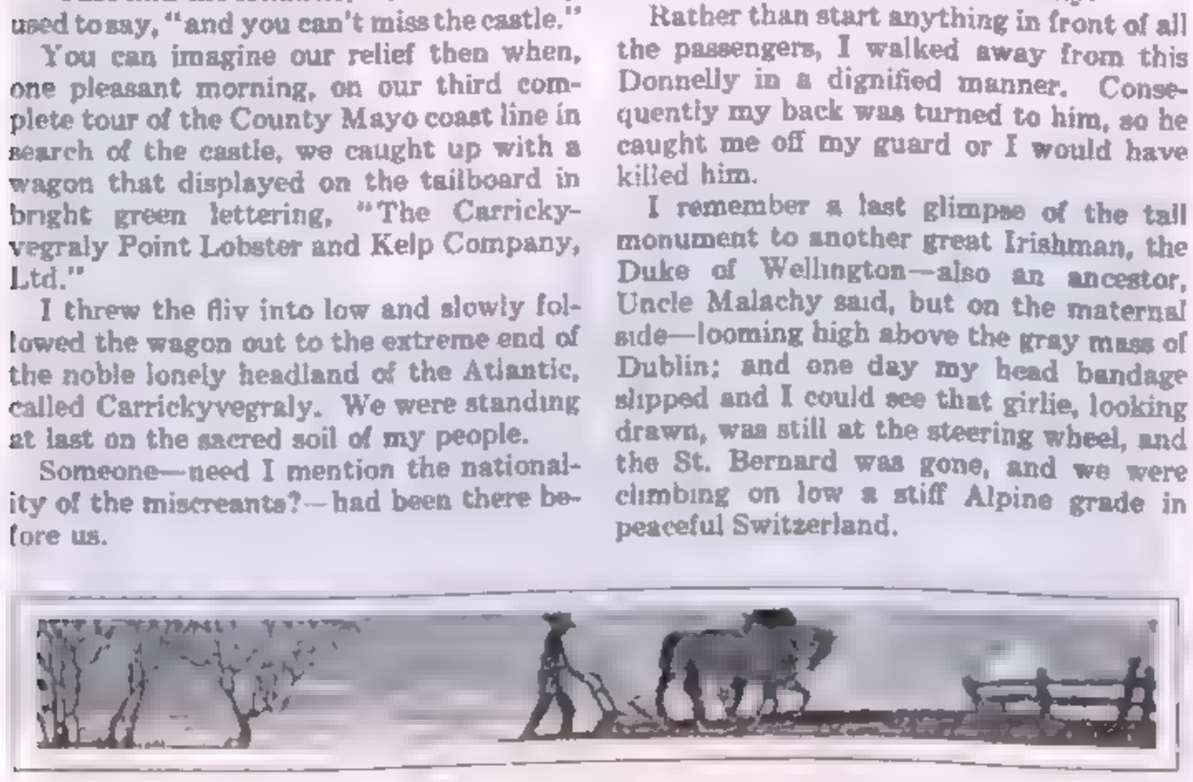
"A phweelbarrow!" cried the missus, with a long, merry laugh. "Sure an' all," she added, in her sour idea of a brogue, "'tis a weepon most appropriate."

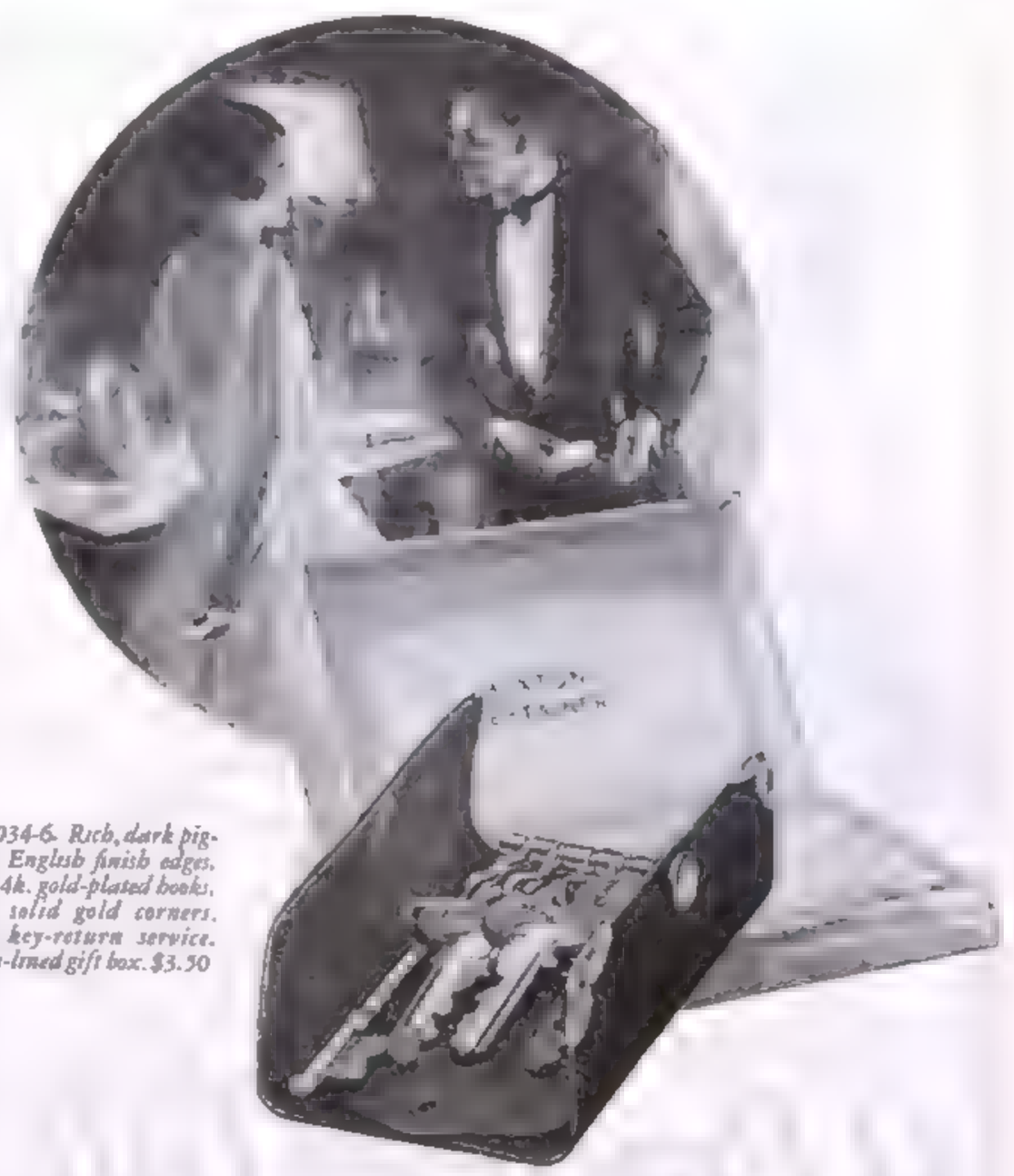
The big Donnelly lout was ashore again and the gangplank withdrawn before I could get at him. But I stopped his derisive grins when, across the slowly widening gap as the boat began to move away from the pier, I told him what I thought of him.

I had started off with "hulking, swinish, bat-eyed, cavery-faced pup" and had worked along through "white-livered English, Scotch-Irish terrier" in my remarks to the receding Donnelly, when out on the pier ran a high-hatted gent, waving wildly. So the boat backed to the pier again and once more pushed out the gangplank; and the plug-hatted gent stepped aboard with us—several paces behind Donnelly.

Rather than start anything in front of all the passengers, I walked away from this Donnelly in a dignified manner. Consequently my back was turned to him, so he caught me off my guard or I would have killed him.

I remember a last glimpse of the tall monument to another great Irishman, the Duke of Wellington—also an ancestor, Uncle Malachy said, but on the maternal side—looming high above the gray mass of Dublin; and one day my head bandage slipped and I could see that girlie, looking drawn, was still at the steering wheel, and the St. Bernard was gone, and we were climbing on low a stiff Alpine grade in peaceful Switzerland.





No. 034-6. Rich, dark pigskin, English finish edges. Six 14k. gold-plated books. 14k. solid gold corners. Free key-return service. Satin-lined gift box. $3.50

A GIFT always welcome—

always in good taste . . .

A SUITABLE gift and one that reflects your own good taste—that's the ideal in Christmas giving.

Buxton Keytainers fit that description exactly. In few other gifts do you find such a rare combination of utility and beauty. There are models for both men and women, and for almost any number of keys.

In a Buxton Keytainer keys lie flat, compact, convenient. Always at the finger tips when needed; no tangled sharp bits of metal to tear holes in pockets or handbags. Strong one-piece revolving hooks with hump locks that do not break, bend or get out of order. And the patented pocket flap keeps the Keytainer always in shape.

Beauty of fine leather and of expert hand workmanship is combined in Buxton Keytainers. You can't choose a handsomer gift, nor one that goes so well with other personal leather accessories. Priced from a dollar up, to suit any purse. An added feature is the Buxton Key-Return Service. Ask the sales person to tell you how it operates.

Key-Return Service

These two cards carry the same number. One you fill out with your name and mail to Buxton. The other, *without your name*, but bearing your number, stays in the Keytainer and offers a reward to finder for its return.

Write for further information and a booklet to BUXTON, Inc., 326 Main St., Springfield, Massachusetts.

In Canada, The Julian-Sale Leather Goods Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

No. 0110-4. Velvet calf, brown or gray, calf-lined. 4 books, 14k. gold-plated; holds 8 keys. Free key-return service. $2.75.

No. 037-6. Brown alligator calf. 14k. solid gold button and corners. Six 14k. gold-plated books. Free key-return service. Satin-lined gift box. $7.25. Others $2.00 up.

No. 02-6. Brown cowhide. 6 one-piece revolving books; holds 12 keys. Free key-return service. $1.00

BUXTON KEY-TAINER

A Practical Gift for Every Man

A MAN will appreciate your good judgment when he receives the new Van Heusen Christmas Box. Thereafter daily satisfaction will remind him of your discriminating thoughtfulness.

The Van Heusen is the accepted collar among smartly dressed men, for it has style and comfort *woven* into it by an exclusive, patented process. The secret of Van Heusen superiority—as millions of men know—is in the way it's made, in its perfect woven-in-curve and fold; in its single piece of smooth, sturdy, multi-ply fabric—no bands, no seams, no need for starch.

A Most Acceptable Gift

Six of the World's Smartest Collars, in a special Christmas Box that is all ready for the tree—a wonderful gift for three dollars.

Which of the twelve Van Heusen styles does he wear? When he isn't looking, go to his bureau drawer and glance at the neckband of his collars. Then run—DON'T WALK!—to the nearest haberdasher, who'll greet you with a smile and the beautiful red-and-green box.

It's a fine way to solve the Christmas problem—the giving of a *useful* gift.

12 Smart Styles at Fifty Cents Each

PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's *Smartest* Collar

AMERICA IN POLAND

(Continued from Page 23

much-partitioned land became another battleground during the Russo-Polish struggle of 1920.

All this was bad enough, but out of this débris had to be reared an absolutely new state. Construction was impeded by the fact that there were three Polands—namely, Russian, German and Austrian, with conflicting religions and languages. At the present time seven different tongues are spoken in the republic. The people had no experience in self-government. Furthermore, when the Poles finally got down to peace with their neighbors they began to quarrel among themselves. The passion for politics to which I have referred now ran riot.

When Pilsudski asserted himself last May there were exactly thirty different party groups in the country. One handicap on material progress is that the nation has not yet outgrown the habit of looking at its economic ills through political spectacles.

Poland primarily is an agricultural country. Since much of it was laid waste in the war and a large part of the equipment destroyed, the return to normalcy was delayed. Approximately 65 per cent of the population get their living from the soil. A larger percentage of land is under cultivation than in any other European country. One of the acute problems is a landless peasantry, so far as ownership is concerned. It is the exact opposite of France, where there are 5,000,000 farm proprietors. The big estate on an almost feudal basis still obtains. It gives the Polish radical a good arguing point.

Following the achievement of independence, Poland's constant concern, to quote an observer at Warsaw, has been "to put marrow into the bones of the nation's financial and economic structure so as to provide a basis for prosperity which would reënforce political freedom."

Minted in Philadelphia

Since 1918 there have been four distinct epochs in the economic life of the country. The first began with the Armistice and continued until December, 1923. This was the period of national organization, including the setting up of parliament and the election of a president. The war with the Bolsheviki was successfully waged, frontiers definitely defined and the farmer turned from the sword to the plowshare.

The second era extended from January, 1924, to the latter part of 1925. The outstanding feature was the return to a stable currency on a gold basis. The Poles abolished the mark and substituted a new monetary unit called the zloty. The word means "made of gold." Hence in referring to a gold zloty you must use the words "zloty zloty." At par, its value is equivalent to that of the French gold franc, which is 19.3 cents. At the same time Poland created a central bank of issue—the Bank of Poland—with substantial gold reserves and a capital of 100,000,000 zlotys, which was oversubscribed by the people. Almost immediately the zloty went to par. All the silver zlotys—they numbered 48,000,000 were minted in Philadelphia.

It was during the third cycle, which started in 1925, that confusion reigned. This was the time of depression and ultimate readjustment. There were two main contributory causes. One was an orgy of spending; the other was the crop failure, which necessitated large purchases of flour from abroad. This drained the resources of the Bank of Poland so that it was no longer possible to intervene when the parity of the zloty was threatened. In consequence exchange broke and credit and confidence temporarily took flight. Moreover, unsettled conditions in Russia destroyed the market for Polish goods, while increasing friction with Germany over Upper Silesia interfered with exports to the west. It was just about this time that the coal agreement between Germany and Poland expired and the Germans practically stopped their consumption of the Polish article. Added to all this was the usual political mess growing out of the welter of parties. Nevertheless, the country pulled itself together. Rigid national economies were effected and a drastic tax scheme enforced.

A British Benefaction

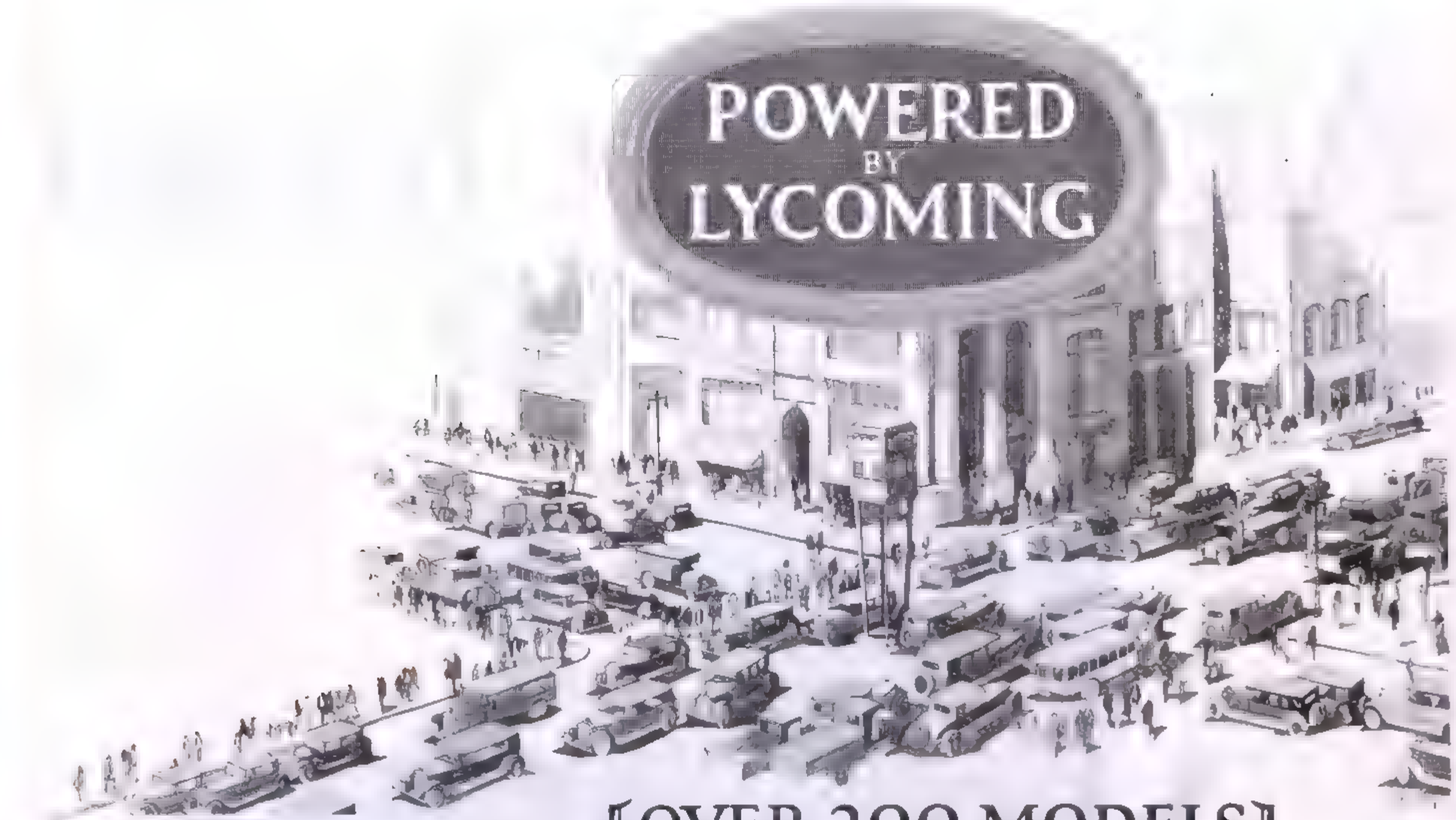
The fourth stage began with the new government deal following the Pilsudski coup of last May. As in Italy and Spain, authority was concentrated, and it was possible to encourage the introduction of fresh foreign capital on a sound basis. It was shortly after Pilsudski took hold that the Anaconda-Harriman transaction, over which three cabinets had temporized, was put through.

There has been a distinct economic improvement all around. At the time I write the budget has been balanced and the zloty remains around eleven cents. Compared with the depreciation of the franc, this is strong. The British coal strike proved to be a godsend for Upper Silesia. Like the Germans, the Poles have capitalized England's latest trade-union folly. In July alone the exports of Polish coal to former British markets, including England, aggregated more than 500,000 tons.

This leads to an important fact about Poland which may as well be disposed of

(Continued on Page 137)

The American School for Nurses in Warsaw



{ OVER 200 MODELS OVER 4000 DEALERS }

Nearly half a million owners

This busy street scene shows only about 60 cars and trucks.

The more than 200 Lycoming-Powered models (no two alike) would block the traffic all four ways. That gives you some idea of the wide variety of makes, styles and prices from which you can choose a car or truck and still have Lycoming Power.

65 different passenger models—sedans, touring models, coupes, roadsters, coaches, broughams, town cars, etc.; also more than 135 trucks in all standard body types—all powered with Lycoming Motors.

Nearly half a million owners know what this means. They have enjoyed, by actual experience, the results of Lycoming's eighteen years' specialized experience in motor creation, the great resources of this highly developed organization, the facilities of the Lycoming plants, the uncompromising Lycoming standards of workmanship and precision.

The makers of these 200 different models have added the strength and matured ability of Lycoming to their own broad experience and resources. In collaboration with them, working toward their individual ideals of excellence, Lycoming has designed motors of four, six and eight cylinders in line, each adapted in power rating and structural detail to the particular car or truck for which it is intended.

This great group of Lycoming-Powered Cars and Trucks is now illustrated and described in a single book. Prices and main specifications of the various makes and models are given in convenient form for ready comparison—ample information to enable you to select those models about which you wish more complete details.

This unusual book will be mailed free to any responsible person. In writing, please state whether interested in a passenger car or a truck.

LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY • WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

CARS and TRUCKS Powered by LYCOMING

WHAT MODEL? Passenger Cars	AT WHAT PRICE? $1035 to $1850	$1501 to $2000	$2001 to $2500	$2501 to $3000	Above $3000
Roadster					
Auburn	4-44	8-88	—		
Auburn	6-66				
Elcar	4-55	.....	8-81		
Elcar	6-65				
Gardner	—	6-A	8-A		
Gardner		6-A	8-A		
McFarlan				8-42	
Roamer		8-80			
Coupe					
Auburn	4-44	.....	8-88		
Auburn	6-66				
Elcar					
Elcar	4-55				
Gardner	—	6-A	8-A	—	
McFarlan	—	—	—	—	8-72
McFarlan	—	—	—	—	8-73
Roamer	—	8-80	—	—	—
Brougham					
Auburn					
Gardner	.....	6-A	—	—	
Gardner	.....	8-A	—	—	
McFarlan	—	—	—	—	8-74
McFarlan	—	—	—	—	8-79
Roamer	—	—	—	8-88	
Touring					
Auburn	4-44				
Auburn	6-66	—			
Elcar	4-55	—	8-81		
Elcar	6-65				
Gardner	6-A	8-A	—	—	
McFarlan	—	—	—	8-45	
McFarlan	—	—	—	8-47	
Roamer	—	—	8-86	8-88	
Sedan					
Auburn	4-44				
Auburn					
Elcar					
Elcar					
Gardner		6-A	8-A		
McFarlan					
McFarlan					
McFarlan					
McFarlan					
Roamer	—	8-80			

Trucks *(Chassis only)*. Each furnished in all standard body models

	Capacities in Tons				
Atterbury	1½	—	—	—	—
[illegible]		1½		2½	
[illegible]		2	2		
[illegible]	1				
[illegible]	1				
[illegible]	Bus				
[illegible]	1	1½			
[illegible]		1½		1½ Bus	
[illegible]	1				Bus
[illegible]	1	1			Bus
[illegible]	1	2	Bus		

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CARS and TRUCKS
powered with
LYCOMING MOTORS

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS BUILDERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

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In simplicity, reliability and tone—absolutely unique

Josef Hofmann

THE great pianist, Josef Hofmann, is also an inventor and manufacturer. As he listens to radio, he thinks not only of tone but of design and workmanship.

Read this letter which he has been kind enough to send us:

"Being the fortunate owner of one of your latest types of Radio, I wish herewith to congratulate you upon this most extraordinary achievement.

"The compactness of your device and the beautiful finish of the electro-mechanical parts, as well as the very handsome container of the former, are a joy to me and my friends.

"The simplicity of operation and all-round reliability, as well as the superb quality of tone, are absolutely unique.

"The function is perfect! Can one say more?"

The Receiving Set Mr. Hofmann likes so much is a ONE Dial Atwater Kent. Of course, he also uses an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker for its "superb quality of tone."

"A joy to me and my friends," says Mr. Hofmann. And so they will be to you and your friends when an Atwater Kent ONE Dial Receiver and Radio Speaker are placed in *your* home.

Send for illustrated booklet [illegible] Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4703 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* Philadelphia, Pa.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING: — The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and co[illegible] Radio's finest program. Hear it [illegible] Eastern Time, 8 15 Central Time, the[illegible]

WEAF . . *New York* [illegible]
WJAR . *Providence* [illegible]
[illegible]
WSAI [illegible]
WSAM [illegible]
WTAG . *Worcester* [illegible]
WCCO . . *Minneapolis-St. Paul*

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada

Model E Speaker, dark brown crystal fine finish, $15.00

Model 35, six-tube ONE Dial receiver, [illegible] cabinet [illegible] but with battery cable attached, $[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ries, but with bat[illegible]

[illegible] Speaker, [illegible] $[illegible]

Continued from Page 134

here. It lies in a large variety of natural resources that make her almost self-contained.

The Germans used to say of Poland that she was like a can of sardines in that she had tin, oil and food, but no head. For a long time this was true to a certain extent, because the Poles lacked executive direction. The rich were pleasure-loving and had the Russian indifference to work. With self-determination has come a considerable degree of responsibility, evident in a survival of physical and economic difficulties which would have overwhelmed a less patriotic people.

Now a word about coal. Due to the acquisition of the rich fields of Upper Silesia, Poland today owns one of the richest coal basins in the world. She ranks third in European output, Germany being first and England second. She is also third in petroleum production in Europe—the war gave her Galicia—being only surpassed by Russia and Rumania. The coal output is now 90 per cent of prewar and the oil 80 per cent.

Many do not realize that Poland has one of the largest textile industries in Europe Lódz is the Continental Manchester—and it has been completely restored. This means that all the plants are equipped with the latest machinery.

One reason why England has received such a terrific economic jolt throughout the world is that much of the machinery of her mines and factories is antiquated. No proprietor anywhere is more stiff-necked than the average British industrialist. He refuses to change his equipment, with the result that his methods are frequently antiquated.

The German-Polish trade war which broke out in June, 1925, deserves a section all its own because it is an illustration of how nationalistic politics continues to impede European business traffic. Its battleground is Upper Silesia. With this domain we reach the sorest spot in Europe. It may well be called the new Alsace-Lorraine. I mean, of course, that the loss of this area by Germany has precipitated a German hatred for Poland only exceeded by the antagonism which existed between France and Germany.

Political Bartering

Because of the cession of Upper Silesia, Germany has gone back to her old game of economic sniping and penetration there. The area is flooded with German merchants trying in every conceivable way to incite the people against the Polish régime. Berlin seeks to control the banks, which she has always found to be the best aid to commercial mastery. If another European mix-up is to start, there seems little doubt that the root will be in Upper Silesia. Sooner or later Germany will make an effort to restore the area to her fold. She has an additional grievance in the loss of Posen, Dantzic and part of East Prussia.

With the merits of this case we are not concerned. After a plebiscite which brought on a civil war, the Executive Council of the League of Nations ceded two-thirds of Upper Silesia to Poland. Ethnically Polish, it had been wrested from Poland by the conquering Prussian. The region became thoroughly Germanized, and most of the people residing there still speak German. Although Polish names and the Polish language have been imposed, you are decidedly up against it if you cannot function in German.

The so-called Geneva Agreement was signed by Poland and Germany in May, 1922, to assist Polish Silesia through the economic adjustments necessary to its separation from the German Reich. It provided that a contingent up to 1,100,000 tons of coal, and later a quantity not less than 500,000 tons, could be exported monthly from Polish Silesia free of duty and other restrictions. It also carried an arrangement for reduced tariffs for certain Polish-Silesian iron, steel and lesser products when shipped into Germany.

When the agreement expired, the Germans stated that in return for certain political concessions from the Poles, especially regarding Germans in ex-German territory who had chosen to retain their German citizenship, they would permit a monthly import of 60,000 tons of Polish coal. The Poles rejected this proposition on the ground that they would not confuse an economic with a political question. When the Germans persisted, the Poles issued a decree, effective June 27, 1925, by which a long list of merchandise, including colonial products, leather, textiles, chemicals, hardware and other iron and steel articles, automobiles and novelties, could be imported from countries restricting Polish imports only by special permission of the Polish Ministry of Industry and Commerce. It was aimed directly at Germany and meant the practical exclusion from the Polish market of a large quantity of German goods. Instead of granting any concessions, the Germans replied with tariff increases which naturally shut off Polish exports to Germany. These comprised petroleum, timber and many other necessary articles.

In consequence, the Poles have been forced to seek new outlets for their exports. They are safe on coal so long as the British strike lasts. To fortify the future they are expanding their markets in Scandinavia and Spain. As an indication of how these blind nationalistic warfares work, Germany needed Polish grain badly at one time. Rather than buy direct from her hated neighbor, she imported it from Scandinavia.

As a result of the war, the statistics of Polish imports and exports tell a significant story. Before the break the Polish imports from Germany were 32.8 per cent. They are now less than 20 per cent and restricted only to essentials. Polish exports to Germany have dropped from 49.3 per cent to a bare 23 per cent. Germany still heads the list of countries buying Polish commodities. On the other hand, both the United States and Great Britain have increased their exports to Poland, while the latter has found some compensation for the loss of German business in the shape of larger shipments to England, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia.

From time to time negotiations have started with a view of reaching some compromise. Neither side seems to be willing to make concessions, because the rights of Poles in Germany and vice versa rise up and confute agreement. Once more you have the barrier of nationalism interfering with a commercial amity. The reciprocal restrictions continue and the hate becomes deadlier every day.

It only remains to deal with the financial situation. I have already stated that the new fiscal program provides for a balancing of the budget, despite the fact that one-third of next year's income will be spent on the army. From what I have already written, you can see why Poland must be well armed.

An Autographed Photograph of President Moscicki of Poland. The Inscription is "To I. F. Marcosson With Greetings for His Great Country"

The Giesche Empire

Poland has two economic distinctions that other European countries may well envy. She has the smallest combined state and foreign debt per capita of any of the powers—it is fourteen dollars—and also the smallest per capita of money circulation. Of her total foreign debt, which approximates $350,000,000, we hold $220,000,000, which includes a loan of $35,000,000 floated in New York and an obligation of $8,000,000 to the Baldwin Locomotive Works. The rest is owed to the United States Government for relief, supplies and army equipment. Many of the Polish soldiers today wear the type of uniforms and overseas caps originally made for our doughboys in France.

I know of no better way of closing this summary of the Polish economic status than to quote a well-known American financier whom I met in Warsaw. He said:

"Poland has made more progress during the last five years than any other European country except Germany. Her political consolidation under Pilsudski means economic stabilization as well."

We can now see what America has done in Poland. The outstanding interest, and the latest as well, is the purchase by the Anaconda-Harriman group of a majority interest in the great Giesche mine and smelting properties in Upper Silesia for $10,000,000. An additional sum will be spent on improvements. The undertaking bears something of the same relation to Poland that the American-inspired telephonisation project does to Spain. In each instance the last word in technical skill and experience is brought to a comparatively undeveloped country.

This entry of American enterprise into Poland on a big and what will undoubtedly be an increasing scale serves to disclose a romance of European business that has hitherto escaped the historian. For years the Krupps have been proclaimed as the outstanding German industrial hierarchy. It is true that from a small foundry in Essen they developed one of the greatest of munitions and machinery plants. But alongside the Giesche empire the Krupp institution must take second place, both in variety of holding and drama of development.

The Krupps represent an evolution of a few decades. The Giesche concern links

(Continued on Page 141)

American Penetration in Poland: the Bleischarley Mine, Second Largest Zinc Property in the World, Now Controlled by the Anaconda-Harriman Group

The Fastest Growing Automobile Company in

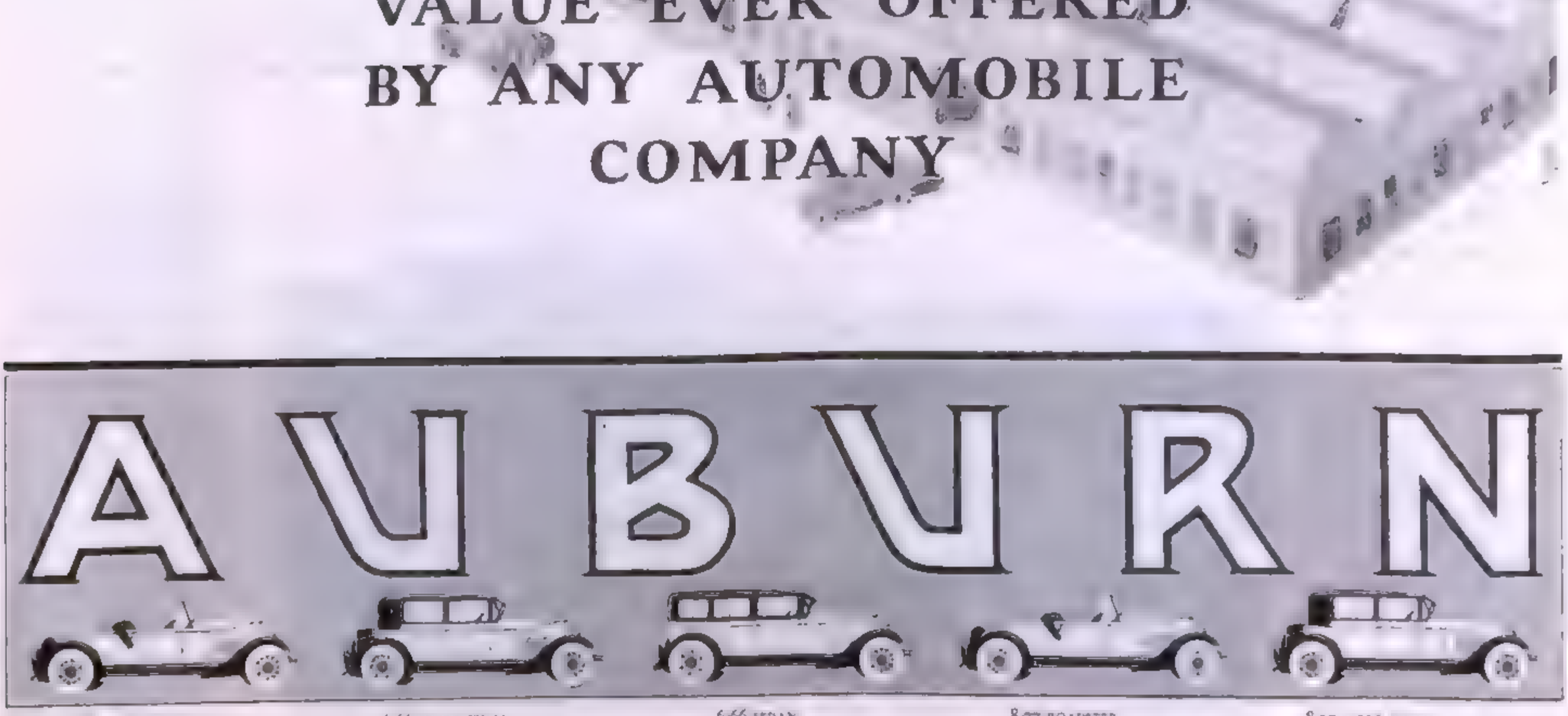
A New Straight Eight

125-Inch Wheelbase
Four-door Sport Sedan

$1495

THE MOST SENSATIONAL
VALUE EVER OFFERED
BY ANY AUTOMOBILE
COMPANY

AUBURN



6-66 ROADSTER
120-inch wheelbase
$1095

6-66 SPORT SEDAN
120-inch wheelbase
$1195

6-66 SEDAN
120-inch wheelbase
$1295

8-77 ROADSTER
125-inch wheelbase
$1395

8-77 SPORT SEDAN
125-inch wheelbase
$1495

the World Now Doubles its Production Capacity

A New Kind of Announcement · By E. L. Cord, President

This is the open season for adjectives and superlative claims in automobile announcements.

Therefore, in contrast, we submit this conservative statement of facts. Auburn's success is the talk among dealers and owners everywhere. Its growth is the greatest of any company this year. Being one of the very few companies in business continuously for 25 years, Auburn's present prominence attracts greater public confidence than if it were the temporary "spurt" of a new comer. Stability, permanence, financial strength and over two decades of owners' good will are the foundations upon which are built Auburn's extraordinary values of today.

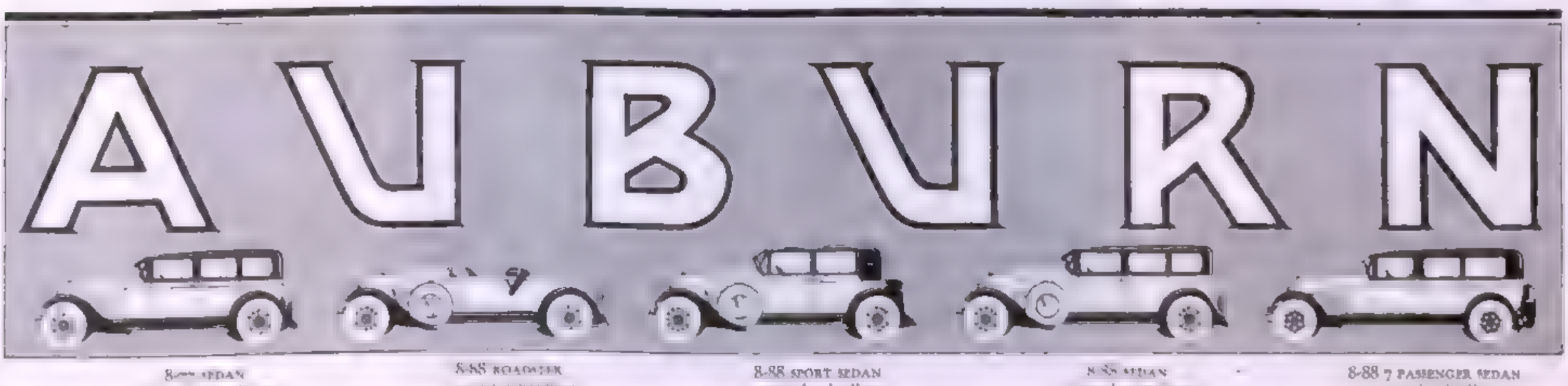
A Straight Eight, 4-door enclosed custom type body, 75 miles an hour at a price less than many standard sixes! That achievement alone would be sufficient to put Auburn in motordom's spot light for 1927.

Every model in the entire line is equally as great an advancement; each represents the utmost in value; the greatest improvement; the soundest of investments both for present service and future resale.

You can only appreciate *what* Auburn does, and the *way* it does it, by at least a 100-mile drive, over any road, at any speed you choose, all day long. The difficulty with trying to describe what to expect from such test is that you are apt to discredit it. I would. There are still some admirable people who are inclined to doubt that Auburn is superior to certain well known makes of cars costing much more. I would be. But Auburn owners have learned surprising truths. You too will be surprised, beyond your expectations, regardless of your previous experiences

As water always finds its level, so, regardless of what the manufacturer may claim, the public quickly levels motor car values. That is why we have doubled our production capacity.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · Auburn, Indiana



8-[illegible] SEDAN
[illegible]-inch wheelbase
$1695

8-88 ROADSTER
[illegible]-inch wheelbase
$1995

8-88 SPORT SEDAN
[illegible]-inch wheelbase
$2095

8-88 SEDAN
[illegible]-inch wheelbase
$2195

8-88 7 PASSENGER SEDAN
147-inch wheelbase
$2595

Quick! Hide the Kodak—
Here comes dad

Keep it a secret till Christmas Day and then —think of the fun you'll *all* have.

Autographic Kodaks, $5 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

(Continued from Page 137)

the seventeenth century with our own spacious times. It is a remarkable story of productive expansion, feudal in scope and picturesque in detail.

Back in 1680 George Giesche was a prosperous cloth merchant in Breslau. He was evidently an ambitious sort, because he tired of goods and yardsticks and turned to mining. In 1704 he received from Emperor Leopold I, both for himself and his heirs, the exclusive right to mine and deal in carbonate of zinc in all Upper Silesia. It is interesting to note that this was exactly 100 years prior to the establishment of the first iron foundry at Pittsburgh. The Giesche concern therefore is one of the oldest, if not the senior producer of zinc in the world. Although brass was in common use for a long time before, zinc first became an article of general trade about the middle of the eighteenth century. Previously zinc as a metal was not known. Brass was produced by the admixture and melting of copper and zinc ore.

In 1712 Giesche was raised to knighthood and the prefix *von* added to his name. The sole right to zinc ores in Upper Silesia was renewed continuously until 1802, after which the title to subsequent properties had to be acquired in compliance with the Prussian mining laws.

George von Giesche had six sons and three daughters. Three of the boys died in infancy and two in early boyhood. The survivor had no issue. After the father's death in 1716 the business was conducted by the widow and the only remaining son. The widow must have been something of a far-away prototype of Hetty Green, because she was a person of expert executive direction and keen financial acumen.

With the passing of the son, there was no surviving male descendant. Henceforth through all the succeeding years the vast business was operated under the stewardship of women and their associates. There has been no male Von Giesche since that eighteenth-century period.

An Exclusive Family

As the number of living heirs increased and the holdings expanded—there was continuous marriage by the various generations of children—the handling of the concern as a family affair became cumbersome. In 1786 a board of six representatives, called the Repräsentanten Kollegium, was organized by the descendants of the original three daughters on a basis of two to be named by the heirs of each. In 1860 all the family properties were incorporated in what is known as Bergwerksgesellschaft Georg von Giesche's Erben. Literally translated, this means Mining Society of the George von Giesche Heirs. In commercial parlance, today the concern is always referred to as the Giesche Heirs. The Kollegium corresponds to a modern board of directors.

This family feature is matched in picturesqueness by the evolution of the stock, which became a tradition in German social and financial life. Only 6000 shares were issued. No engraved certificates, as we know them, were ever brought out. Until the days of the typewriter, the evidence of stock ownership was written with a quill pen on an ordinary sheet of paper. Subsequently the share certificates were typed. These shares had no par value. At the high tide of affairs they were valued at from 50,000 to 60,000 gold marks, or from $12,500 to $15,000 each.

Now for another original detail. Only on rare occasion was a single share of this stock disposed of outright. The heirs merely sold participation in a share. Still another peculiarity, and it remains effective, is the right to refuse transfer of share interest to anyone not receiving the unanimous approval of the Repräsentanten Kollegium. In other words, there has been a strong censorship of stock ownership.

The former German Kaiser was able to get a few shares, but when his son, the Crown Prince, sought to break in he was able to buy participation in only five shares. It meant that the shareholders of the Von Giesche Heirs were a hand-picked lot. In the old days the noble Silesian courtier estimated the qualities of his prospective fiancée not so much by her looks or family as by the amount of Giesche shares she held. So much for the details which made the Giesche concern a sort of thing apart as compared with modern corporate organization.

We can proceed to ascertain what they owned. From the first, zinc has been the bulwark of the immense group of properties. In 1860 the corporation acquired the great Bleischarley zinc mine near Katowice, which is three and a half miles long and a mile and a half wide and probably the largest single zinc unit in the world. An unusual feature here is that underneath the zinc are rich coal deposits which are mined coincidentally with the ore. The coal from these pits provides all the Giesche plants with fuel and supplies a large margin for exports.

Headquarters in a Castle

From time to time other coal, lead and zinc mines were annexed in Germany, Galicia and Czecho-Slovakia. Smelters, foundries, gas and electric plants, sawmills and brickworks were erected and a private railway laid down. The employes travel from home to mill and mine on special trains. As business expanded new enterprises, such as porcelain and explosives factories, became part and parcel of what eventually developed into the most variegated industrial unit of the old Teutonic empire. In addition, extensive forest areas were bought and agricultural estates developed. Like the Krupps, the Giesche Heirs have been strong on welfare. They established workmen's colonies, with model dwellings, clubs, markets, theaters, casinos and churches. In one of these communities near Katowice which is called Gieschewald more than 10,000 workers live.

The headquarters of this vast aggregation of mines and production, with its army of 30,000 employes, was in a castle at Breslau called Giesche House. The institution of the Kollegium persevered from its inception and still held forth. In a magnificent baronial hall that seats 300 persons the annual meetings were held under life-sized portraits of Emperor Leopold I and George von Giesche. An elaborate banquet always followed. The six directors lived in richly appointed apartments in Giesche House. Everything was on a princely scale.

America Plays a Hand

Such was the state of affairs when two-thirds of Upper Silesia became a part of Poland. The beans were spilled, and in most disconcerting fashion, because most of the workable properties were now in an alien land, subject to the laws of that land. The Bleischarley mine, for example, began in Poland and ended in Germany. To make matters worse, practically all the smelters, factories, workers' centers and the railroad were on Polish soil.

Furthermore, Poland demanded that every foreign corporation doing business within her confines had to operate as a Polish company. In consequence, the Giesche Spolka Akcyjna, which is Polish for Giesche Stock Company, was organized to operate the Polish end.

With this corporation we reach the link with America. Up to the World War everything had run smoothly with the Giesche Heirs. The business was so immense that it was practically failure-proof. It had a practical monopoly on a considerable part of the European lead and zinc business, and although overlaid with functionaries sometimes ten deep, it prospered. So much money piled up that the firm had to start a private banking business. It became one of the largest private lenders of cash on the Continent.

The war changed all this. To begin with, the concern bought German war bonds to the extent of 150,000,000 gold marks, or about $37,500,000. Between 1914 and 1918 it also loaned various provinces and municipalities large sums. All those obligations, especially the war debts, became mere scraps of paper and had to be written off. The crowning jolt was the cession of Upper Silesia to Poland, which invoked drastic taxation and brought about what practically amounted to a split in the business. For the first time in its long history Giesche Heirs needed money and on a big scale.

Here is where the United States got into the game. The New York banking firm of Harriman & Co., headed by William Averill Harriman, son of the late E. H. Harriman, the railroad wizard, keeps in close touch with European opportunities. Through its correspondent in Berlin, the Handelsbank—which, by the way, was once controlled by the mighty Hugo Stinnes—news was received of the Giesche dilemma. If the facts warranted, Harriman was willing to afford financial relief. The proposition, however, required intensive technical investigation first and skilled operation later, if the deal went through. He therefore formed a combination with the Anaconda Copper Mining Company on a fifty-fifty basis to see what could be done. Accordingly, Harriman and Cornelius F. Kelley, president of Anaconda, went to Europe early this year.

Now began a series of negotiations which lasted for months. The outstanding feature was that as soon as the Prussian Government learned that Americans were prepared to buy in on Giesche Heirs they started their usual tactics of objection, and even intimidation. The Germans resented the introduction of American capital into Poland, because they still regard that country as their own particular economic preserve. At one time the whole undertaking seemed to be off because the Prussian Minister of Finance put the fear of God into the hearts of the Giesche people. The latter were up against it strong, because they still retained large interests in Prussia, including part of the Bleischarley mine.

New Times, New Methods

Harriman and Kelley had a final trump card which was available cash, backed up by one of the finest mining organizations anywhere. In the end these factors prevailed. The Americans acquired a 51 per cent interest in the Giesche Spolka Akcyjna, with the right to operate the properties. A new company, the Silesian-American Corporation, was formed to handle this interest. Thus economic necessity made it possible for America to break in on what had been for centuries a copper-riveted exclusive enterprise.

All the troubles were not in Germany. The deal had to be confirmed by the Polish Government. When negotiations started, Poland was in her usual political tangle. No sooner was the project on the verge of ratification by a cabinet than it fell and everything had to be started all over again. After this had happened three times within four months, Harriman and Kelley became a trifle weary. When Pilsudski came in and some degree of concentration of authority obtained, the Poles finally acquiesced. This long delay did not indicate any aversion to American capital, but represented the usual destructive results of excessive political overhead. It always interferes with business.

Two weeks after the contract was signed, Anaconda engineers were on the job in Upper Silesia, and what might well be called the Americanization of the Giesche Heirs had begun. When I reached Katowice late in August, they had taken over many of the most important executive jobs. The stolid German officials were still aghast at the energy and capacity with which they tackled mining and smelting. Few of them spoke German, but they had that universal speech which functions through ability and action. Under the Giesche régime, the so-called Herr Direktors sat aloof and enthroned in impressive offices. Their subordinates could not have speech with them without making an appointment three days in advance. The Anaconda engineers kept the doors open, sat in their shirt sleeves and made things happen.

I visited all the Giesche Spolka Akcyjna properties in Poland. As I watched

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those American engineers at work I thought of the many remote parts of the world where I had seen their colleagues in the field. They ranged from the Belgian Congo and the Chinese hinterland to the peaks of the Andes. I realized more than ever before that in this practical, and therefore constructive, penetration lies the real key to American international relationship. Unobtrusively but effectively, we are making ourselves part of an economic league of nations without any handicap of sentimental uplift.

The American mining-and-smelting deal in Poland means much more than just another evidence of our entry into a foreign field. Through the Upper Silesian output we shall be able to stabilize the whole European metal market. Zinc and lead now become part of an American metal domination in which copper is preëminent. At the same time it will give us an opportunity for lead and zinc export.

Somewhat in line with the Anaconda-Harriman enterprise is another American undertaking which touches the great mass of the people. I refer to the extensive program for public-utility construction. Just as Spain needed a better telephone system, so did Poland urgently require sewerage and sanitation.

When the German, Austrian and Russian tides of occupation receded from Poland in 1918, they left a nation politically united but with three different and defined areas of material development. In the districts formerly occupied by Germany, the cities and towns had modern improvements, including waterworks, sewerage systems, well-paved streets, slaughterhouses, market halls and gas and electric plants. This was also true to a lesser extent in the one-time Austrian Poland. On the other hand, the territory which Poland regained from Russia showed an almost appalling lack of what in the United States are considered the first essentials to any municipality. A striking example of what Russian domination did, or rather what it did not do, was Lódz, a city of nearly 500,000 persons and the center of the Polish textile industry. It was absolutely without sewers or waterworks. The same was true of other communities through the old Russian Poland.

Municipal Improvement

The reason why Poland in her eight years of independence has not done more to modernize her cities lies in a lack of available money. Yet in the face of this handicap considerable progress has been made since 1924, largely because of American intervention. In order to bring about some degree of concerted action in material civic reforms, all the important Polish cities and towns grouped themselves in an organization known as the Union of Polish Cities. The idea was to coöperate for improvements. The union made a survey of needs and then assisted four cities—Radom, Lublin, Czenstochowa and Piotrkow—to make a start.

An arrangement was entered into with the National Economic Bank of Poland, a government institution, to underwrite the financing. Contracts were then made with Ulen & Co., of New York, to carry out the projects. A loan of approximately $10,000,000 was obtained from the company and the proceeds used for water and sewerage systems and city halls in all four communities, as well as slaughterhouses in Lublin and Radom, and market places in Lublin and Piotrkow. The experiment was so successful that similar work was begun this year in a second group of cities, including Sosnowice, Dabrowa, Gornicza, Agierz, Kielce, Otwock and Ostrow, under the same plan.

The program, especially in its earlier stages, had many beneficent results. The industrial depressions of 1924 and 1925 threw thousands of laborers out of employment. These were mobilized on the public-utility construction. Not only did they get jobs, but under American stimulation their efficiency has been greatly increased. More than 90 per cent of all the material and equipment used is obtained from Polish industries, and this also helped to wipe out the remaining unemployment.

Following its usual procedure in other countries, Ulen & Co. have maintained only just enough American employes to secure the application of American methods. These include the general manager, the construction managers, a few engineers, the purchasing agent and accountants. All the other employes are Poles. This makes for good will

It so happened that the foundations of the town halls under construction at Radom, Lublin, Czenstochowa and Piotrkow were completed during last June. The corner stones were therefore laid on July Fourth as part of the nation-wide celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of our Declaration of Independence. Parades were held, speeches made and the Stars and Stripes waved everywhere. Greater enthusiasm could not have been displayed in an American community. Only the firecrackers were missing. This public-utility project had done more to cement the bonds between Poland and the United States than decades of hot-air propaganda.

Riding Over Obstacles

One of the ranking American interests in Poland is that stand-by of our international commercial expansion, the Standard Oil Company. The New Jersey company has been operating there as a shareholder in the Nobel Oil Company since 1920. When its first representative reached Warsaw the Bolshevik forces had just been turned back sixteen miles from the gates of the city. This is nearer than the Germans came to Paris In making an alliance with the Nobels, the Standard joined a business organization which started in Sweden and has spread everywhere. One of the inconsistencies of modern life is that Alfred Bernhard Nobel, who amassed a huge fortune in explosives, left a large fund for encouragement of peace. The Nobel Prize was his idea and is named for him.

The Standard's Polish enterprise was launched in precarious times. Communications were disorganized, the mark was on the toboggan and business could be conducted only with the utmost difficulty. The company, however, had such confidence in Poland's future that it laid out a long-term plan of operation. In conjunction with one of the Polish banks, it established a sales organization which is the largest marketing unit today in the republic. It also built a model refinery at Zagorzany in the old Galicia, now known as Little Poland. Galicia is one of the great petroleum-bearing areas of Europe.

At the start the Standard also organized a producing company, which was merged last year with the refining and marketing groups into a single concern known as the Standard-Nobel Company in Poland. This organization was the first to introduce and maintain the American Pennsylvania system of oil drilling with cables. American drillers were imported as instructors. This is more economical than the old procedure of drilling with iron rods and means a saving of millions of dollars in the Polish oil fields, where the Americans are developing more leases than all their competitors combined. The company is also coöperating with the government in the shaping of legislation for the standardization of oil products.

With automobiles you have the usual American domination. Some 60 per cent of all the cars used in Poland are of well-known Yankee makes, either assembled entirely in the United States or in branch plants at Copenhagen, which is an important distributing center. During the past year sales were limited by currency depreciation, which sharply curtailed purchasing power, and also by government restrictions on the import of motor cars in an effort to maintain a favorable trade balance.

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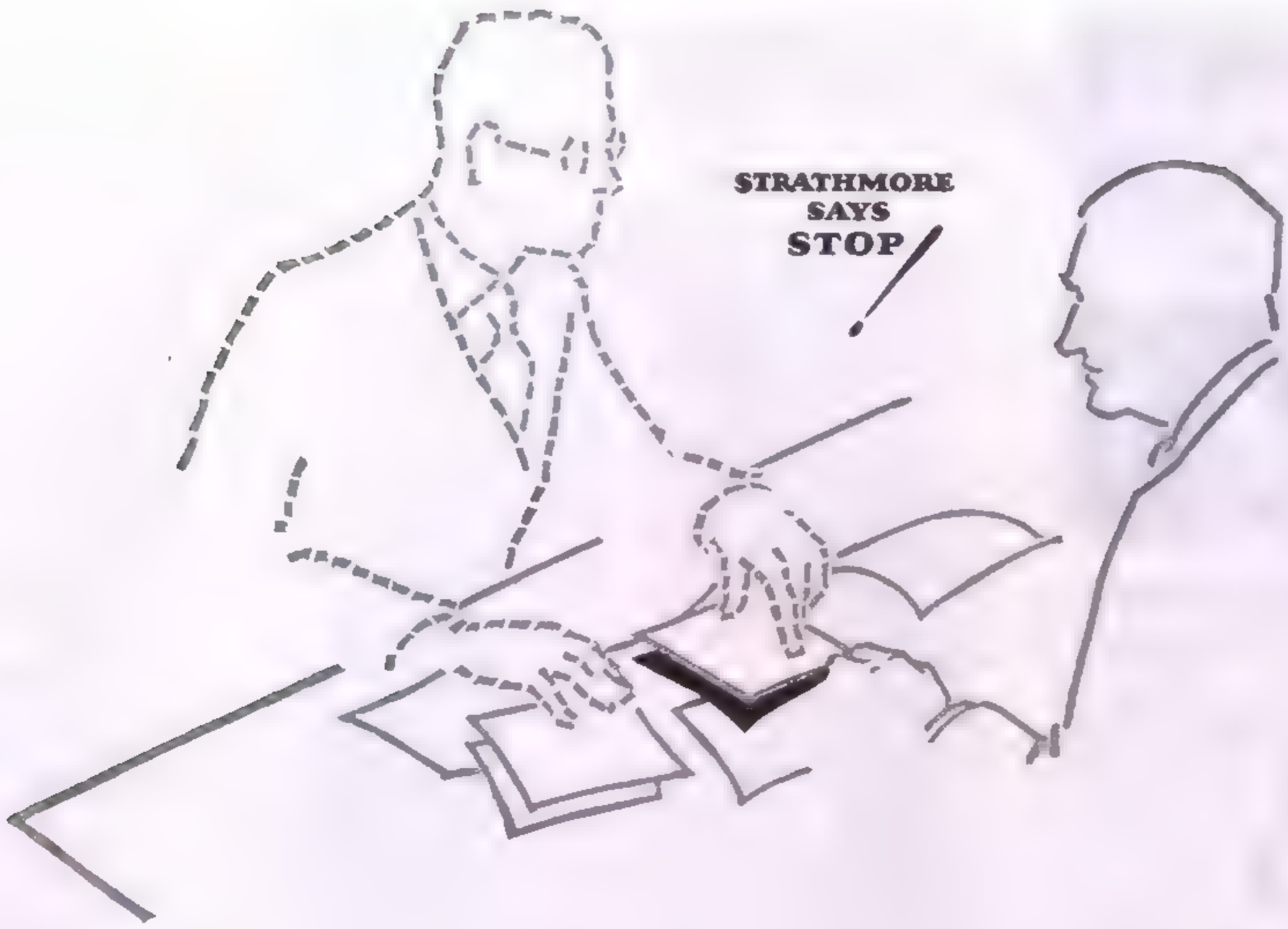

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(Continued from Page 142)

In the matter of automobile credits we are at a disadvantage with French and Italian competitors—especially the latter. Our dealers are compelled to pay for cars in cash against documents in New York or Dantzic, the chief port of entry for Poland, and are further forced to deal in Polish money, which costs up to 6 per cent a month. Hence they must demand at least 50 per cent in cash and the balance in three to six months' notes. The Italians and French, on the other hand, take a small amount down and offer credit up to a year or more. There is one redeeming virtue, however. The sharp American terms make for a minimum of loss, so that in the end our agencies have a higher net result.

So, too, with films, where we lead all the rest. Out of a total of 1189 registered in Poland in 1925 by foreign countries, 629 were American. Next came the French, with 283; while the Germans ranked third, with 130. In one of the subsequent articles of this series you will see how Poland has joined with the rest of Europe in a movement against so-called American film imperialism. It is the only evidence that I could discover of any Polish antagonism to our products.

The Kemmerer Mission

One American influence in Poland is noteworthy in that its effects will be felt by all succeeding generations. It lies in the work of the Kemmerer financial mission, which was on the job during my stay in Warsaw.

Prof. Edwin W. Kemmerer, who headed the mission, has developed a unique profession. It is nothing more or less than that of international money doctor. Whenever countries get into the fiscal dumps, they send for Kemmerer to point the way out. He is therefore the world's most ubiquitous diagnostician of sick finances. His experiences began twenty years ago as financial adviser to the United States Government in the Philippines, where he drafted the legislation providing for the establishment of the gold-exchange standard in the islands and for the Philippine Agricultural Bank and the Postal Savings Bank. Since that time he has doctored finances in Chile, Egypt, Mexico, Guatemala, Venezuela, Colombia, South Africa, Bolivia and Brazil. He was one of the experts on the Dawes Commission. At the time I write he is in Ecuador.

Prof. Kemmerer's associates on the mission to Poland were Dr. Harley L. Lutz, of Leland Stanford University, an authority on public finance; Joseph A. Broderick, vice president of the National Bank of Commerce of New York, the expert on practical banking; Joseph T. Byrne, who has specialized in municipal and state budgets; Wallace Clark, whose field is industrial management; Frank A. Eble, who looked after customs administration; and Dr. Frank D. Graham, of Princeton, who was secretary.

The recommendations have not been made public. They will include a plan for the establishment of a dollar bank similar to the German Rentenbank which will build up a foreign-money reserve to meet the republic's currency needs. One object will be to mobilize hoarded foreign moneys by opening deposit accounts in dollars. New forms of credit for production and export purposes, purchase of raw materials abroad and the discounting of foreign bills of exchange will be set up.

The presence of the Kemmerer mission in Poland was a source of irritation to both the Germans and the British, but particularly the former. They saw that it would enhance our prestige in the future and sniped at it in every possible way. Among other things, disparaging reports concerning its cost to Poland were published in the Berlin and Frankfort press and every effort made to minimize the real importance of the work. I refer to this procedure because it is in line with the prevailing resentful European attitude toward everything American.

A distinct aid to American penetration is the American-Polish Chamber of Commerce and Industry in Poland, which has well-equipped offices in Warsaw. One of its achievements was the nation-wide celebration of the sesqui-centennial of our Independence Day. The idea originated with Leopold Kotnowski, president of the chamber. It was largely due to his energy that the memorial to President Coolidge, which he delivered in person last October, was signed by nearly 6,000,000 Poles.

I have already indicated how we spent millions in Poland between 1918 and 1921 to succor the victims of war ravage. In appreciation of the work of the American Relief Administration, the city of Warsaw has erected the Herbert Hoover Fountain in the heart of the municipality.

The Warsaw School of Nursing, founded through the benefactions of Miss Dorothea Hughes, of Boston, is administered by the American Red Cross. The director, Miss Helen Bridge, has made herself a distinct force in the community. An impending gift of $100,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation will be used for the construction of a new building. The foundation also provided 30 per cent of the cost of Warsaw's new health center.

The Jewish Hospital in Warsaw, the second largest in Poland, which is the gift of the Jews of America through the Joint Distribution Committee which saved so many Hebrews from starvation in Russia, will help to revolutionize medical conditions throughout the country. At the head of it is Miss Amelia Greenwald, whose work at base and evacuation hospitals in France won high commendation. The Jewish Hospital will not only treat Jews but train Jewish women for nursing careers. In view of the immense Jewish population in Poland, its importance cannot be overestimated.

Nor has the bond of academic education been overlooked. An exchange-student plan is in operation under the auspices of the Kosciuszko Foundation in the United States, organized by a group of Americans to commemorate the services of Thaddeus Kosciuszko in behalf of our independence. Kosciuszko, a brigadier general of engineers, first served on Washington's staff and later laid out the fortifications at West Point on the site where the Military Academy now stands. The first Polish student arrived in New York during September and an American has gone to Poland for a period of study.

Poland's Professor President

After Pilsudski, who has already had his say in these columns, the person in Poland best qualified to set the capstone, as it were, on this article is Ignacz Moscicki, president of the republic. He represents the new political—or lack of political—deal. A chemical engineer by profession, with sixty-two successful inventions to his credit, he had taken no part in party affairs when he was suddenly elevated to the highest gift in the bestowal of his countrymen. He had stuck to his laboratory apparatus and his professorships at Friburg and Lemberg.

Moscicki is the third president of Poland. The first was the unfortunate Naturowicz, who was assassinated by a fanatic. His successor, Wojciechowski, lost out when Pilsudski pulled off his coup last May. It was only after the marshal refused the post that Moscicki was chosen by the national assembly. Three presidents in eight years is Poland's record, an illuminating commentary on the almost chronic political dislocation.

The new president had only been in office eight weeks when I reached Warsaw. That he had hitherto led the simple life is shown by the fact that his inauguration had to be postponed a day to enable him to get a boiled shirt. Polish presidents wear full evening dress when they are sworn into office. His election was as big a surprise to him as to anyone else, and he had hurried to the capital from Lemberg, traveling light.

I had audience with him in the Zamek, the big rambling palace of the old Polish kings where the last ruler—Stanislaus Poniatowski—bowed in final submission to czarist autocracy. Troops in steel helmets patrolled the approaches, because there is always the menace of assassination at the hands of a Bolshevik or a mad German. Just across the street is the charming seventeenth-century residence occupied by John B. Stetson, Jr., the American minister. I was received in a handsome salon from whose high red walls half a dozen royalties looked down.

The president is tall, thin, slightly stooped, with kindly face and a benevolent manner. In every sense he looks the professor that he is. Since I spoke no Polish, we functioned in German, in which he is as much at home as in his native tongue.

When the usual exchange of greetings that such an occasion demands had been disposed of, I told him that the last European president whom I had interviewed was Hindenburg.

At this he shrugged his shoulders, the gesture clearly indicating that he regarded the old field marshal at Berlin as no friend of his country.

After thanking me for having come to Poland to examine the situation at first hand, he said:

"We are always glad to welcome Americans to Poland. America is our old and tried friend and we owe her much. We particularly welcome her capital, her technical skill and her enterprise."

Ruling by Exact Science

I remarked that the Anaconda-Harriman people had experienced great delay and difficulty in getting their contracts ratified, whereupon he remarked:

"All that is perfectly true. It was due to the political confusion. But that era is past. Under the new régime in Poland, political affiliation will not provide fitness for office. No obstacles will be placed in the way of constructive penetration. We realize our great need of the kind of cooperation that your countrymen can give us, and we are prepared to afford it every facility."

This seemed to start a train of thought, for he continued:

"The best illustration of what I have just said lies in the fact that I am president. I am not a member of any party, but a simple man of science. I am therefore new to political issues. It is just as well for Poland that I am not making politics a profession. As a scientist, I must be exact. Therefore I shall demand exact facts and figures before I make any decision. I cannot entirely divorce myself from my work, and will continue to be a technical adviser while serving the state loyally to the best of my ability."

When I said that I had met Marshal Pilsudski and had found him most interesting the president smiled and made this declaration:

"I have known Marshal Pilsudski since 1894. I consider him an extraordinary man. Poland will have to wait many centuries before his like appears again. He is the incarnation of that patriotism which is our greatest inheritance and has enabled us to survive many decades of suffering and oppression."

We then discussed the European economic situation, with which he showed a surprising familiarity. He was especially interested in what Mussolini had done in Italy. The provocation for the Duce was practically the same as that which inspired the Pilsudski reëntry upon the national stage. With a message to President Coolidge, the audience came to an end and I went my way.

Poland's curse has been politics. Therefore in the projection of such nonpolitical figures as President Moscicki into public life lies the real hope of the country.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of European articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will be devoted to the new anti-Americanism.

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All you do is to spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans as it waxes. Then run this Electric Polisher over the floor and ELECTRICITY will do all the work ten times better and quicker than old-fashioned hand methods.

You don't need to push the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher—or bear down on it. Simply *guide* it with one hand. With it you can wax-polish *all* your floors in the time it formerly took to do a single room. And the electrically produced polish is far more even, brilliant and wear-resistant.

Rent this Electric Floor Polisher for $2 a Day

FROM your neighborhood store or your painter you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for $2.00 a day. In just a short time and without effort it will make every floor a gleaming foundation on which your rugs and furniture will reveal new charm.

Telephone your nearest dealer now and make an appointment to rent this Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. It is much easier to run than a vacuum cleaner—it glides along silently, smoothly, leaving a path of beauty behind it.

To BUY a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher is to make a lifetime investment—the truest economy in the end. With each machine we include FREE a half-gallon of Liquid Wax and a Lamb's-wool Wax Mop. Ask your local merchant for a free demonstration.

As a Gift—

If you are seeking a home gift that is new, out-of-the-ordinary, useful, worthy and assuredly welcome—you will find it in this Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. Every woman who keeps house wants one! It will prove a life-long reminder of the originality and thoughtfulness of the giver.

If your local merchant cannot furnish a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher we will send one express prepaid to any address. Shipment will be made the same day your order is received. Write us for further particulars.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE *or* LIQUID ~ CLEANS, POLISHES, PRESERVES ALL FLOORS

HOW CONGRESS WORKS

(Continued from Page 31)

some action will be taken by Congress within a reasonable time.

Obviously, a legislative body must have rules to govern its procedure. Without organization and rules the House of Representatives would be little better than a mob and no better than a debating society. Few, however, understand that these rules are of necessity very complex. It takes time for a new member to obtain even a working knowledge of them. Only a member who has had long service can hope to be classed as an expert parliamentarian, and not even then without expending so much time and study that he may be said to have made a specialty of the subject. The organization, on the other hand, is a comparatively simple matter, being much the same in all legislative bodies. It is not necessary to call attention to any of the offices, except that of Speaker. This position is so high an honor, and the member occupying it has so much to do with the work of the House, that it cannot be left unmentioned.

The Legislative Profession

Down to comparatively recent times the office of Speaker carried with it great powers, for the Speaker appointed the chairman and the members of the various committees of the House, and through them was able to exercise his influence upon the committees and the proceedings of the House itself. The standing of the members of the House depends to a large extent upon their committee positions. When these positions were filled by the Speaker it placed those receiving appointments from him under considerable obligations, and it was not difficult for a Speaker to surround himself with a coterie of chairmen and exercise an almost complete dictatorship over the House. This was seldom done, but it is easy to see that the situation gave the Speaker extraordinary powers. A revolt against the Speaker's control which occurred when Uncle Joe Cannon held the office, though brought about by other matters, finally resulted in changing the custom. The chairmen and members of the committees are now selected by two unofficial committees, each called a Committee on Committees, one representing the party in power and selecting the chairmen and majority of each committee, the other representing the minority party, choosing those representing the minority on each committee.

It must not be thought, however, that the Speakership has ceased to be a position of influence and power, as well as honor. In the way of influence it has lost little, although much depends upon the individual who occupies the position. As a matter of course, he still determines who will be recognized among those desiring to obtain the floor to address the House, and under a long continued custom, whether he will recognize anyone to suspend the rules and pass a bill even on days when such a motion is in order. This often puts the fate of a bill in his hands. The Steering Committee, another unofficial committee, and one without whose favor many bills could not get before the House, always confers with him. No one stands quite so high in his party councils, for, unlike the Speaker of the English House of Commons, the Speaker is a party man.

Committee positions mean so much to members that upon entering Congress the new members sometimes indulge in a wild scramble to get favorable places at the outset. There are ten major committees, which are also called exclusive committees, for the reason that if a member holds a position on any one of them it is considered that he has enough work to occupy all his time. These committees in the House are: Ways and Means, Appropriations, Judiciary, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Foreign Affairs, Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Rivers and Harbors, Post Office and Post Roads, and Agriculture. The Committee on Rules is also a very important committee, more so, in fact, than some of those mentioned above, but it is not an exclusive committee because it does not require so much time from those serving upon it. The Ways and Means Committee and the Committee on Appropriations are especially important, for the reason that the first determines how the money shall be raised which is necessary to carry on the Government, and the Appropriations Committee determines how much shall be expended and in what manner each appropriation shall be used. The most intricate and complex problems are involved in the work of both of these committees, as well as infinite detail.

The class of work to which a congressman will give his principal attention is determined primarily by his committee appointment, but the amount of work he does is not. It is seldom that a definite task is assigned to any member in Congress, although certain duties devolve upon those holding positions of responsibility. As a rule, each determines what he will do and when he will do it. Some do little and others too much for the good of their health. New members are sometimes at a loss to know what they can or should do. It usually takes one session for a new member to obtain a working knowledge of the rules, practices and customs of the House. He finds that older members get precedence both on the floor of the House and in committees, and he does not know how to use the rights he has. Nobody assigns him a job or in any way points out the work he should do.

Legislation is a trade or profession that can be learned only by study and experience. The public seldom understands this, but if the new member does not, he soon comes to a realization of it. It does not take long for him to discover that in the absence of some special circumstances he will have little chance to distinguish himself until after he has been reelected. The House will listen to the first speech a new member makes; but if, encouraged by the applause always given his first effort, he repeats too often or makes an effort to be eloquent, he is likely to be extinguished in one of the many ways which the House as a body knows how to apply. One of these methods is by mock applause, which is often misunderstood by the occupants of the galleries, and sometimes by the person addressing the House. I remember very well an occasion when a new member, who at home had something of a reputation as an orator, became eloquent on a subject having no connection with the bill under consideration and finally concluded with a high-flown peroration. He stood for a moment awaiting the applause which had greeted his first speech; but sad to relate, the members present merely leaned back and laughed. Shortly afterward he announced that business matters would prevent his being a candidate for reëlection.

The new member is apt to think there is nothing for him to do. This is a mistake. Work is everywhere around him if he knows where to look for it, although it is not of the kind that will bring his name into the papers and may be largely in the way of preparation for the part which he expects to take in future Congresses. The business of the nation is so vast that no one can become proficient in all of it. To be successful he must specialize, and specialize deeply, for he will not be alone in the race. His competitors will be numerous and able.

The late James R. Mann was for many years one of the most prominent figures in Congress, and considered by his contemporaries as one of the greatest legislators that ever occupied a seat in the House. An untiring worker, he was the only member I ever knew who seemed thoroughly to understand every bill that came before the House in fact, he often displayed a better knowledge of many bills than the men who introduced them. A member once said to me that it must be that he never ate or slept, but worked all the time. No constitution could stand what he took upon himself, and the period of his life was shortened by his labors. He was the Republican minority floor leader in the latter half of President Taft's term, and at that time had the authority to make the committee appointments on the Republican side. A new member who had been elected at a special election came to see him about his committee appointments.

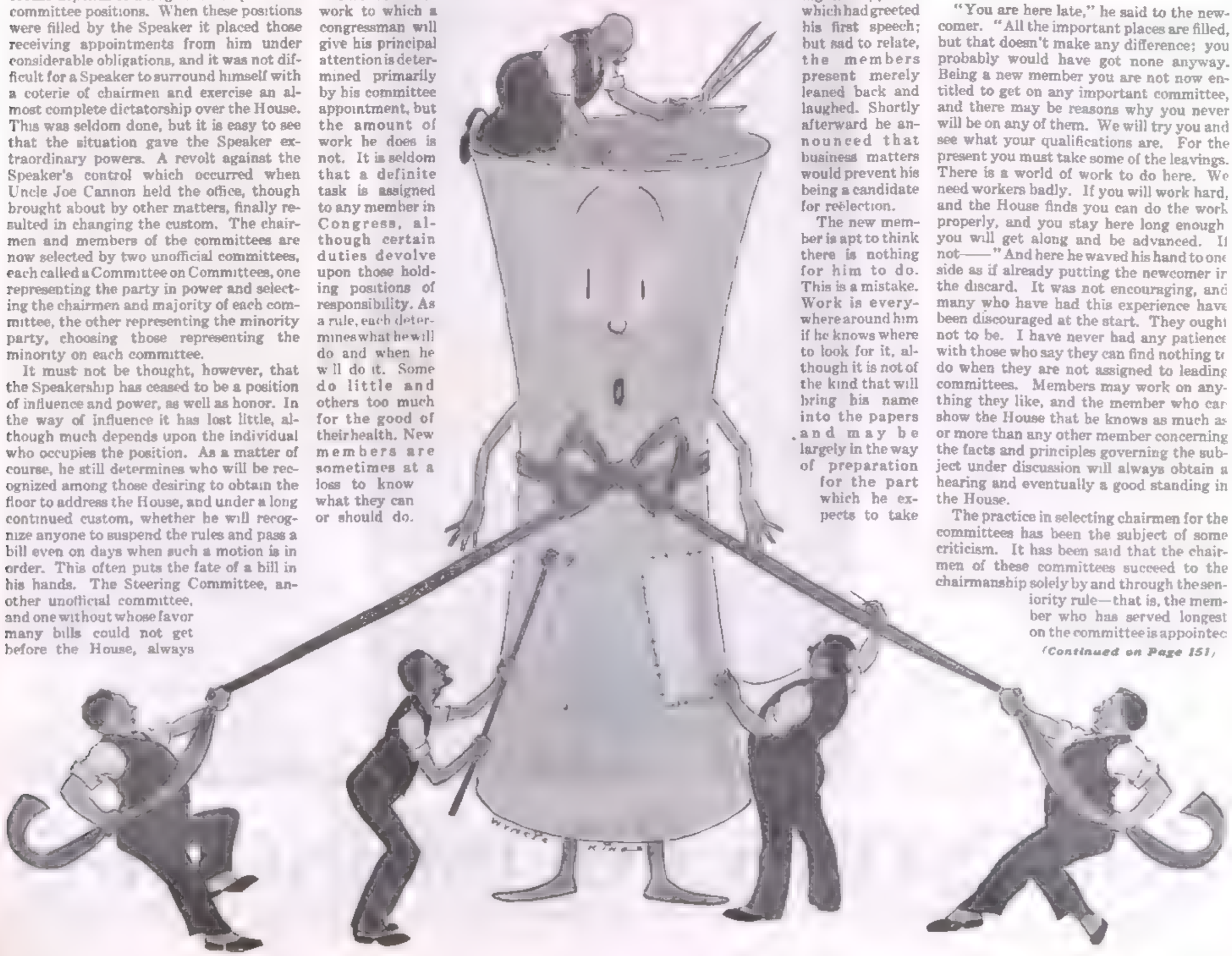
Mr. Mann, as usual, was very frank and candid. In fact, it was his inability to refrain from saying just what was in his mind that subsequently lost him the Speakership.

The Old Road to Success

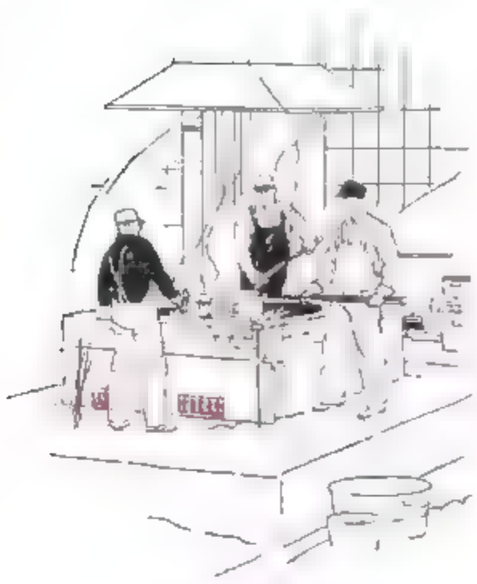
"You are here late," he said to the newcomer. "All the important places are filled, but that doesn't make any difference; you probably would have got none anyway. Being a new member you are not now entitled to get on any important committee, and there may be reasons why you never will be on any of them. We will try you and see what your qualifications are. For the present you must take some of the leavings. There is a world of work to do here. We need workers badly. If you will work hard, and the House finds you can do the work properly, and you stay here long enough you will get along and be advanced. If not——" And here he waved his hand to one side as if already putting the newcomer in the discard. It was not encouraging, and many who have had this experience have been discouraged at the start. They ought not to be. I have never had any patience with those who say they can find nothing to do when they are not assigned to leading committees. Members may work on anything they like, and the member who can show the House that he knows as much as or more than any other member concerning the facts and principles governing the subject under discussion will always obtain a hearing and eventually a good standing in the House.

The practice in selecting chairmen for the committees has been the subject of some criticism. It has been said that the chairmen of these committees succeed to the chairmanship solely by and through the seniority rule—that is, the member who has served longest on the committee is appointed

(Continued on Page 151)



SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION



Guaranteed
Hand Dipped
in pure
Molten Zinc

Thirty-five years experience has impressed the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern large-scale production methods offer quicker and cheaper ways to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is carried on in Wheeling factories because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc coating inside and out.

W
Wheeling
CORRUGATING COMPANY

THE NEW, IMPROVED WHEELING PAIL!

Leak-Proof — Rust-Proof — Wear-Proof

No picture can do justice to the amazing values in this new and greatly improved Wheeling pail! It is far in advance of today's standards in principles of design, materials and workmanship. Ask your dealer to show it to you. Note the smooth finish, the rigid strength. No normal pressure will dent the strong sides.

Turn the pail upside down; note the depth and strength of the raised concave bottom. Admire the "marbled" pattern of pure zinc coating with decorative bands of red.

The famous Wheeling process of *hand-dipping* makes this pail absolutely leak-proof and rust-proof. And you will be amazed to find prices are kept down by Wheeling resources, facilities and volume of sales.

Above all USE this pail to realize what this company has done to give new and greater value to commonplace things. The red label represents 35 years' experience, identifying highest values in Pails, Tubs, Garbage Cans, Ash Cans, and other sheet steel products for the home, farm, factory and for building.

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY :: Wheeling, W. Va.

BRANCHES: NEW YORK : PHILADELPHIA : CHICAGO : MINNEAPOLIS : ST. LOUIS : KANSAS CITY : CHATTANOOGA : RICHMOND

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Gifts Long Remembered

Think! Will the gifts You give soon be gone and forgotten?

If they are Beautiful Hotpoint Gifts they will be reminders of the giver Every Day through long years of usefulness

Some gifts you might give loved ones at Christmas would last several happy days. Some would become old, or worn out and forgotten in a few *months*.

But Hotpoint gifts are permanent. When they are treasured heirlooms they will still be beautiful and useful.

Yet Hotpoint gifts may be quite economical. There are suitable Hotpoint gifts for as little as $2.85—or as much as $455.00. Each is an unsurpassed value at its price and of a quality famous for over a generation. Each will be a token of your affection, not alone on Christmas Day, but *every* day for *long years* of enduring beauty and usefulness.

Illustrated above are:

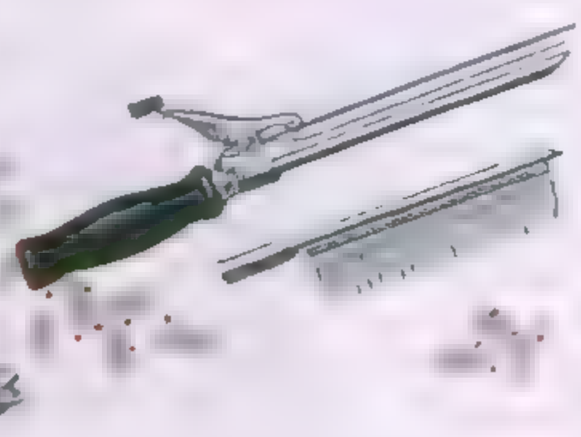
De Luxe Toast-Over Toaster. Beautifully designed and finished in highly polished nickel. The toast turns automatically when the tray is opened. Handsome black ebonized knobs. Price $8.00. Another model at $6.00 is shown below.

Dolly Madison Percolator Set. Graceful in design, and charming in its exquisite beauty. The urn is silver lined, the sugar and creamer gold. Price, in Satin Silver finish, $65.00; in Polished Nickel, $55.00. All Hotpoint percolators are equipped with the famous valveless pump which makes coffee by a special drip process, insuring invariably excellent, full-flavored coffee.

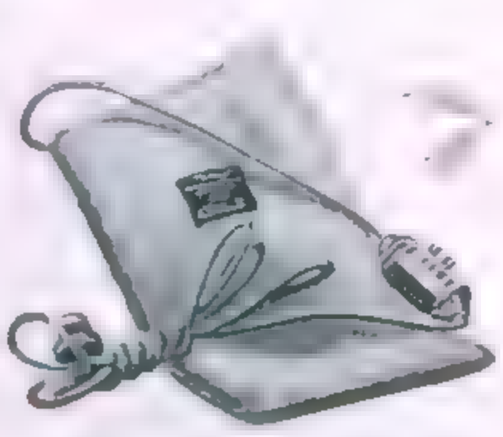
De Luxe Waffle Iron. Bakes beautifully brown, delicious waffles—both sides at once without turning. It makes them right at the table with no grease, smoke or odor. Price $15.00. Another model (not illustrated) sells for only $10.50.

A real Christmas opportunity. The Roman Percolator Set, 6-cup size. Includes large tray and gold-lined sugar and creamer. Price $17.00 complete. Other sets in wide variety up to $65.00.

Popular-priced Toast-Over Toaster. Toasts two large slices. When the tray is opened down the toast turns automatically. The switch in the cord permits easy turning on and off. Price $6.00.



Hotpoint Curling Iron. The shield opens parallel to the heated waver rod, holding the hair evenly the full length of rod, making a long, even wave. Price $5.00 with drying comb, $5.75.



Hotpoint Warming Pad. Soft, gray eiderdown, 12 in. x 15 in. Three heats. For all the aches and pains that yield to gentle, comforting warmth. Muslin slip cover. Price $8.00. Others, $5.00 and $6.50

Hotpoint Gift Suggestions

On these two pages are shown only a few of the many Hotpoint electric appliances. Your neighborhood dealer or electric light company can show you all of these and perhaps more. There are over 100 items in the full line, permitting a wide range of choice. Insist on "Hotpoint" by name to make sure of the important *inner* quality that will make your gift *a permanent reminder* of your esteem. Reliable dealers will not substitute.

De Luxe Traveling Iron Set

The 3-lb. Hotpoint iron with an ivory-white handle, gray silk cord and attached heel stand. It comes packed as a set in a convenient compact case that fits easily in a corner of traveling bag or trunk. The case is handsomely finished in attractive and serviceable gray leatherette. The cover flap has a snap to hold it closed. Price $6.95.

Travelers' Press Kit. Illustrated at bottom of this page. It includes the regular 3-lb. Hotpoint iron and cord set, packed in a black leatherette kit bag with snap-closed top. Price $4.95.

Either of these will make an ideal gift for the girl who goes back to school again after the holidays—for the woman who travels or week-ends occasionally—for the bachelor business girl.

The 3-lb. Hotpoint is also sold without case or kit bag, for use at home. Price $3.95. It is more convenient for ironing those daintier things—such as delicate lingerie. Its heat, weight and size are just right for light work.

De Luxe Curling Iron Set

The famous Hotpoint curler with an ivory-finish handle, in a silk-lined, gray leatherette case. The plugs and thumb button are of gray Bakelite to match the gray silk cord. An exclusive feature is the shield which *opens parallel* to the heated waver rod so that the hair is held evenly for the full length of the rod, making a long uniform wave. Also, the connecting plug in the handle swivels so that the entire curler may be turned for making round curls, without twisting the cord. Price $6.95.

The same parallel shield and swivel plug may be had in the curler illustrated at the bottom of the opposite page. Price $5.00; or with drying comb, $5.75. A similar marcel iron with a ½-in. diameter rod may be had for $5.50.

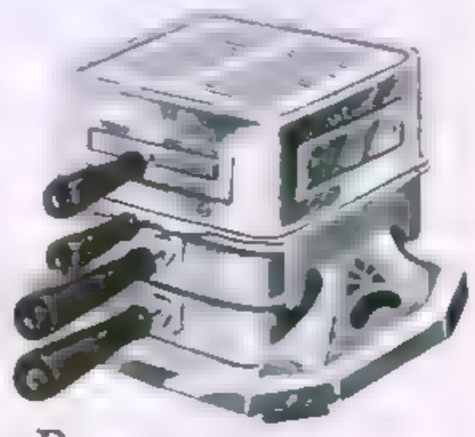
The plain Hotpoint Curling Iron with the ordinary "V" opening shield (not illustrated) sells for only $2.95.

Triplex Grill

Here is the secret of easy breakfasts! In many thousands of homes the Hotpoint Triplex Grill is making possible more efficient, easier breakfasts, without steps to and from the kitchen. For it toasts, poaches, broils, boils or fries—*three operations at once.* One of the most convenient electric appliances ever made, for lunches and after-theater bites too, yet it is as economical as a toaster. The price complete with all necessary utensils is $13.50. A cast aluminum, greaseless waffle iron to fit the toasting compartment is also available. It bakes both sides at once, no turning. Price $4.00.

Duplex Grill. Similar to the Triplex Grill. It permits *two* cooking operations at one time. Complete with set of six utensils, $9.85.

Table Stove (not illustrated). A small but very efficient radiant grill, six inches square, with white porcelain top. Price $4.95. With complete set of aluminum utensils, including deep pan, reflector cover (also used as a frying pan), egg-poaching rack and four egg cups, $7.95.



Automatic Electric Range

Every wife would like to have the *convenience*, year 'round coolness and *cleanliness* of automatic electric cooking. It makes cooking far easier and *better*. There are no fumes; there is no soot. The walls, ceiling and curtains *keep* clean. The range itself is always as clean as a china plate. It is absolutely accurate—and *fast*.

Last year Hotpoint announced a special Christmas gift range and thousands of wives were made happy by them. For *this* Christmas an even more popular-priced model is being offered, the new Hotpoint all-white automatic range. It has ample capacity, yet will fit in the smallest of modern kitchens. The oven has a combined temperature control and thermometer. You merely set the control for the temperature desired and the thermometer shows the oven is being *kept* at that exact heat, even though you may be out of the kitchen all during the cooking. Beautiful, gleaming white porcelain and nickel. There are 17 other models in the full line.

Edison Electric Appliance Co. Inc., Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif. World's largest manufacturer of household electric heating appliances. Branches and Service Stations in all principal cities.

Hotpoint SERVANTS

Dolly Madison Percolator, 6-cup size. Silver lined. Cut glass top. Satin Silver finish, $29.50. Polished Nickel, $25.50. Other models in wide variety from $10.00 to $36.50.

Every woman needs and will appreciate receiving these two irons. The 6-lb. Super-Iron with its comfortable Thumb-Rest—for the heavier ironing. The 3-lb. Hotpoint for her daintier things. Prices $6.00 and $3.95.

A Hotpoint Hedlite Heater brings warm comfort on chilly mornings and evenings—on damp, drizzly days—for baby's bath. Also convenient for drying hair and many other purposes. Model illustrated, $8.50. Others, $5.75 to $14.00.

Travelers' Press Kit. The 3-lb. Hotpoint iron and cord set in a black leatherette kit bag. Has an attached heel stand. The kit fits in a corner of traveling bag or trunk. Price $4.95.

BULOVA WATCHES

Be sure the Watch You Give is a TIMEPIECE

HOW many a Yuletide gift is but a memory when the New Year dawns! How few gifts live to knit closer the friendships that inspired their giving!

A watch suggests years of faithful service — utility, beautifully adorned. Yet how often a watch selected for its beauty fails to be faithful to its trust!

Remember always that the name BULOVA on the dial is your assurance of a perfect timepiece. Generations of painstaking effort have achieved that

As to beauty, no finer cases have ever been wrought. Truly, each BULOVA watch is an "Aristocrat of Beauty, Autocrat of Time".

Priced from $25 to $2500, BULOVA watches vary in design as they vary in price; they are alike in dependability.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY FIFTH AVENUE *New York*

BARONESS
14 kt. white gold filled; handsomely engraved; 15 jewel $28.50

PRINCESS
14 kt. white gold filled; handsomely engraved; 15 jewel $28.50

RAMONA
14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved; 15 jewel $40.00
14 kt. white gold filled $35.00

PRUDENCE
14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved; 15 jewel $50.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $37.50

DEBUTANTE
Miladi's Sports Watch—14 kt. solid white gold, handsomely engraved, 15 jewel, radium dial $50.00
14 kt. gold filled, 15 jewel $37.50

AMBASSADOR
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel; radium dial $28.50

PRESIDENT
14 kt. solid gold; handsomely carved; 17 jewel; radium dial; curved to fit the wrist $85.00
14 kt. gold filled; 17 jewel $50.00

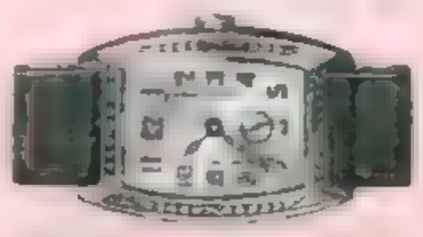
OZARINA
Solid platinum; hand carved case, set with 78 diamonds, 17 jewel $1000.00

PENELOPE
14 kt. solid white gold, 2 diamonds and 4 sapphires set in platinum, 15 jewel $65.00

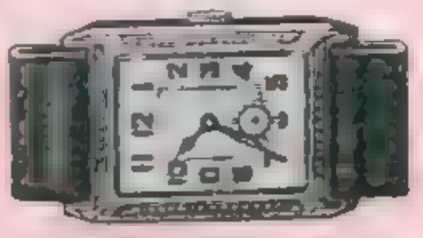
MURIEL
18 kt. solid white gold; handsomely engraved; 4 diamonds and 4 sapphires set in platinum; 15 jewel $100.00

NORMAN
14 kt. gold filled; handsomely engraved, 15 jewel; radium dial $37.50

SENATOR
14 kt. solid gold; handsomely carved; 17 jewel; radium dial $65.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $35.00



MERCURY
14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved; 17 jewel; radium dial $75.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $50.00

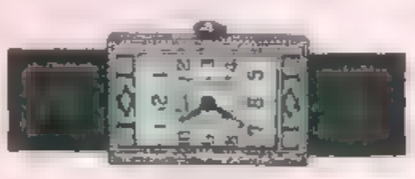


APOLLO
14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved, 17 jewel, radium dial $75.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $50.00

LUCILLE
14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved; 15 jewel $50.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $40.00

GERALDINE
14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved; 15 jewel $50.00
14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel $40.00

THEODORA
14 kt. solid white gold; hand carved; set with either six emeralds or six sapphires; 15 jewel $65.00



MIGNON
14 kt. solid white gold; handsomely carved, and inlaid with black enamel, 15 jewel $55.00

COLLEGIATE
Miladi's Sports Watch—14 kt. white gold filled; handsomely engraved; 15 jewel; radium dial $37.50

TROJAN
14 kt. gold filled, handsomely engraved, 15 jewel, radium dial $28.50

CONQUEROR
14 kt. gold; hand carved, and inlaid with black enamel; 17 jewel; radium dial $85.00
14 kt. gold filled; 17 jewel $50.00

At the Better Jewelers ~ Everywhere

Continued from Page 146

chairman. Though this is true generally, it does not give a correct understanding of the situation. The original appointment probably has more to do with the chairmanship than anything else, for it is obvious that if a member does not get on a committee he will never be its chairman; and it is no easy matter to secure an assignment to one of the leading committees. The Committee on Committees scans the qualifications of each candidate carefully. His application has for some time been on file with the clerk of that committee, with a statement of the matters which he considers entitle him to the appointment.

The Committee on Committees considers all this, and his previous record if he has been a member. In this way it makes up the list, usually finding that there are not enough important positions to take care of all the members of proved ability. Like all other human institutions, this committee may err or may even decide a case on improper considerations, but if a member properly prepares himself for a certain committee and makes it evident that he would be a real addition to its strength, as a rule he is assigned to that committee sooner or later. But after he gets on the committee, if in the course of long service he becomes the senior member, it does not necessarily follow that he will be made chairman. The appointing powers do not hesitate to set aside the seniority rule with reference to chairmanships when for any reason it is considered that it should be done.

There are many instances where the senior member has been displaced. In 1903 Mr. Overstreet of Indiana was made chairman of the Committee on Post Offices over two others, one of whom had served thirty-two years. In 1905 Mr. Tawney was made chairman of the Committee on Appropriations over members who had served fourteen and twenty-six years respectively. The present chairman of the Committee on Appropriations displaced a member who had served for more than twenty years. Similar action has been taken by the Democrats when in power. In Wilson's Administration Mr. Kitchin was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee over the head of a member who outranked him in service. In selecting committee chairmen for the last session another instance of the same kind occurred. The so-called seniority rule has been very much criticized on the assumption that it had no exceptions, which we have seen is incorrect. If length of service and experience in legislative matters are advantages anywhere, they are certainly important qualifications for the chairmanship of a leading committee, and if the selection of the chairman was left to a general vote there would be as many coteries formed as there were important committees, and members who were the best wire-pullers would be selected as chairmen.

A Congressman's Work

The work on the committees takes congressmen from the hall of the House when minor bills are being considered, and sometimes when important measures are before the House. The regular sessions of the committees are in the forenoon, but the committees are frequently compelled to hold sessions in the afternoon. In recent years the custom has arisen of holding committee meetings in advance of the session, in order to get the bills prepared and ready to present to the House as soon as it convenes and to give more time to the consideration of bills. The House system of not assigning members of a leading committee to any other committee enables the House committees to give more thorough and extended consideration to bills than can be given by the committees of the Senate. As each senator may be a member of a number of important committees, the sessions of one may be, and often are, delayed or prevented by the attendance of senators on other committees.

The work on the committees is the most important that a congressman does, and the success or failure of a bill depends largely upon the manner in which that work is done. The general practice is to have a hearing on every important bill. These hearings are open, and any citizen among all the vast population of the United States may appear. Government officials representing some department are usually requested to give their views, but for the most part testimony is from interested parties, and much from professional lobbyists. The members of the committee need to know their business thoroughly. If they do not, the interests of the Government and the public will suffer.

The work of these committees involves almost every conceivable branch of political economy and every principle of legislation. Taxation and tariffs, expenditures and appropriations, manufacturing and agriculture, interstate and foreign commerce, national defense through the Army and Navy, the activities of the various departments with their thousands of employes, are some of the important matters which must be studied and understood by some member of the committee in charge, not only in general but also in detail. This is the kind of work of which Mr. Mann spoke—work which is usually well done, but sometimes imperfectly or incompletely.

Legislative Safety Valves

Up to the last thirty or forty years the national Government operated within a very narrow range. Whether wisely or unwisely, its lines have been extended until it is now not only engaged in business itself but it regulates or undertakes to assist nearly every kind of business, through special bureaus or divisions. All this has added to the complications of government and has greatly increased the work of Congress and the individual members, which would in any event have been much greater than it was before the war, by reason of the necessity of raising so much greater revenues and caring for the disabled veterans.

After the hearings on a bill have been completed, which frequently take many weeks, the committee goes into what is called executive session, from which the public is excluded. This method of procedure has been criticized, but those who are familiar with it know that unless the committee proceedings were so conducted the members of the committee would be so hampered in expressing their views that the committee could not function. It is said that these sessions make it impossible to trace responsibility for the action of the committee, but the general attitude of each member is nearly always well understood, and the party in power is always held responsible for the action of the committee. Notwithstanding that these meetings are supposed to be secret, the ever-vigilant reporters usually have in the papers of the next day a complete record of all that has been done, and often the individual votes of the members of the committee.

The committee goes over the bill paragraph by paragraph, carefully considering and discussing each feature. Experts are employed by Congress to assist in framing the bill if it is complicated or technical. The committee is usually so much occupied with the policy of matters contained in the bill that it does not have time to give proper attention to details of form.

If, as a result of all this preparation, the committee is unanimous, or nearly so, in reporting a bill, it will be difficult to change any of the principal features of the measure when it gets before the House. There will, of course, be debate upon it and it may be changed in some minor details, but on its important provisions the average member is likely to say, "Though I am doubtful about some provisions of the bill, the committee has been studying it for months while I have only been listening to the debate for a few days, and I shall follow the committee." The committee itself sometimes proposes minor amendments, generally of form, which are usually adopted without discussion, and other amendments which do not affect the essential features of the bill may be carried. In the end it is the committee bill which is passed, and this is what makes the committee so great a force in our Government.

It would prolong this article unduly to set out the rules with reference to procedure in the House, and only the more important features will be mentioned, in general terms. The introduction of a bill is a very simple matter. All that is actually required is to drop the bill in the basket on the clerk's desk when the House is in session. This is so easy that it probably accounts in a large part for the fact that thousands of bills are introduced every session. To most of these bills no attention is ever given except that a clerk, acting for the Speaker, indorses on them a reference to the appropriate committee, after which they are forgotten.

It is often very difficult for a member to get a bill before the House even when it has attracted considerable attention and would be supported by many members if brought before the House. Sometimes this is true even of bills that would undoubtedly command a majority vote if they were permitted to come to a vote in the House.

To the new member it may seem as if the rules of the House were designed to prevent legislation instead of to facilitate it. He understood that it would not be an easy task to get a bill reported by a committee, but when this has been accomplished he is surprised to learn that he has hardly started. He finds that the bill cannot be brought up except on a certain day that may never arrive, unless he can induce the Rules Committee to grant a special rule making it in order, which is like moving a mountain, for everywhere there are important bills ahead. When it comes to getting the Speaker to recognize him to suspend the rules, he learns that this recognition is reserved for important bills that have the approval of the Steering Committee. Often the only measures he can get passed are those that go through by common consent, such as bridge bills, or those that are included with others in some omnibus bill, such as private pension bills. Experience generally convinces him that it is well that our laws cannot be passed hastily and that there is more danger of too much legislation than too little.

The Graveyard of Bills

The fact that a large portion of the bills cannot get before the House without a special rule making them in order makes the Committee on Rules an extremely important committee. The party in power always keeps a strong majority upon it, for it speaks for the party in determining what bills shall be taken up first. From its decisions there is no appeal and it becomes the graveyard of many a hopeful bill. But here again it is obvious that the ax must swing and the too numerous branches of the legislative tree be rigorously pruned.

It is sometimes said that our system is at a disadvantage as compared with that prevailing in Europe, in that with so many independent committees the work is not so well coördinated. It is true that the absolute coördination which exists under one controlling committee cannot be obtained, but it is seldom that there is any conflict between the committees of the House, and where there is any, it is only upon comparatively unimportant matters. This is especially true since the establishment of the budget system, under which all the proposed expenditures are coördinated and referred to the Committee on Appropriations, and the revenue bills are so framed by the Ways and Means Committee as to enable the Treasury to meet the budget estimates.

It has often been contended that the members of the cabinet under our Government should have the opportunity of appearing before Congress. They do appear before the committees, and if they desire, at executive sessions, where they can speak more freely than they could on the floor of the House. It is impossible under our Constitution to give them the same powers that

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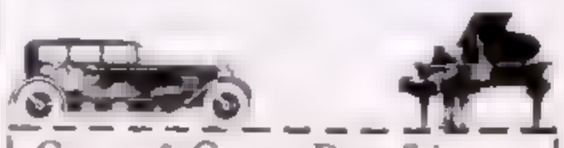

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STUDEBAKER

(Continued from Page 151)

European cabinet members have. Nor, in my opinion, is it advisable that they should be given permission to address the House directly. Not being members of the House or subject to its control, their position, if this were granted, would be anomalous. The members of a European cabinet are expected to express views which will be supported by the majority of the House which they address. If they do not receive such support, and the matter is important, the cabinet goes out of office. This part of the European system would nowhere in this country meet with approval, but without it there would be no object in cabinet members addressing Congress.

The debate on a measure is opened by the chairman of the committee reporting the bill, who by agreement usually controls and apportions one-half of the time allotted to general debate as distinguished from debate under what is called the five-minute rule. The other half is controlled either by the ranking minority member of the committee or the leader of the opposition to the bill. The chairman's speech outlines and explains the bill; the other speeches may attack or defend it. The debate may last a week or more, but if the measure is an important one, few, if any, votes are changed by the discussion. The members of Congress have been studying the bill and the report of the committee accompanying it, and generally have their minds made up as to how they will vote. The speeches are intended to inform the public at large of the nature and purposes of the bill, to defend or attack it according to the position taken by the member addressing the House; and party success depends in no small degree on how this is done.

Usually on important measures the debate is confined to the bill, but, unless otherwise ordered by the House, anyone who gets the floor may talk upon any subject he desires, with the result that a visitor in the gallery when a certain bill is before the House is often mystified by hearing a speech on a subject not even remotely related to the measure. But there is a reason for this. The safeguard of our Government is the right of freedom of speech. Nothing arouses the public more than the claim that debate is being suppressed; that members have no opportunity to get before the people charges against the party in power and to prove its delinquency.

Obstreperous Children

Besides this there are members who have some proposition favorable to their respective districts or some change or reform which they wish to propose, which may or may not have merit, and upon which they wish to make an appeal to Congress and the country. With speech entirely unfettered, there will necessarily be in the proceedings some buncombe, much unjustified denunciation, and more or less of fervid but meaningless perorations. At the same time, there will be much of real worth, often well expressed. Considerable of the time of the House will be uselessly consumed, much printer's ink and cheap paper will be wasted in the Congressional Record; but, after all, it is a small price to pay for freedom and the knowledge that in no other country are the foundations of government so secure as our own. Nowhere else does the red tide of revolution move so feebly and obscurely.

I have said that the debate did not often change votes on the bill, but this applies only to the main proposition and not to details, which are frequently changed. There have been, however, some notable instances where the discussion changed votes. One occurred during the late war, when the Selective Service Bill, which provided for a draft, was before the House. The debate continued for a week. All through, excitement ran high and the situation was tense. Champ Clark even left the Speaker's chair to take the floor and make a bitter attack on the bill, saying that he saw little difference between a conscript and a convict. At the opening a majority of the House was opposed to the bill; when the vote was taken there was a decisive majority in favor of it.

After the general debate the bill is read by paragraphs or sections under what is called the five-minute rule. Strictly enforced, the rule would allow only two speeches of five minutes each after the reading of each subdivision of the bill. As a matter of practice, a member can always get his time extended if he is saying anything worth while, and very often when he is not, depending on how good-natured the listeners are and whether the chairman in charge of the bill thinks he must hasten its progress. A refusal of more time to a free lance frequently causes the one whose speech has been corked up by enforcement of the rules to become obstreperous, and if he thoroughly understands the rules he is likely to manifest his disposition by making points of order and no quorum, thus succeeding in using more time than if he had been permitted to talk. The proceeding reminds one of a child throwing himself on the floor and yelling because he has been denied some indulgence, but it sometimes takes place.

A Damper on Windbags

The five-minute rule brings about short, crisp, and often sparkling debate. The verbose and prolix speakers are failures under it, but the real debaters are merely spurred to more vigorous effort. The House is a business body and its rules do not encourage eloquence, but in many instances hamper it. The discussion of the bill paragraph by paragraph is highly beneficial. Anyone who has read the debates of both our Congress and the English Parliament cannot fail to see that the details of a bill are more carefully scanned in the House of Representatives than in the House of Commons, and it would seem that the members of our House must acquire a better knowledge of its provisions. On the other hand, the speeches in the British House, not being so much devoted to details, are more interesting to the reader and better prepared in a rhetorical way. They are also much better reported by the newspapers.

If we go back to the early days of our Government we find that the legislative methods of Congress have much improved. Indeed, if there were not more system, more study and more work on the part of Congressmen, the enormous mass of business now transacted by Congress would utterly fail to be carried on and our public affairs would become continual scenes of inefficiency and mismanagement. An illustration will show how far we have advanced. In 1807 the Ways and Means Committee had charge of appropriation as well as revenue bills. John Randolph was then a prominent member of Congress from Virginia and a member of that committee. He wanted to look into the Navy estimates, as none of the members of the committee knew much about how they were made up. In a letter to a friend he tells how he went to the head of the department, who turned him over to a clerk who was as dumb as his master.

"There was not a single question relating to the department which the Secretary could answer."

Today it would be easy to obtain the information without even going to the department secretary. Every member of Congress can obtain from the Appropriations Committee a rather bulky volume which contains in detail every item that makes up our budget of more than three billions of dollars. Those who are not members of the Appropriations Committee cannot, of course, be expected to familiarize themselves with all of its thousands of items, but the members of the subcommittees on appropriations must do so, so far as the items come within the jurisdiction of their respective subcommittees. Indeed, if it developed in the debate that no one on the committee could explain an item and tell just what it was for, the item would go out of the bill and the committee would be much discredited.

The work in the House is sometimes interrupted and delayed by disorder, but the disorder is never of a violent kind. It arises from a habit that members have—an almost universal habit—of using the hall of the House as a place for conversation, no matter what may be going on. This is not often serious except when matters of routine or detail are being considered. Yet these may be very important. The Speaker, or whoever is in the chair, always endeavors to stop it, but it is a difficult task and business must sometimes be suspended for a few minutes until order is restored. But the member addressing the House is never howled or hissed down, as was Mr. Winston Churchill not long ago when presenting the revenue bill to the British House of Commons, nor do members indulge in fist fights, which not infrequently occur in the French Chamber of Deputies. There has been so much disorder of late in the House of Commons that it has been charged there was an organized and concerted movement to create it on the part of the Labor Party, beginning—according to one writer—when Mr. James Keir Hardy marched into the House with a workingman's cap on his head and followed by a brass band in full blast.

However this may be, there is never any organized disorder in the American House and seldom any use of unparliamentary language in the speeches, although verbal clashes have occurred between members on the floor. On the so-called "field days," when political issues are being discussed by prominent speakers on either side, the opposing party may be bitterly arraigned and sarcastic comment made on its alleged errors and blunders, but the personal references are softened and the "distinguished gentleman" whose remarks are being refuted is personally treated with respect. There may be some ironic "Oh's" or some derisive laughter, which is counteracted by applause on the other side, but there are no jeers, hisses or epithets bandied. Perhaps we do not take our politics as seriously as they do in England and France. Whatever there may have been in the past, in late years there has been little personal animosity between members of different parties. Difference in political opinions does not prevent members from being devoted friends.

A Locomotive Yell for Congress

The only continued disorder I have personally known was an amusing incident, and much more ludicrous than serious. It was anything but dignified, but must have been entertaining to the occupants of the gallery, which was packed at the time. It occurred late in the evening of the closing day of a long session. There was a full attendance, as no one knows what may happen at such times. A gigantic member from the Northwest was addressing the House. He had a voice that corresponded to his stature, and gestured vigorously in a manner that showed he had experience and skill in chopping with a heavy ax. He said something that the Democrats did not like. What it was, few knew, as the members were doing more conversing than listening, and I do not think anybody particularly cared. But some Democrats on the front said rather loudly, "No! No! No!" Some Republicans answered, still louder, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" The members, worn by all-night sessions, suddenly became like boys released on the last day of school. Bedlam broke loose all over the floor, with all the Democrats shouting "No! No! No!" and all the Republicans "Yes! Yes! Yes!" though not one of them knew what they were denying or affirming. The uproar fairly shook the roof, but the member addressing the House was unmoved. His gesticulations continued as vigorously as before, and over all the tumult his tremendous voice boomed like the roar of the ocean surf against the rocks which defy the storm. But of course, nobody could make out a word of what he was saying. In vain the Speaker pounded the desk and strove to restore order, but not until the members

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themselves were fagged did quiet return. Then there was a hush as if the House was somewhat ashamed of itself.

Another subject which adds enormously to a congressman's work is what is called department matters. The civil-service regulations, whether otherwise beneficial, have been of great benefit to congressmen by relieving them from the pressure for jobs. There are still many applicants, but they are few compared to the total of positions, and the candidates consume but little time compared to what is taken by department matters. The old Civil War veterans with their pension cases are fast passing away, but a new and far larger band of ex-soldiers has taken their place with compensation, bonus, and death claims against the Government, and these claims are sent to the congressman's office by the thousands. Besides this, the Government, which once seldom came into contact with the ordinary citizen, is now engaged in activities which are often crossing his path, and the result is that complaints and claims are numerous. About them, and hundreds of other things, the constituent writes his congressman. It is well that he does, in many cases, for he would probably get no relief if he did not, and he is amply justified in making the application. Of course the details of this work are taken care of by the congressman's secretary, but all of it requires the member's attention and much of it is important enough to require an interview with a department secretary or bureau chief. Part of this dependence on the congressman is due to the fact that so much of our country lies at such a great distance from the seat of Government. The Government seems so far removed from the average citizen, and he knows so little with reference to its procedure, that his case looks hopeless unless he can have someone to look after it at the place where it is determined.

It is often said that the House would function better if there were fewer members, but a comparison between the House and the Senate does not indicate it, for the House works more rapidly and systematically than does the Senate. Much of this is due to the fact that in the House debate can be controlled and limited, while in the Senate this is usually impracticable. In the House, though personality counts, and counts strongly, the work is done by organized mass movements. In the Senate there is more individualism and less concert of action. In no other legislative assembly in the world does a member represent so many people as in our own House of Representatives. Great Britain has only about one-third the population of the United States, but the British House of Commons has six hundred and fifteen members. Our House has only four hundred and thirty-five. It has never been suggested in England that the House of Commons did not function or that it would be improved if there were fewer members. The French Chamber of Deputies has five hundred and eighty members, each representing on an average only about one-third the population which would be in an average congressional district. The German Reichstag has four hundred and ninety-three members; Italy's Chamber of Deputies, five hundred and sixty. Whatever may be the faults of these assemblies, there is nothing to indicate that they would function better if they had fewer members. In my opinion, there are now too few, rather than too many, congressmen properly to care for the local interests of their respective districts.

In working methods Congress is steadily improving. There is more system in the procedure in the House and before the committees, and more care given to the preparation of bills. No government controlled by an elective legislative assembly can be as efficient as a dictatorship or autocracy might be. But who among all our millions of citizens would want to live under any dictatorship or autocracy that ever existed? There never has been one that did not abuse its powers.

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 17)

"Right art thou, O Kjarten!" he cried. "Meet is it that the scald should sit in the highest seat. Therefore do I give thee mine, than which in this house there is no higher, and I myself will sit with thy brethren upon the upper bench to listen to thy cunning sagas. Ho, Ysir, my daughter, bring ale and a drinking horn and a harp for Kjarten the Scald!"

Mollified, but with one last scowl, the berserk turned from Eirik. The jarl spoke truth. No higher seat was there than that of the master, and rare, indeed, was the honor when a guest was put in it. He flung himself down in the armed high-back chair midway along the northern bench, took from the white hand of Ysir the ale horn she presented to him, stretched ritually over the fire and raised it to Snorri.

"Hail to thee, O jarl!" he cried. "Well knowest thou to honor the inspired of Odin, the scalds who have drunk of the Dvergar's mead!"

The jarl lifted his own horn in acknowledgment from the bench where he sat with the other berserks. "Hail to thee, O scald!" he answered. "May the favor of Odin be thine thy life long! Now sing us songs of the old time—songs of the gods and of the beginning of the world. Rich gifts shalt thou choose afterward from my hoard. Behold, my daughter Ysir brings to thee the harp."

Once more, Eirik in his high seat marveled at the slim beauty of that maid as she stood modestly before the coarsely brutal berserk, proffering him the harp, and much it irked him that her white hand should even momentarily come in contact with those great hairy paws which took it from her. He regretted savagely that the jarl had intervened, that he was not even now slashing and thrusting in the death fight with that gross bully. Of small account surely would be the scaldship of such a man!

He muttered angrily under his breath, so that Olaf laid a prudently restraining hand upon him. Only wild folly would provoke a fight with these overbearing but invulnerable champions.

The scald drank off another ale horn before he set himself to begin. Then, taking up the harp, he swept his fingers across the strings in a run of preliminary notes, plucked with a delicacy that was surprising from such a great weapon-coarsened hand. A strange light came suddenly into his hitherto bleary blue eyes; incongruously, there was almost a tenderness in his vicious heavy-jowled face, a dawning of some ecstasy that seemed other than of the man himself.

"A song of the old time, of the gods and of the beginning of the world, I sing, O jarl!" he cried. And then, as the strings thrummed in a monotonous, simple, repetitive melody, he began to chant, in a voice of unexpectedly thrilling quality, an ancient traditional short-lined, skillfully alliterative song:

"When Ymir lived
In early ages
Was neither sand nor sea,
Nor cool waves,
No earth was there,
Nor heaven above;
There was gaping void
And grass nowhere.

From Ymir's flesh
The earth was shaped,
And from his blood the sea;
The mountains from his bones;
From his hair the trees,
And the heaven from his skull.

But from his brows
The mild gods made
Midgard for sons of men;
And from his brain
Were all the gloomy
Clouds created ——"

Endlessly he continued, while his audience sat in rapt interest. He sang of the birth of Odin, and of the twelve Æsir gods who dwelt with him in Asgard—that original tribal home which probably was near where the River Don flows into the Black Sea. He sang of the world ash Yggdrasill and how Odin gave one of his eyes for a drink from the well of wisdom under its roots. He sang of Odin's leadership of that already long-remote migration to the north to escape the Romverjar, who then went widely about the world and underlaid all nations beneath their yoke—actually perhaps about B. C. 100, when Mithridates, King of the Black Sea Kingdom of Pontus, came into catastrophic conflict with Rome.

He sang of Odin's eight-legged horse Sleipnir and of his death-dealing spear Gungnir, and of Thor and his hammer and his magic belt of strength and of the iron gloves without which he could not wield the hammer. He sang of gods and heroes and far-off fights and of the armor-gleaming Valkyrie maids, the Choosers of the Slain, riding high upon the storm clouds, sent by Odin to sweep in screaming exultation over every battle whether on land or sea.

He sang as though transfigured, his grossness of form and feature magically irradiated, his voice strangely thrilling, tersely imaginative phrase following tersely imaginative phrase from his bearded lips, with a strange power evoking the glamorous splendor of that mythical olden time, weaving a spell of monotonously melodic music with his words as his great hands now caressed, now crashed along the vibrant strings. His brutal warrior coarseness was purged away from him; now was he only the scald, one of those whose lips had drunk the divine mead, intoxicated with a primitive passion of poetry, incongruously exalted above common normality with those gods whose high deeds he sang.

His listeners sat enthralled, their ale horns held half lifted. Even Eirik forgot his rankling hostility, leaned forward fascinated in his seat, rapt from his earthly surroundings into that world where the gods marched magnificently in their armor over the rainbow bridge. Finally sang the scald of Valhalla with the five hundred and forty doors, the hall of the slain, where those who died gloriously by wounds sat and drank at their feast and dwelt forever with Odin the All-Father. He finished abruptly, sat wiping the sweat dew from his brow amid a wild clamor of applause. Nothing loved so much these fierce Northmen as the high feat of inspired song; with precious jewels and even with great ships did rich chiefs reward them.

Jarl Snorri jumped to his feet in excited enthusiasm. "Great is thy idrótt of scaldship, O Kjarten!" he cried. "Name what gift thou wilt from me!"

The berserk put his harp between his legs and sat for a moment looking around him. His eyes fell on Ysir, standing among the maidens, white, golden-haired and beautiful in her sky-blue robe. Then he smiled, and the magic of poetry had gone out of a face once more coarsely evil.

"I will then, O jarl, that thou givest me thy daughter in marriage! Behold, thou hast spoken the word that may not be unsaid, and no other gift will I choose!"

With a little half-suppressed scream, Ysir shrank appalled back into the group of maidens. Eirik jerked instinctively erect from his seat, his hand once more feeling for the hilt of his sword. The old Jarl Snorri stood perplexedly stroking his white beard.

"Thou hast named the one gift that I cannot give, O scald!" he said. "To Hjalti, my brother's son, sea roving with my warriors, is Ysir my daughter already betrothed. And thou knowest that the betrothal pledges of the absent may not be broken. Rich stores of furred cloaks, of golden ring money, of inwrought weapons, have I. Choose thou from them, O scald, the fitting reward of thy god-breathed song!"

The berserk rose ponderously from the high seat, and there was a scowl on his coarse bloated face. "What he has said, Kjarten the Berserk does not unsay, O jarl! Behold, thou hast offered, and I have chosen. Ysir, thy daughter, will I wed."

"The law forbids that I should give her to thee, scald, as thou knowest," replied the old jarl, a little tremulously. "Angry are the gods when the laws are broken!"

The berserk laughed. "Then by the law of the holmgang do I challenge thee, jarl," he said harshly, viciously triumphant. "For thy hall and thy lands and thy womenfolk do I challenge thee as the gods permit."

The old jarl's hand shook against his white beard. "Twenty years back wouldst thou not have dared thus to challenge me, berserk!" he retorted, with a flash of anger. "Not meet is it, as thou knowest, to challenge the old to holmgang."

"Yet is it not forbidden!" cried the berserk. "Fight or yield!"

Eirik's leap forward seemed to come of itself, so spontaneous was its breakaway from Olaf's restraining grip. "Thou desirest holmgang, berserk!" he shouted, his young voice quivering with anger. "Thou shalt not be gainsaid! To holmgang for thy life or mine do I challenge thee!"

The berserk swung his great bulk round to him and laughed scornfully. "The cockerel crows before the young hens," he said, with insulting amusement. "Eager art thou to go to Odin, fledgling! But the warriors need boys to wash the dishes."

"First shall I send thee to Odin, ale-skin! The warriors are weary at his table. They want a boaster to point the finger at and laugh."

The berserk scowled and gnashed his teeth. "Beware, stripling! Thy doom clutches thee! The fury of the god shakes my arm to deal the death!" He contorted his bloated face and howled loudly and horribly, so that the throng in the hall shrank back.

Eirik laughed. "Thus shalt thou howl when Odin sends thee disgraced to Niflheim, O boaster!" he jeered at him. "Haste thee to the holmgang if thou be not afraid, for lo, my sword Blood-drinker leaps impatiently in its sheath!"

The berserk protruded his bleary eyes and foamed at the mouth. "Holmgang!" he shrieked. "Holmgang!" He snatched up a near-by shield and bit like a madman on its rim.

"Holmgang!" cried the awed throng in the hall, edging away from the other berserks, now also dangerously upon their feet, and commencing to flock, in an eager, excited babble of voices, toward the doors leading to the open air, where the fight would take place. Eirik saw the blue eyes of Ysir fixed upon him as she turned to the women's door, and thrilled strangely.

"Beware, brother!" said Olaf, perturbed and anxious at his side. "Of much fame for his strength and cunning is he. Play not with him after the shields are rived, but smite swiftly to kill as he runs upon thee."

Eirik laughed as he replaced his horned iron helmet on his head. Intoxicating were those blue eyes of Ysir.

"Fear not, brother! Never has Blood-drinker failed to kill. But come now to the holmgang. This boaster has gone before me from the hall."

(Continued on Page 159

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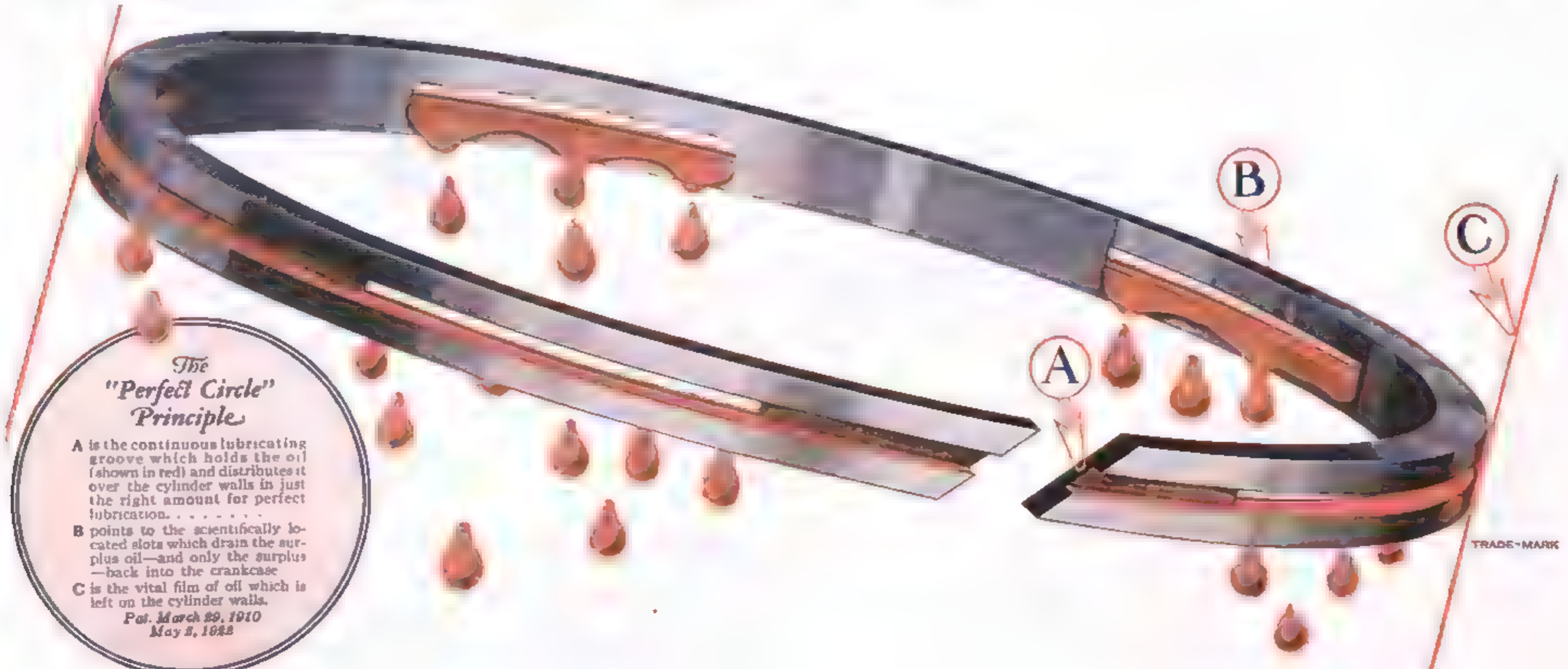

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A is the continuous lubricating groove which holds the oil (shown in red) and distributes it over the cylinder walls in just the right amount for perfect lubrication. . . . . .

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C is the vital film of oil which is left on the cylinder walls.

Pat. March 29, 1910
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How It Works

The red shows the path of the oil—up the cylinder wall and into the continuous lubricating groove on the face of the ring, through the oil-draining slots in the ring, and then back into the crankcase, through holes drilled in the piston behind the ring.

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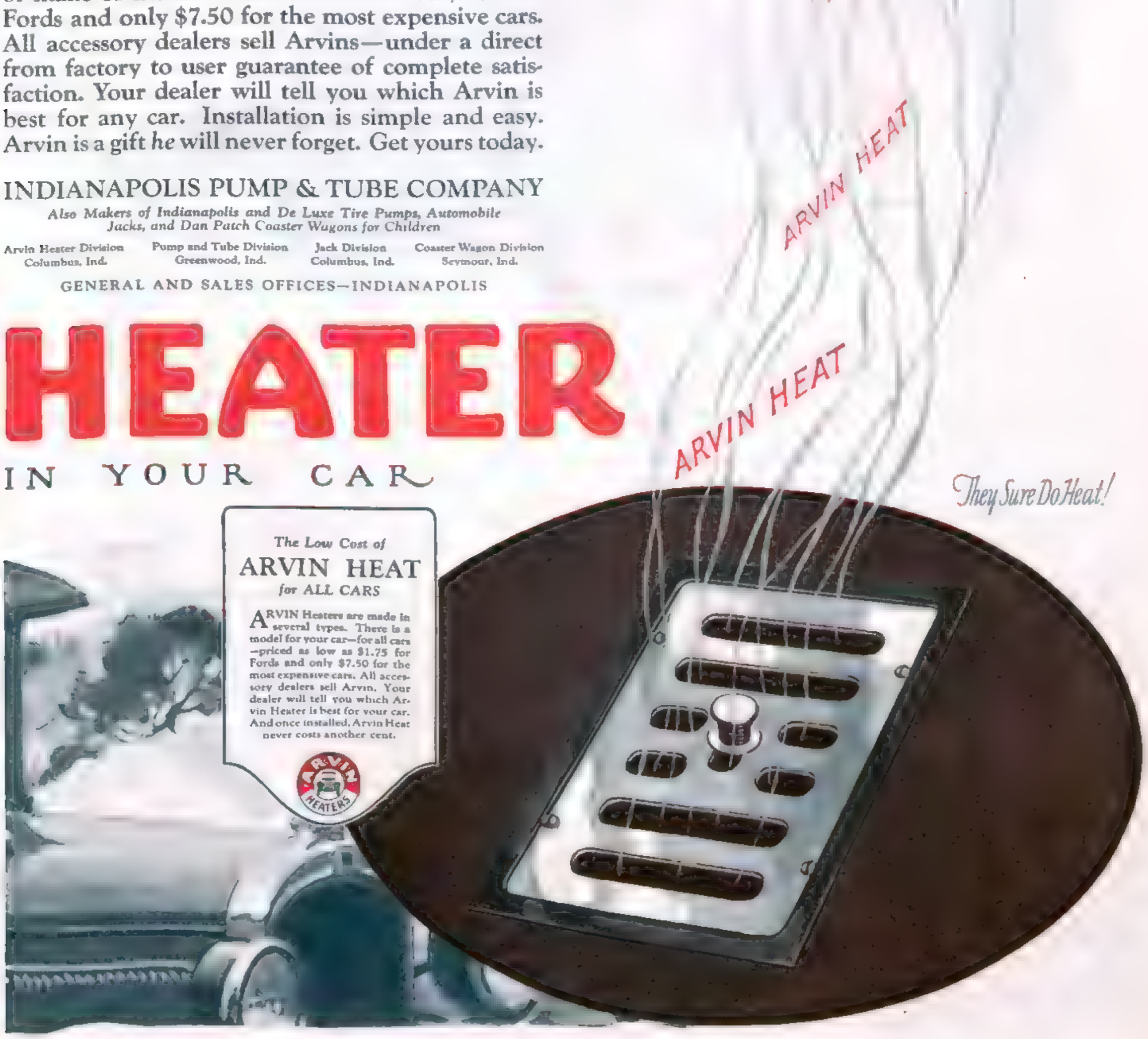

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(Continued from Page 154)

They passed out into that fenced-in open space around the hall which was known as the tun—a word later prosperously to change its connotation and be Englished as "town." There, while the folk massed themselves, a couple of the berserks and a couple of Eirik's men were already preparing the combat ground. Strict were the laws and ritual of the holmgang. A cloak ten feet along each side was pegged at each corner to the earth, and the man who drove in the pegs must first hold both his ear lobes and bend down till he could see the sky between his legs, uttering the while a sacred invocation. Outside the cloak, three squares were traced, one foot between, and, containing them all, four hazel poles were laid square upon the ground. The whole symbolically represented a small island—holm—from which a cowardly combatant could not escape. Forever disgraced was the man who stepped with both feet outside the hazel poles. Possible is it that the square ring of modern pugilism conserves yet the traditional shape of the holmgang place.

The throng jostled and chattered excitedly as the antagonists made themselves ready for the fray. Their cloaks were removed by willing helpers and three shields brought to each. Then their axes were taken from them, for the sword was the only permissible weapon. Eirik drew Blood-drinker from its sheath, and after it had been measured—for none might fight with swords beyond a certain length—slung it by the hilt strap on his arm, as was correct at a holmgang.

Very handsome did he look as he stood there with the red afternoon sun glinting upon his iron helmet and his iron-mail brynja, and he thrilled again to see Ysir gazing at him from the side of her father the jarl. Terrifyingly formidable to that crowd, Kjarten, the berserk, stood huge and contemptuously bare of any brynja, howling fiercely in berserk frenzy as he waved his bright sword, making it flash in the sun. His berserk brethren grouped themselves near to him, one of them already bearing the shield he would hold for him in the fight.

There was a sudden hush as the old jarl stepped forward to the hazel poles. He paused while the adversaries, each with their shield bearers—Olaf, of course, bore the shield for Eirik—entered into the square. Then solemnly he recited the laws of the holmgang. The throng shouted their indorsement. He raised his hand, stepped back from the holm and cried the word to commence.

Instantly that excited, shouting crowd became a blur to Eirik, vanished from his consciousness. Gripping firmly his sword, half crouching behind the shield that Olaf held in front of him, he saw only the madly fierce eyes of the berserk, crouching behind the other shield, as they advanced toward each other. The berserk was the challenged man, therefore had he right to the first blow. With a wild, disconcerting cry he delivered it. There was a flash of steel in the sunlight, a brusque movement on the part of Olaf—and the shield fell in twain as its bearer leaped aside. Instantly Eirik struck with all his force, and with like promptitude the shield bearer of the berserk deftly interposed the round target, which likewise fell slashed through. From the throng came a great outcry of delight. Good blows were both.

The second shield was brought to each. Once more the antagonists advanced toward each other. Once more, each with a great single blow, the shields were rived and the combatants stood unharmed. And then again the third shield was brought by excitedly shouting men, while the shield bearers laughed happily with the plaudits of the crowd. Nimble and skillful were both, and the throng acclaimed them with expert appreciation. Again the four men moved close within the squares. Again, with a horrible yell, the berserk's sword flashed and Eirik dodged momentarily behind Olaf's shield, dodged out again to strike the blow that likewise met a shield in an impact that jarred his arm. Again the two shields lay spoiled upon the ground.

The two shield bearers walked out of the holm, while the clamor of the crowd became a roar of voices, the most of them fiercely encouraging Eirik, the berserks screaming to their champion to carve this presumptuous youth into small pieces. The spoiling of the shields, though excitingly fraught with danger enough to all the participants, was but the ritual preliminary. Now followed the real fight, the fight to the death as was the challenge. Now must the swordsmen stand shieldless and unflinching upon only the small square of the central cloak, slashing at each other until one blade bit deep in the death bite.

Eirik took a long breath as he stepped upon that underfoot softness, assured his grip upon the hilt of the rune-magicked sword that had been the weapon of his grandfather, Björn the Slayer. The tumult around him became merely a vague, intoxicating stimulant to his strangely lucid brain; all his faculties were focused intensely on that burly, blond-bearded, insane-eyed giant of a man—oppressively vivid to him in that confined closeness—who howled with fearsomely contorted face.

For a moment they maneuvered, each to avoid the sun in his eyes. Then, with a wild unnerving shriek, the berserk swung his sun-flashing sword for the blow. Eirik heard the swish of it through the air as his own arm acted automatically, as his body jerked sideways from the hips in that bright flash past his head; and then instantly, with an extraordinarily clear perception of a momentarily unguarded blue-kirtled flank bent in its exposure, he struck with all his might, felt the blade bite against bone. For a moment his sword knuckles rubbed against the texture of the kirtle stuff, his hand became suddenly wet with a hot wetness; and then the berserk toppled, cleft half in twain, swamping red the brown-spun cloak as he lay with arms outstretched.

So swiftly had come the finish that for a moment the victor stood dazed, incredulous of its reality. The deafening shout from the throng assured him of it, a shout that would not cease. Olaf rushed into the holm, embraced him ecstatically, crying that finer sword cut never was seen. As he disengaged himself, while the throng still yelled its delighted vociferations, he saw Ysir waving her white hand, laughing and shouting hysterically. He strode to the edge of the holm, toward where the other berserks stood aghast.

"Ho, berserks!" he cried. "To the holmgang do I challenge ye, each after the other. Who first steps forward?"

The berserks looked at one another, dismayed at this swift end to him who had been their foremost champion. None moved. None replied. The berserk fury was dead in them. Foolish they looked, burly under their iron helmets.

Eirik laughed exultantly, holding up his blood-trickling sword. "Haste, O champions! Blood-drinker is thirsty! This was but a first sip! Will ye take the name of niflingr—craven all of ye? Does no one dare the holmgang?"

There came no answer from the appalled champions, avoiding one another's eyes.

Eirik laughed again, a new note in his laughter. "Cowards are ye! Upon them, men! Slay them! Slay the niflings! Their heart is gone from them! Slay! Slay!"

He rushed furiously upon them, his sword raised, and—with a shout of fierce delight—his men, headed by Olaf, rushed upon them also, with a sudden unsheathing of weapons that flashed prematurely red with the declining sun. There was a shriek from the nerveless berserks, bunched close together.

It had been a very pleasantly satisfying slaughter, and as Eirik walked back to the hall with Jarl Snorri and his daughter Ysir, he turned to the maiden in a happy self-confidence. "Wilt thou sit by my side on the drinking bench, O swan among maids?" he asked

Her great blue eyes looked at him and a vivid blush stained the fair whiteness of her face and neck. Her faint word of assent was scarcely audible. She stumbled and caught at her father's arm.

It was their second dawn at sea, the rowers straining at the oars, the sail taut-swollen with the fresh-risen wind, the spray shooting up by the prow as the ship nosed down in the trough of the waves that overtook her with hurrying, foaming, down-rolling crests. Eirik glanced from his steering oar to Ysir, huddled below him; answered her question.

"One ship alone now follows us," he said. "The ship with the dragon-wrought sail."

"The ship of Hjalti!" cried Ysir, looking up with fear-white face at her lover.

Olaf, his tawny young beard crusted with sea salt, came striding over the thwarts between the bearded rowers, holding their oars for a midships wave crest, steadied himself at a mast stay as the skuta lifted abruptly in a smother of foam.

"Let us in-oars, Eirik, and let him overtake us!" he shouted through the word-swallowing wind. "So shall our men be fresh and his men be tired for the fight. Not meet is it that we should flee from one ship!"

Eirik glanced back at the pursuing vessel, its remotely small sail ruddy with the emerging sun, assured himself that the horizon was, indeed, empty of any others. Only Hjalti, fiercely vengeful, had followed through the hours of darkness. And with Hjalti, hated at once with a rankling, retrospective, jealous hatred and an ill conscience, was he very ready to clash swords in the death fight. So would the score be cleanly settled.

He shouted his assent to Olaf's suggestion. "But lower not the sail!" he added. "Let him be wearied with overtaking us. Our men shall eat, drink and make ready. Joyous shall be the fight we will have!" He laughed happily, the wind blowing his long fair hair around his face.

The rowers shouted in the relief from toil as they shipped their oars and stowed them along the thwarts. The skuta continued to run before the wind, her sail bellying against a clear pale-blue sky, wallowing and lifting and plunging as the sun-gilded foam of the breaking crests renounced the race and fell back on the hither slope of the waves that hurried forward past her. Some miles behind, the oars of Hjalti's ship still flashed regularly as they dipped and rose, assisting the wind-rounded sail, eloquent of the recklessly impatient revenge lust of her commander.

Meanwhile in Ægir-steed the men prepared for battle. First, since there was yet plenty of time, they ate and drank. In the little storeroom under the planking of the steering platform a barrel of salt pork was opened and an ale cask broached—lucky was it they had met that fat merchant ship on the first morning of their hurried flight, before the pursuer showed its masts on the horizon; without that loot they would have been unprovisioned. Ysir of the white hands stood herself in the storeroom, serving out the victuals. Meet was it, she had said, that she should do what she could in the hour of oncoming fight. She had laughed up at Eirik as she shouted it to him. Her pursuit-ridden anxiety had suddenly left her in the imminence of the crisis. Warrior blood in her responded to the joyous battle excitement of the rough-bearded warriors around her. She laughed and joked with them as she served each with his hunk of pork, his hard-bread cake, went—with the ease of one bred among ship folk—among them as they sat eating on the thwarts, replenishing their ale horns from the bronze bucket she carried

Beautiful as a daughter of Ægir the sea god did she look, thought Eirik as he watched her from the steering oar, her long fair hair now braided to her waist, her lovely features vivacious as she answered the grinning jests of the shipmen. He thrilled with possession of her. Surely, in the coming fight, would he send Hjalti to Odin, and then return proudly to the flat-shored creek where his father, Thorband, would hail him as feast-worthy from his mound!

Then, replete and refreshed, the iron-helmeted warriors had donned the ring-mail brynjas that would have impeded their rowing, had ranged the shields along the bulwarks, had drawn their weapons from under the seats, while in the storeroom the great chest of spare arms had been opened. Laughing and excited, they looked to the stringing of their bows, stacked ready the throwing spears, sat sharpening their swords with the whetstones hanging at their belts.

Eirik turned from a glance at the pursuing ship—now so much closer that he could plainly discern the markings on the shields ranged along her sides—to see Ysir standing with him on the narrow steering platform. She had flung off her woman's cloak, was garbed now only in the man's kirtle and leistabraekr she had donned for the flight. She clutched his arm, spoke in eager appeal, her blue eyes bright with excitement:

"Lord of my heart, Olaf, thy brother, would fain thrust me into the storeroom during the fight. Daughter of warriors am I, and not yet has one of my race shrunk from the play of spears, the clash of shield and sword. Did not my mother ride armed with my father in the battle and many a foeman send stricken to Odin? Bid Olaf then give me the helmet and brynja he gainsays, and give me also a bow, for even the smallest bird upon the tree did my father teach me to shoot!"

Eirik looked at her in doubt and a sudden pang of apprehension. Not unknown was it for women to don mail and helmet and draw sword in the fight—the saga of Brunhild is a reminiscence of such amazons—but he was sharply conscious of how much he loved her, of the emptiness of any future without her, as she stood boylike in her man's clothes beside him. From behind, across the water, came the fierce shout of Hjalti's men.

"Gainsay me not, lord of my heart, or I throw myself in the sea and swim to Hjalti! By Odin do I swear it!"

Her warlike ardor appealed to his own fierce instincts. Fitting bride for warrior was she! He laughed. "As thou wilt, Ysir! Go to the weapon chest and arm thyself as thou desirest, but quickly. Very near is Hjalti's ship."

She jumped down from the platform, and Eirik cried his will to Olaf, standing below him; cried him to be ready to hoist the red shield of war to the masthead, to be ready to come about and face the enemy, prow to prow. Within the ship, the foemen sprang to their war stations, a group of the picked best fighters mounted in the high bows, where Olaf would be their leader. Behind them, the shouts of Hjalti's men were now very loud and the pursuing ship came leaping over the waves, her fore part now high out of the water, now plunging deep in upshot spray. Her rowers were quickly pulling in their oars.

Eirik shouted the word of command, pressed over the tiller which controlled the steer oar. Simultaneously with the war shout, the hoisting of the red shield, the ship heeled over and swung round, the sail came down with a rattle of tackle, and the Ægir-steed wallowed in the waves as she fronted her enemy.

Just as the hostile ship came rushing almost alongside, her sail also dropping, there was another shout from Eirik's men. Ysir, in helmet and brynja, a bow in one hand, a spear in the other, had sprung to her lover's side on the high steering platform. The foemen pointed to her and laughed and shouted

"Valkyr! Valkyr!" they cried "The Chooser of the Slain! The maid of Odin!"

Ysir lifted her spear and cried back to them, her voice exultant: "Truth speak ye! Chooser of the Slain am I! And thus to Odin gave I them all!" She turned and with all her strength flung the spear so that it passed over Hjalti's closely near ship from side to side.

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A great joyous shout acclaimed this feat, which it was the object of every war leader to forestall his enemy in performing. For the spear flung over the ranks of hostile foemen, or over a hostile ship, symbolically and even magically doomed them all to Odin.

The next moment, while the air was suddenly darkened with whirring flights of arrows, the two ships had clashed, grinding along each other's bows, with a shock that flung the unready off their feet, and in an immense double shout the fight had begun.

Not permissible was it for Eirik, as commander of the ship, to leave that steering platform which was at once a place of honor and a place of special peril. He snatched up the bow placed in readiness beside him and shot and shot again, with well-taken aim, into the midst of the enemy crowded in their ship, shouting encouragement to his men, now slashing furiously at men who slashed furiously at them, while thick and fast the hurled spears went to and fro, and the arrows whirred dangerously to stick quivering in the timber around him. And by his side, Ysir, crouching on one knee, her face happy as a boy's, fitted arrow after arrow to her bow and shot deliberately, shouting with delight when her shaft found its mark and yet another warrior toppled into the water, yet another shriek swelled the pandemonium of shrieks and cries and furious vociferations.

It was almost evening. The fight, prolonged through the day—twice had the almost evenly matched ships broken away from each other, and their arm-weary thirsty crews rested for an hour or more—was long over. Long since, the last death scream had come horribly as a blade plunged home and another warrior had fallen backward into the lifting, hungry waves. Eirik and Ysir stood amid the shambles in Hjalti's ship. There lay Hjalti, his head cleft with one fierce blow from Eirik's battle-ax; and there, too, lay Olaf, slain by Hjalti in that last desperate assault when Eirik's men had finally swarmed over Hjalti's ship, fighting like madmen from slippery corpse-encumbered thwart to thwart. Well glutted that day had been the Choosers of the Slain. No mercy had the vanquished received. Of all Hjalti's men, not one survived.

Of Eirik's company remained only himself and Ysir, the gray-bearded Hrolf, Siggeir, Attli, Kari and Eindridi, simple seamen all, who sat at the rowing thwarts or fought in their armor as their lord commanded. And of these not one was scatheless. Ysir, indeed, whom he had forced to keep crouched behind a bulwark and shoot from thence, was the least harmed. An arrow had glanced on her neck from the ring-mail brynja. And Eirik, recklessly though he had exposed himself, had only flesh wounds without consequence. But the others, though they had bound up one another's hurts as best they could, were faint and gray-faced with loss of blood. They had rested a while and refreshed themselves on their own ship, and now had Eirik come back to sing the death song over Olaf. He turned to the gray-bearded Hrolf as he finished.

"Ship funeral will we give him, Hrolf, and all those of ours who are slain," he said. "So shall he go worthily to Odin."

The shrewd-faced old warrior nodded his head. "Well is it, lord," he answered. "But haste thee, for if I know the sea aright, a gale comes with the setting of the sun. And few are we now to bring our ship back to the distant land."

Eirik glanced at the northeastern horizon, where a great bank of black cloud reared itself high in the yet blue sky. Under it the sea looked already angry, and already the waves on which they rose and fell had grown ominously bigger, were dashing the lashed ships together with a cracking and groaning of their sides.

"Sooth speakest thou, Hrolf," he said. "Ægir frowns in his wrath. Haste ye, men! Clear the ship of those of Hjalti and build the pyre. In storm and flame shall Olaf and our warriors go to Odin."

Feverishly they labored, Ysir working with them, dumping overboard the last of Hjalti's men, building on the mid-thwarts of the ship a pile of combustible material. On that pile was laid the body of Olaf, his best robes fetched from his locker and stretched over him, all his weapons laid at his side. And around him were placed all those of his slain comrades whom the sea had not already swallowed. The dark cloud was streaming overhead and a suddenly fierce cold wind was howling through the rigging ere their task was completed. Then Eirik and Hrolf together hauled up the sail of Hjalti's ship for the last time and sprang back to their own vessel.

Eirik ran to where the carefully clay-banked cooking fire still glowed, kindled a torch from it, flung it onto the heap of tarred rope on the funeral ship. He waited for a moment to see that the flame caught and spread, and then, with a loud cry of farewell, he snatched up his ax and hacked at the stretching ropes which held the two vessels together.

Hjalti's ship, her sail straining with the fierce wind, her tiller lashed, slid away from them, drove plungingly onward toward the setting sun, now all but obscured by the overhead blackness of the sky. For a little while she sailed as though the ghosts of the dead men aboard of her were guiding her to the red-barred west, and then suddenly a sheet of flame flared up in her, licking at her mast and sail, even as the first gale squall shrieked upon the Ægir-steed, wallowing still with sail unhoisted.

Eirik and Ysir stood side by side, watching that fiery ship go small in the darkness, flames flung from off her like souls in flight.

"Fitting is their passage to Odin, lord of my heart," Ysir shouted through the gale. "Listen to the Valkyrie maids shrieking their welcome!"

Eirik glanced round to her, her young face wind-whipped, her hair streaming.

"Fitting, indeed, is their Odin faring," he agreed. He glanced again at the angry boiling sea on which they tossed, heard the alarmed shout of the shipmen as a wave swamped over the bulwark. "In storm and fire go they to Valhalla, and like is it that we go also."

She caught his arm and pressed it against her body as she reeled in the bucketing of the ship.

"Where thou goest I go also, lord of my heart!" She smiled as she shouted. "Did I not also this day show myself a warrior meet for Valhalla, even as a man?"

For many, many days had they driven across that waste of huge-rollered angry sea, their sail only a shred, just sufficient to keep them from being swirled sideways into the trough of those ever-menacing waves. Eirik and Ysir lay huddled together, their clothes sodden, alone in that ship weathering the never-ending gale by its own seaworthiness.

Long, long ago—before they had ceased notching the days on the bulwark—Hrolf the Graybeard had been washed overboard. And, some before and some after him, the others had died of wound weakness. Alone together, Eirik and Ysir had lain huddled under the steering platform while each interminable gray day had dawned and darkened, had given place to each interminable black night. Of food and drink had they plenty, for the ship was victualed for forty men for at least four or five days; and, with a last desperate clinging to life, they had partaken of it, in the intervals of weary sleep, and weary sitting there together, speaking little, holding each other for mutual warmth, letting the ship drift whither it would. Sometimes it seemed to them that they must be already dead, driving forever through some strange Hel where was only sea and gray storm-torn clouds. Long had they lost any hope of joyous life together on firm earth.

Yet was it evident that at long last the gale was dying out. Ever since the dawn the mountains of the sea, lifting themselves with little waves all over them, had been less and less lofty. Overhead, the gray canopy of cloud was rifted here and there into glimpses of silver. The wind no longer shrieked so stridently through the cordage. But Eirik and Ysir lay listlessly together, careless of this improvement, too weak with exhaustion even to note it. Mostly they slept.

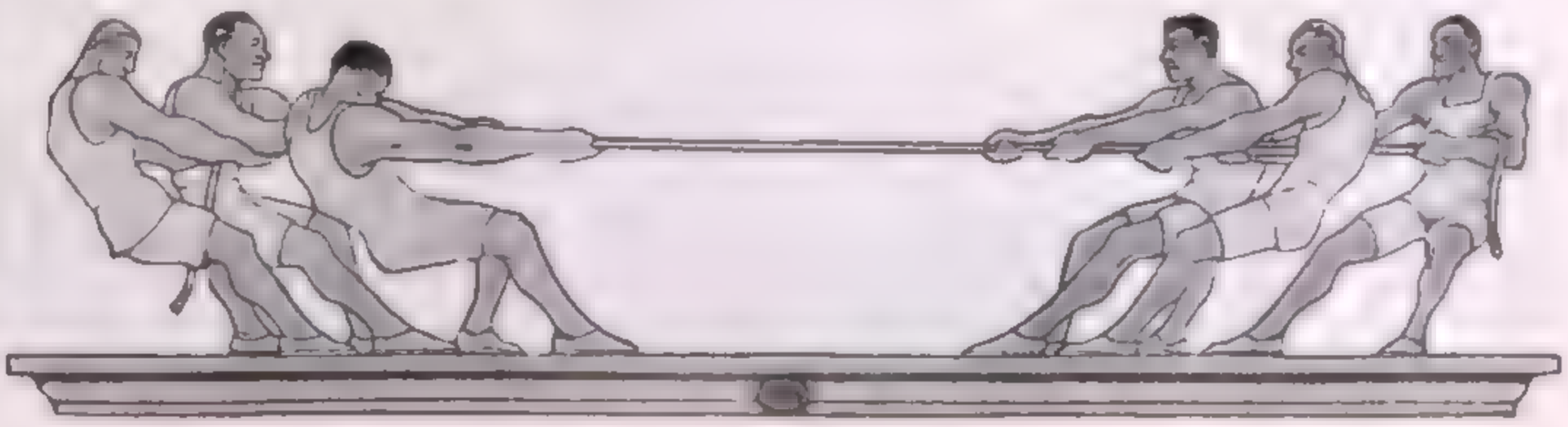
It was in the afternoon when Eirik sat up, wakened by an unaccustomed sun glare in his eyes. Vaguely it came to his dulled mind that the ship no longer climbed and plunged on giant waves, that she was in calm water. And then saw he something which made him blink, incredulous of his vision—a little bird that flew about the rigging and perched upon the yard! With a hoarse cry of astonishment he crawled to his feet, painfully moved his numbed limbs, stood unsteadily erect, looking over the bulwark. He choked in his amazement—was he dreaming? Was this the country of the dead? There on either side of him was a low sandy shore. He scrambled back to where Ysir lay in a stupor of fatigue, shook her violently by the shoulder, screamed at her, and laughed hysterically while he screamed.

"Land! Land!" Was ever so marvelous a word?

Ysir sat up, dully, stupidly staring at him.

Thus long, long before Leif the Lucky was blown upon the New England coast in the year 1000 A.D., must many and many a ship of the Northmen have been storm-driven across the Atlantic. But whether such voyagers ever returned or not, certainly had they no idea that they had set foot upon the then utterly unknown continent their stock was to people, that continent which long, long afterward would become the great treasure house of the world's wealth and haply the center of a new civilization which now is yet but in its childhood.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of stories by Mr Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.



What a gift!

YOUR OWN MOVIES · · THIS CAMERA
gives them real photoplay beauty and clearness

Shown wherever you want, in [illegible]

THIS is a gift for someone of whom you are very fond. It truly opens a new door of delight . . . home entertainment of a new kind, the year around!

Real movies of the people and places and events that are dear to memory! Stop and think for just a moment of the thousand and one things you'd like, recorded in pictures that move and live for a lifetime.

The camera you see reproduced here brings this new delight to its highest perfection. It is the Bell & Howell Automatic FILMO—4¼ pounds of amazingly simple, movie-taking ability.

Some important facts

You recognize of course the differences there must be between the regular, still-picture photography—and motion photography.

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Your films are developed free—ready to show in your own home.

What coupon brings:

If you'll send the coupon below, we'll provide you with name and address of a good dealer in your locality who will be glad to demonstrate and tell you all about FILMO. And we'll also send a new book on the subject of taking your own movies.

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give you "*feature film*" *pictures*

If you want movies of your own *that really compare with feature films seen at your favorite theatre*, you must have these features in your camera. They were perfected by the world's largest makers of motion picture cameras. They simplify, and really insure, the taking of perfect motion pictures. Only FILMO *has them!*

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THE DAGGA SMOKERS

(Continued from Page 11)

Obviously the most important thing that had thus happened was his own discharge.

"All right. Somebody wanted me fired and took steps. But why? And who is there who'd be that much interested? I haven't had any fights with anybody."

Again one of the questions the Head had asked him came to his mind. The Head had wished to know how he spent his evenings, and when told had become thoughtful. Had his nosings about the compound been resented? If so, for what reason? Because of what he might see? The company was losing diamonds through channels unknown. Had he unwittingly brushed against the thieves?

"That would explain it," he thought. "All right. I brushed against thieves. But that was inside the compound. This man sent for Parker from the outside. How did he know the inside thieves were getting nervous?"

Obviously someone from the inside had told him. Who? The only possibility was some native whose term had expired. What natives had recently been discharged? A group of Basutos had been, today and the day before—no others. The Basutos had been recruited by a labor agent known as Big Pete, a Portuguese.

"It all might be good sewing," he sighed, "but I can't prove a stitch of it. I'll run down Jim Mwana. After that, we'll see."

Donovan saw the smoke from the camp fire soon after climbing the *kopje;* it rose lazily in a thin, bluish line from a point concealed by the ridge on which he stood. Beyond it lay a shallow valley that headed among the hills on the horizon. The valley contained no stream, but in the distance a spring, or water hole, was marked by a cluster of blue gums, behind which could be seen ranch buildings and a windmill.

"Odd place to camp," he mused, "off in the hills like that, away from water."

An observer might have said that Donovan had chosen an odd place from which to look out, off in the hills away from water. But if he had seen the road below and the saddle horse grazing near it, he would have understood his presence.

"Kafirs," Donovan decided, using the word in the South African sense to include almost any native blacks. "White men would have waited until evening."

White men would not have left the road so far. White men would have traveled by wagon. White men would have kept on to water, for the river lay only a few miles behind him. White men probably would not have traveled at all by this route, for the road came from nowhere and led nowhere.

"I wonder where they're from. They may be bound for the mines. I might ride over and find out."

He might do this, but he doubted if he should. He wondered where they were from, but at the same time he remembered that he himself wished to remain unseen, since he represented a loss in rough diamonds.

Instead of returning to his horse, he therefore sought the shelter of a rock and began scanning the valley with his glass. Although the sun was about to set and the smoke he was watching was more than a mile distant, he moved with the stealth of a thief. Kafirs have sharp eyes.

He sat thus until the long shadows below became combed out into insubstantial ropes, then melted into the common dimness that was twilight. A weasel-like meerkat crept out of its burrow below him. Off in the south he thought he saw the slow movement of an ant bear, or aard-vark, but as its burrow is always made on the south side of the ant hill he could not see this.

A little earlier he had heard the karack-karack of a veldt knorhaan, possibly disturbed by his horse. Now one of the birds crept out from behind a mimosa, its white-spotted black head and white-and-black wings showing plainly where its reddish-gray crest and body would have remained invisible.

"Hope I don't stir up a mess of knorhaans," he thought, and laughed at the figure he would make tripping over a covey of these in the night.

The day had seemed hot even in the shade, for the South African veldt lies high, and the rays of the sun are not softened by haze. But soon after sunset the temperature dropped like a plummet. He rose at once and crept down the *kopje* for his coat. Then he made sure that his horse was comfortable and set out along the base of the ridge toward a hillock nearer the odd camp fire.

The half hour that followed he spent in edging closer to the party grouped round the fire. This proved to be anything but easy. The night was not black dark, for not a star was dimmed of the countless millions; but the approach lay among loose rocks quick to be dislodged, and he did not have the advantage of shadows. Had he not crept forward with patient care, testing every slab and bowlder before resting his weight upon it, he must have revealed his presence a dozen times. Even as it was, he all but revealed it, for upon rounding a bowlder he came out upon the group with such startling suddenness that he almost stepped upon an extended black forearm.

He had guessed that the party consisted of blacks, but when his nerves had steadied enough for him to peer out he saw that its leader was a white man. The group had gathered about a tiny pit among the rocks, on the central floor of which blazed the usual camp fire. In addition to the leader it comprised eighteen blacks. These were small, wiry men, each clad in two lengths of bark cloth—the one draped about the waist, the other about the shoulders, the latter for the most part lying open. Donovan thought they might be Balalas.

The white man puzzled him more, for he sat on the farther side of the pit with his hat pulled down over his eyes. Probably he was a labor agent like Big Pete, who earned his precarious bread by recruiting gangs of blacks for work in the diamond mines, receiving his pay by the head, like a slaver.

"Just another boss of kafirs," thought Donovan. "But why here? They look like Balalas, but if they are they're off their beat by fifty miles."

He looked more closely at them as the light from the fire permitted. Their unkempt shocks of wool contrasted strongly with the barbered locks of tribes like the Yaos and Ma-Nganja. In stature they were distinctly stunted, but their chests seemed well muscled and they carried themselves well. Some South African tribes bear tribal devices by which they can be identified; others, like the Zulus, commonly do not. These did not; nor could he hear their speech, to identify them by it.

But a moment later, when the fire leaped up and he was able to see the pit more clearly, a fact sprang out at him that explained something both of their silence and their presence. On the ground within reach of each man lay a small pile of twisted herbs, from which now and then he drew a dried wisp to light at a coal and smoke.

"*Driamba,*" he thought instantly.

Driamba, or Congo tobacco, is a plant growing wild in the marshy districts of West Africa, the flowers of which produce a narcotic effect when smoked.

"But why the secrecy?"

The reply was carried to him when a whiff of odor, a delicate scent, floated in from one of the smokers. Donovan had smelled the odor but once before, but although it was not pungent and was not strong he had never forgotten it. The odor was that of burning wild hemp—the bhang, or *siddhi,* of India, the hashish of the Arab. In South Africa the plant is known as dagga.

"Dagga smokers!" he thought.

Though wild hemp is a common plant in parts of South Africa, the dried product is not often smoked except by the lower classes of Bushmen and Hottentots. The smoking is attended by dreams, errors of sense, false convictions, the predominance of one or more extravagant ideas, and like phenomena. To the dagga smoker a minute may seem a year. Sounds for him become vastly exaggerated. The sensitiveness of his skin becomes reduced until he could be flayed without discomfort. In the end he falls asleep.

"Now why is the man giving them dagga?" Donovan asked himself. "Is he just showing them the white lights, or what? He ought to be whipped at the stake."

The smoking had evidently continued for some time, for some of the blacks were already under the influence of the drug. They were drawing the smoke through reeds. The Bushmen he had seen smoking dagga had made for themselves pipes of polished antelope horn, in which less of the smoke was wasted.

He eased his body into a hollow and lay watching the scene until a dozen or more of the blacks had fallen asleep under the influence of the dagga. Meanwhile he had noticed that one of the blacks, a man seated in the background away from the light of the fire, was not partaking of the hemp. Donovan took the black to be a rebel against the dagga.

"Perhaps now we shall see the purpose of this party," he thought, watching him.

The white man, as Donovan thought, noticed the black's abstinence at about the same moment. Donovan saw him glance at the sleepers and then at the rebel as if uncertain what to do. Then he heard him speak sharply in what he took to be Swahili.

"Come down here and begin!" he thought he heard him order.

Either the black did not understand the command or he refused to obey it, for he did not move. When he saw that, the white man, a huge fellow, ripped out an oath and sprang up as if to compel obedience. The menace of the action was understood, at least, whether the command had been or not. The black leaped to his feet and wheeled. The next moment he began running away as fast as his short legs could carry him. He ran in zigzag flight, dodging like a jacksnipe; and because his white master had stood at the end of the pit farthest from Donovan's hiding place, and the rebel above and to one side, the line of flight lay across the little pit in full view.

The fugitive might have disappeared over the edge into the valley, but just then the white man threw back his head, snatched a knife from his belt, and in a lightning movement whipped it at the runner from behind. The knife missed its mark by an inch, striking point forward against a rock beyond, from which it glanced in a high, tumbling curve to fall ringing among the lesser stones under foot.

The knife had done no harm, but the man in flight wheeled like a struck deer. Instead of continuing on his way, which lay fairly open before him, he turned at right angles as if to take refuge among the rocks at his left. The next moment Donovan saw him making directly for his own hiding place.

Meanwhile the movement had brought the white man's face into the light. Donovan recognized him instantly and surely. The man in charge of the dagga, he saw, was none other than the huge Portuguese trader he had associated in his mind with his own discharge by Parker.

"Big Pete!" he thought, and paused to make sure.

He had no choice after that but to take very precipitately to flight likewise, for he knew that Big Pete would not rest until he had searched the rock pile for the rebel. Even so he might not have been able to escape. Big Pete had the eyes of a cat and incredible speed in his legs. That which saved him was another sharp swerve by the black, and perhaps the distraction and noise of his running. Donovan heard the rush of pursuit, slipped aside, saw a rock, dodged behind it. The chase turned aside then, and he lay listening to its retreat. A little later he heard the squealing of the prisoner as he was overtaken. He thought he heard the sound of a blow following upon that, but could not be sure.

"I expect I ought to return to my horse," he thought. "I'm afraid that black boy is in for a beating, but he'll fare better without my interference. I'll take up the matter with the chief."

But later when he thought back upon the scene he regretted that he had not made his presence known.

III

DONOVAN had seen the man on Market Square the night before, and felt sure that he would appear at the compound the next morning. He therefore arranged for his own presence. The night before, the Portuguese had seemed thick with an evil-looking Jew. The Jew had disappeared down some rat hole; Big Pete opened the door of the outer office accompanied only by his kafirs.

"It took him a long time to get them here," Donovan remarked softly to his little finger.

But another thought, based upon a perception, sent a shiver of horror down his spine. As the natives filed into the room he noticed that the man was missing who had tried to escape into the hills. In the hills the party had included eighteen kafirs. That number was now reduced to seventeen.

What had become of the eighteenth man? Had he fallen back into the pit whence he was digged, broken beneath his master's too savage punishment?

Except this one who was missing, Donovan had not noticed particular faces. The possibility occurred to him that these blacks might belong to another party the labor agent had recruited, or the eighteenth man might have escaped, after all, or the man might have been sent home in disgrace by way of punishment. He looked at the seventeen more closely. Although he did not recognize them separately, the present natives were of the same short stature; their woolly heads looked equally ragged; they wore the same bark-cloth clothing. On the other hand, these looked less like Balalas than had the dagga smokers of the hills.

The Portuguese strode across the room and began explaining to Parker why he was present. He had brought his Alolo boys with him for work in the mines, he said. They spoke the Lomwe dialect of the Makua tongue, but most of them knew a little Nyanja, and some of them a little Swahili. He himself spoke good English.

"Dees vurr' fine boy," he said in his English. "No vurr' too beeg. Beeg boy, heem bad *mitako.*"

Parker, who would have heard him out ordinarily, glanced at a note on his desk. It contained Donovan's name and was signed by the Head

"You tell this man," he directed dryly.

"Jus' boy," said the Portuguese.

"Yes, but interpreter too. He knows all speech. Tell him about bad *mitako,* so he can tell me."

The Portuguese grunted a grunt that might have meant resignation, but he did not repeat his words. Parker leaned back with ironic attention. Donovan pulled himself together and began considering in his mind what had been said. Lomwe was not an important dialect, and the Alolos not an important people, being at that time a subject tribe owning allegiance to the

(Continued on Page 167)

Just 14 Days to Christmas Eve

Husbands, Fathers—Ladies, *too*

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A recent secret investigation brings to light the perfectly astounding fact that 99 out of every 100 women want hosiery this Christmas.

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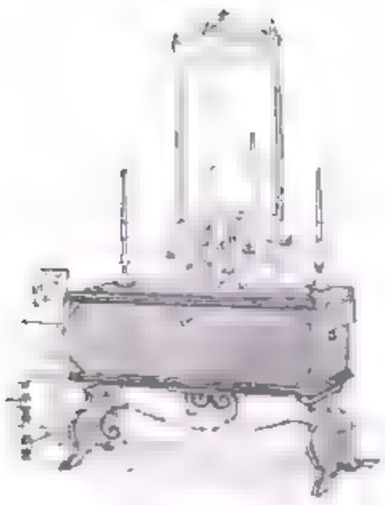

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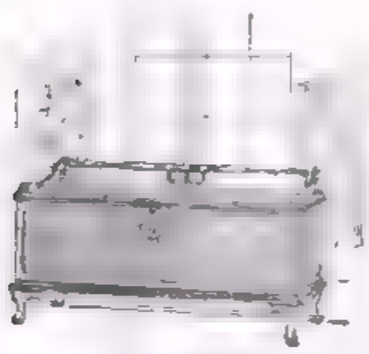
A typical Spanish walnut finished chest, cedar lined. Its console effect and height make it attractive for halls and living rooms.

No. 44907
A console walnut finished, cedar lined chest suitable for hall, living room and dining room.



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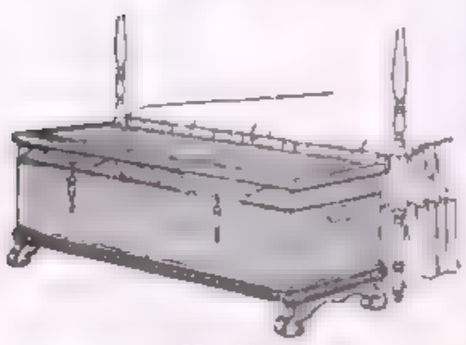
A window seat design and walnut finished, cedar lined. A convenient lounge and an ideal hope chest. The design on the front is genuine hand decorated.



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A beautiful cedar lined chest, finished in combination walnut and crackle enamel. An ideal hope chest for hall or bedroom.

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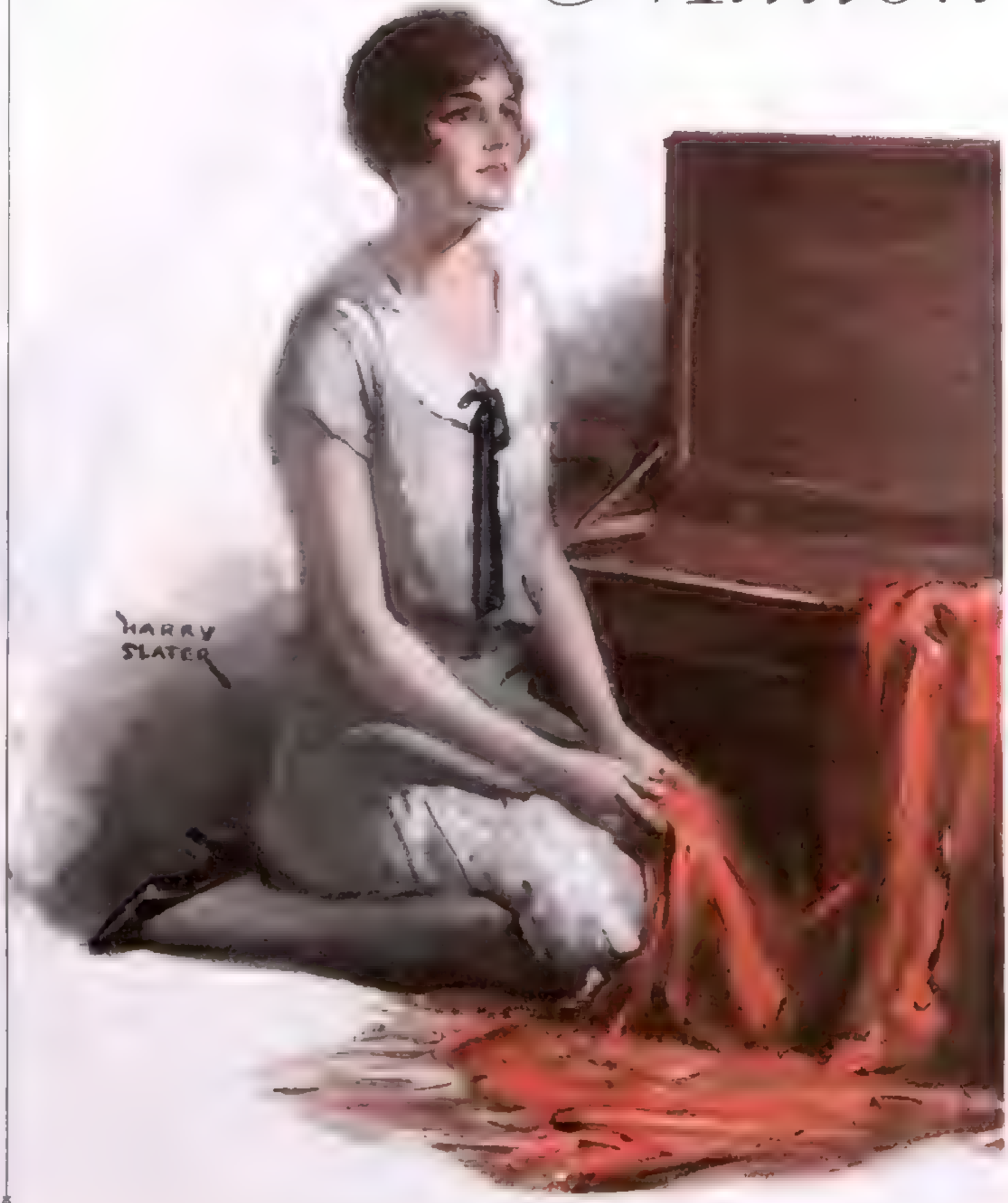
According to authority, moths cost close to two hundred millions of dollars annually. No woolens or furs are safe from the insect and her pernicious offspring. Their natural abiding place is in furs and woolens folded away in closets and other dark places. Here the moth lays her eggs. The eggs hatch into larvae, or worms—possible in from TWO to TEN DAYS. The worms, born naked, need clothes, which they make out of YOURS, in the form of a cocoon. In this they grow, meanwhile feeding on the materials and increasing the size of the cocoon as needed. Finally, they go to sleep, and wake up as moths and flit away, thus completing Nature's cycle and leaving ruin behind. In one year a moth produces four generations of destroyers. Scientists estimate her issue will in this time destroy on an average one hundred pounds of wool.

The Gift of a Million



Air Castles

The popular window-seat design shown above is of solid aromatic red cedar handsomely grained. Simple in design—beautiful in finish, Duco—lastingly fragrant.

An ideal gift for the young lady with hopes, from the young gentleman with aspirations. Prices very appealing. Ask to see Lane Number 48408.

DREAMS . . . dreams of conquest and submission . . . dreams of the home where life's melodies are sung and love flowers bloom . . . dreams of the palace in which she is queen . . . *air castles.*

What young girl does not have them? What woman who has found her place in life is not realizing them? And what work of beauty and art is more intimately associated with these dreams of the future than the time-honored cedar chest?

Here, maiden fingers fold away the anticipations of a coming day. Here, wise mothers store off-season garments, knitted things, downy silk comforters, wool blankets and coats and fur-trimmed wraps. Here, too, they keep those garments of more frequent use—that all may be away from the dust—that all may be safe from the *ruinous clothes moth.*

And here white-haired grandmothers live over their lives again, fondle the tokens of bygone days withdrawn from those ancient chests of cedar where they have been so safely kept through the years.

The cedar chest . . . a possession cherished by every woman . . . a gift glorifying the Christmas of any girl . . . the gift of a "million air castles." And what more natural than the ascendancy of the *Lane* . . . born in the land of chivalry and built by men whose hearts go into their work?

Lane is the recognized sterling mark on cedar chests. On any cedar chest, Lane means a superservice which only the Lane Nine Points of Perfection can assure . . . and at no added cost to you.

Lane means chests with genuine red cedar heartwood panels of a full three-quarter-inch thickness—panels not skimped, but thick enough to hold a sufficiency of aromatic cedar oil to give permanent fragrance and moth-killing efficiency.

It means warp-proof, air-tight lids and inseparably interlocked joints which prevent escape of the aroma, perpetuate its effectiveness and make the chest dust- and damp-proof as well.

It means beautiful and authentic designs, full moth-killing efficiency in walnut as well as natural finishes, unscratchable surfaces famous for beauty of grain and veneers.

Chests which endure—chests which in years to come will be giving the same faithful service as those priceless old heirlooms of long ago.

Note a few of the Lane models and their pleasing household uses. Consider they cost no more than ordinary chests. Then decide to "Say it with a Lane," in time for the holidays.

A wide variety of models, including all-cedar and the popular walnut cedar-lined chests in plain and period designs, now shown at special prices by leading dealers everywhere. See these chests soon. Ask about the Nine Points of Perfection. To get them, buy only a Lane—told by the Lane on the lid. Write for our folder, "Why to Select a Lane."

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The World's Foremost Cedar Chest Manufacturers

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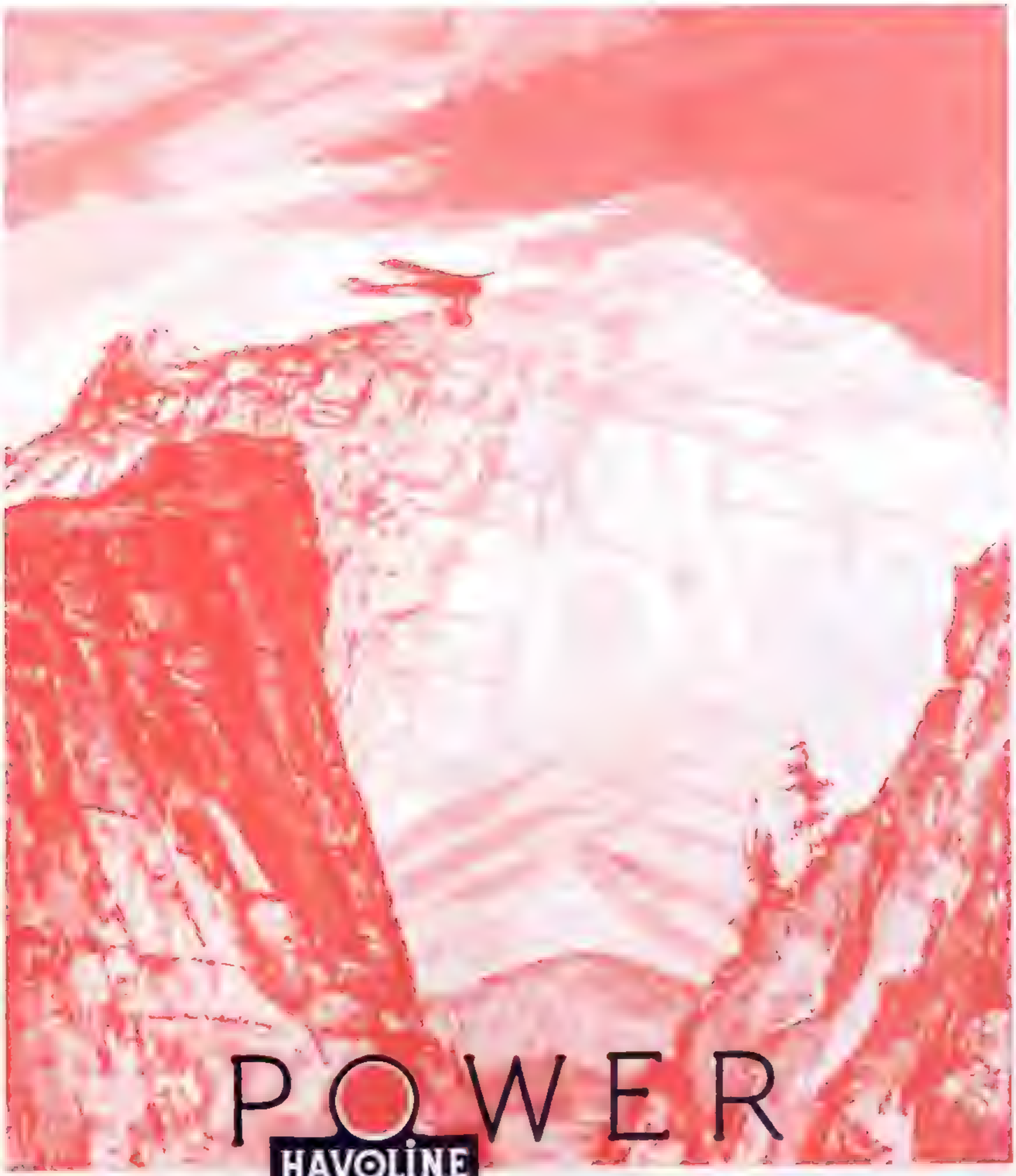


To the aviator power is life. And to the motorist power is scarcely less important. Mountain roads, mud, snow, sand, traffic—these are the hazards of driving. You must have full power to make the grade.

Havoline gives you that power. Havoline has opened the eyes of experienced drivers to the importance of the right oil. Oil is more than oil, it is power.

Over 60,000 tests on the Wasson Motor Check have proved that Havoline will increase horsepower from 10 to 30% in average cars. Fill up with this power oil and prove it for yourself.

Havoline is sold from bulk or in one and five gallon cans. Also thirty and fifty gallon drums for home garage use. Indian Refining Co., Inc., Lawrenceville, Ill.

OIL IS MORE THAN OIL — IT IS POWER

(Continued from Page 162

Anguru. Nevertheless, he did know a little Lomwe, learned long ago from Alolo boys.

"What did he say?" asked Parker.

"These Alolos came from the east of Lake Chilwa," replied Donovan smoothly, groping in his mind for the meaning of the further phrase. Bad *mitako*—what was that? The kafirs had brightened at the expression, much as an Englishman among blacks might do at hearing English. Plainly *mitako* was a word they knew—a Lomwe word. What did it mean?

He leaped back in thought to a good-natured old Alolo named Mike, who had worked in the mines under his father. Mike had taught him some of the commoner Lomwe words, such as *wono*, meaning arm, *mwono*, arms; *dito*, eye, *mato*, eyes; *baru*, ear, *maru*, ears. A woman was *mwana;* women, *atiana*. And so on. He did not review the words themselves, but rather his consciousness of knowing them.

Meanwhile it was not old Mike but old Parker who was waiting. What did *mitako* mean in English? The answer arrived between two breaths, while the sound of his voice remained alive in the room. He continued with even smoothness.

"He says that big boys make bad workmen."

"Talk to him," replied Parker, stroking the note.

It may have been the touch of disdain in his tone that sent a flush into Donovan's face. Or it may have been the sardonic smile in his eyes.

"What do you want me to ask him?"

"The questions you doubtless have in mind."

The words of themselves were nothing, but as they were spoken they seemed to carry a touch of malice as well as of disdain, and the sardonic smile, faint though it was, seemed somehow charged with even more active antagonisms. Donovan's Irish blood responded as fire responds to fuel. Even so, his reply might have taken another direction, but just then the Portuguese, who seemed to have caught Parker's mood, smiled a knowing, tight-lipped smile of his own, and as he did so two or three of the Alolos loosened their shoulder cloths.

Some of the native tribes of South Africa have developed their own peculiar designs with which to decorate their bodies, if they decorate them at all. The figure is sometimes tattooed, usually upon the breast or upon the temple, where it serves as a kind of coat of arms, or blazon; but sometimes for the sake of emphasis, or possibly of beauty, it is incised with a knife and the wound raised with heated needles into welted ridges and knobs of charred flesh, like the design Donovan had seen Feng apply to the Basuto.

The loosening of the shoulder cloths revealed the fact that the Alolos had been thus decorated. Those kafirs Donovan had seen in the hills bore no such tribal blazons

The movement revealed another fact equally interesting. Although the Portuguese had described his katirs as Alolos, and they had seemed to recognize the Lomwe speech used by Alolos, the emblazonment they bore upon their breasts was in the wrong tribal design. Their decoration contained an inverted crescent. The true Alolo device contained a crescent, but it lay troughwise, with its points up.

"Have your black boys bare their shoulders," Donovan ordered softly.

"What for, meester?" asked the Portuguese; but he gave the command and saw it obeyed.

Donovan pointed to the crescent on the nearest man. "How is this?" he asked, without explaining why.

The Portuguese smiled condescendingly. "Heem med-cine cut," he said.

Medicine cuts are the slashes made in the flesh, usually of the arm, into which the native doctors have rubbed their remedies for disease. These slashes do not leave heavy scars, and they do not take the form of a pattern. They are known in the Lomwe speech as *ehunga*.

"*Ehunga?* You do medicine on him?"

"Doctor cure som'ting som'time."

"Nonsense!"

The Portuguese sullenly amended his statement. "Not *ehunga*. *Nasoro* tribe mark, meester."

"A funny tribe mark," said Donovan.

"Maybe meester do' know *nasoro* mark," replied the Portuguese to that.

"Maybe so. Let it pass."

"What do you recommend?" asked Parker suavely.

"I recommend asking him questions."

"You may ask them."

"Later," said Donovan.

"Later. Any present suggestions?"

"I think the depositing floors instead of the mines might fit these short fellows better."

"Yes?" said Parker

"But I do not recommend sending them there."

"What ees eet, dees question, meester?" asked the Portuguese. "About Alolos or nottings?"

Donovan would not have made the blunder later in life, but at the moment the chance for a retort tempted him. The cold, disdainful eyes of Parker partly did it, partly his thinly veiled sarcasms, partly Big Pete's secondhand contempt, partly his own partial knowledge that he had not yet learned to complete before exhibiting; but chiefly it was the wish to see the effect of his words.

"You may not care to answer this question," he replied, and thereby added to its emphasis.

"Please, meester."

"Very well. You say you have here seventeen Alolos from the Makua country. Where is the eighteenth?"

The effect of his words startled him more than the question itself startled the man of whom it was asked. The Portuguese looked at him for a moment without speaking. During that moment Donovan glanced at Parker and back. When his eyes returned to those of the larger man he could but wonder.

The change in Big Pete's expression quickly became reflected in the manner of those about him. Two white assistants at one side had been chuckling over a witticism; suddenly they stood rigid, holding their breath. It was not that the man had quit smiling—the tight-lipped, contemptuous smile persisted. But something about this continuing smile, this frozen Portuguese contempt, likewise struck the smile from the disdainful lips of Parker. And something about it brought an expression of terror, not to be misunderstood, into the faces of the blacks ranged against the wall behind.

As for Donovan, he looked into the man's hostile eyes and knew that for the first time in his life he was looking in upon murder. Yet not a word had been spoken in reply, and not an additional word by Donovan.

It was Big Pete who finally broke the silence. He borrowed Donovan's softness of tone and asked a harmless question, but the menace of his speech rang through the room.

"How you mean, eighteent'?" he asked.

"Let it go," replied Donovan.

"I like to hear," said the Portuguese.

"You are listening."

"What you know about eighteent' boy, meester?"

"You mean, how much do I know?"

Again the words of the reply somehow carried a menace not supported either by their meaning or their manner

"Any much you can say, please."

"Yes, tell him," said Parker uneasily. "You speak as if somebody had committed a crime."

The remark snapped Donovan's ideas back into place with the sharpness of a dislocated bone, and he tried to turn the edge of his imprudence.

"I merely asked," he said, wincing at the thinness of the excuse, but speaking with what nonchalance he could muster. "The man brought in such a fine string of blacks I wondered why he did not bring in more. Why stop at seventeen? Why not make it eighteen or twenty or thirty?"

The Portuguese shrugged his shoulders, turned out his palms and expressed his contempt in a phrase.

"Yes, meester."

It was Parker who cut short the scene. "Now to business," he said dismissingly.

He might have been the captain of a ship turning from a pair of passengers. He gave Donovan no further attention, and the Portuguese but the scantest, but curtly proceeded to explain the terms of employment, first in English, to take or to leave, then in broken Lomwe directly to the blacks. When all the Alolos understood their contract he called an assistant.

"Take them to the dispensary," he ordered.

But to Big Pete he said, "Call at twelve. By that time I shall have had them looked over."

As the blacks filed past, Donovan felt their puzzled eyes upon him. They seemed surprised that any man should oppose their huge master. But the Portuguese who had brought them left by the other door without so much as a glance in his direction.

"Of all the people lately in this room I showed the least sense," thought Donovan. "Now I have warned him. All I had to do was to let well enough alone. Instead I had to prove that I was clever. Now I don't know."

IV

THE Head seemed not much interested in Donovan's account of the dagga smoking, but when told about Big Pete and the thrown knife and the missing eighteenth Alolo he sat straighter and had the location described with great care. The added *nasoro* markings, and especially Donovan's guesses as to their purpose, called forth pleased chuckles. The account of the boy's blunder made him grave.

"You can always disappear," mused the Head. "and I suppose that you had better"

"I'm not afraid."

"We don't know—sometimes the boldest are those who ought to be the most fearful. Besides, we'll have to wait anyhow. The mice have seen the cat."

"Then I'll disappear."

The Head went on as if the point had been long settled. "We'll give the impression that you've gone to Cape Town to look for work. Whom should you like notified?"

"Feng," replied Donovan promptly.

"Feng—so. In public?"

"Wouldn't that be better?"

"We'll arrange it," said the Head.

"Tonight, chief?"

"Tonight, in the compound. Parker will have orders to admit you, but you are not to speak to anybody under penalty. You will speak to Feng. Parker will at once put you out of the place. You can leave for the coast by train in the morning."

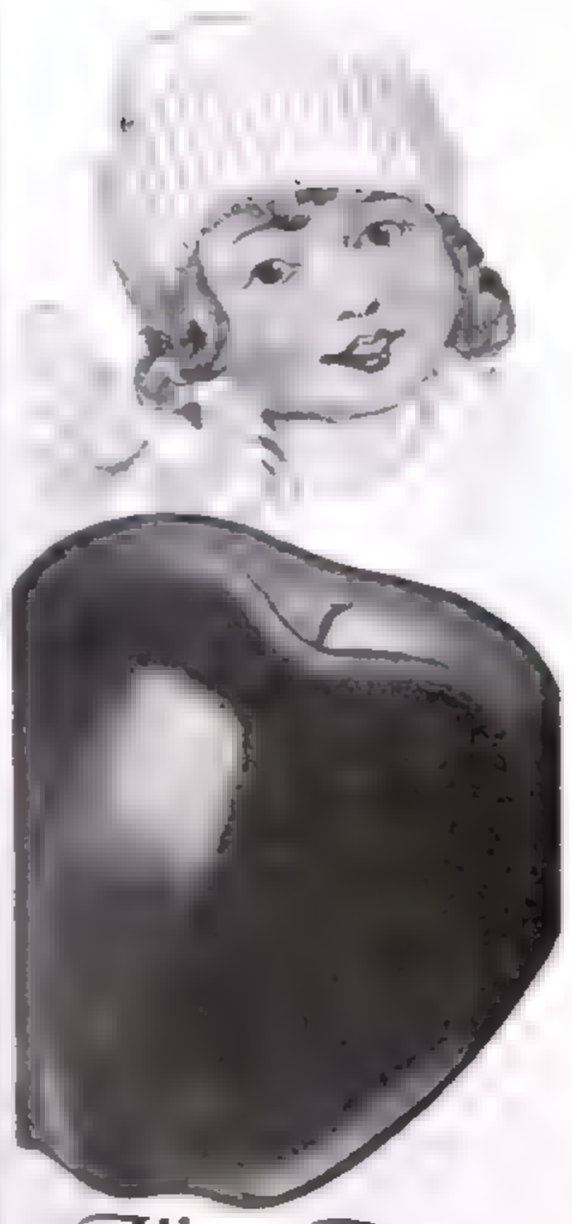
The lights had just dipped for curfew when Donovan left the compound. Parker showed him out, but upon glancing back, the boy caught sight of the Chinaman skulking in the shadows.

"Big Pete would be a bad man to cross," he thought. "I'm not sorry to be out of it."

He lived in a suburb two miles out, on a road that at this hour was not much traveled. Although he did not feel especially nervous about the Portuguese, the significance of Feng's interest could not be overlooked. As he walked down the street he therefore avoided the deeper shadows and watched alertly for movements or sounds.

The wisp of an old moon, visible that morning at dawn, had set in advance of the sun, leaving only the stars to lighten the darkness about him. These burned coldly down upon the veldt until that darkness became softened into a special twilight that was neither prelude nor afterglow. Evening was dead; morning had not yet opened her young eyes. But the softly lighted night was not dead. The twilight that was not evening enabled him to avoid the worst of the footing as he kicked along in the dust, and enabled him to see into the darkness ahead.

(Continued on Page 169)



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(Continued from Page 167)

It was as he approached the reservoir that he thought he saw a lightness lurking at his left. He instantly swung to the opposite side of the road, at the same time thrusting his right hand into his empty coat pocket, as if he carried a pistol there for protection. But the lightness that was not starlight proved to be a fragment of paper blown against a bush, and nothing came of that alarm except a quickened pulse. A little farther on the experience was repeated, although not its cause, and he swung aside to dodge a mere vacuum.

Had Donovan had bush antecedents, instead of city, he would have known that a man can be followed noiselessly, provided the tracker keeps step with him. And he would have known that a paid Nyanja slugger, for all his flat feet and protuberant heels, can tread lightly and keep step accurately when on a spoor. He was careful to avoid the dangers that he suspected lay ahead of him, but he depended upon his ears to warn him of dangers behind.

Thus it happened that he did not so much as suspect the actual attack until the Nyanja boy struck him down from behind. He had been walking along an open road. Suddenly came the impact of a blinding blow; the constellations above him burst into flame, then consciousness left him. When he returned to his senses he was lying upon rough ground, blindfolded and gagged.

Of the hour that followed he knew little. Somehow he had been dragged to his feet. Somewhere Big Pete had joined the Nyanja slugger of the attack. Donovan was forced to walk blindfolded, part of the time across raw country away from paths. The party seemed to come to a halt in an abandoned barn lighted by a lantern. He could not see the lantern, but he smelled it, as he did also the stale odors associated with oxen.

His next clear consciousness was of the mild odor of burning hemp. Someone near him was smoking dagga; though whether one smoker or many he had no way of knowing. The barn odors had disappeared. He thought he must have been carried into a vacant house; at least he was seated upon a plank floor, propped against a wall, and was no longer gagged.

The Portuguese had been watching him closely; hardly had he felt with his groping fingers of the floor planks and of the wall when he heard himself addressed. He thought the man had been drinking, but the dagga fumes might have muddled his thoughts.

"See, Alolo boy smoke dagga," he heard. "Please, meester, try heem too soch leetle time."

A dagga pipe was thrust between his hot fingers.

"Never use it," he tried to say, to find that his voice had died off into a whisper.

"Please, meester."

"Not me."

"Try heem, meester."

Donovan felt the Portuguese leaning over him, smelled the brandy on his breath. When he still refused to take the pipe the other gave a sharp order in Nyanja. A way was thereupon found of passing the smoke before his nostrils, so that he had no choice but to breathe it into his lungs.

"Big Pete's planning to drug me with dagga," he thought. "The man waited for me to wake up, so that I would know. It's his way of getting even."

He knew what the effects would be. He would gradually lose consciousness, and after that pass into the power of him who remained awake. Resistance of course was useless. "I must pretend," he thought. "I must seem to go to sleep, but instead stay awake."

He lay back passively and breathed in the smoke, taking shallow breaths, but feigning drowsiness. Some of the drowsiness quickly became reality. He repeated to himself over and over: "Not to sleep. Not to sleep. Whatever happens, I must not go to sleep." He had to remain awake, yet pretend that he was about to go to sleep, and later, that he was asleep.

He remained awake, but his ideas became distorted, as ideas will in dreams. His eyes lay closed behind bandages, yet he thought he saw Big Pete towering over him to a gigantic height, his beady eyes red with fire, his dusky cheeks flushed, his teeth bared in a snarling smile, his grubby fingers clutched upon the flesh of his victim like talons. Beside him stood a greedy-eyed black boy; but instead of the neat Nyanja headdress of his attacker, which he had not seen, this kafir wore for a thatch a pad of felted Alolo wool, and instead of the Alolo crescent he bore upon his breast the inverted crescent of Big Pete's seventeen dagga smokers.

Then he felt a growing numbness in his fingers. When he tried to bend them he could not tell whether or not they responded. Yet he felt distinctly upon them a sensation as of heat from the cold night air, and distinctly the sensation as of cold from Big Pete's hot body. The weight of his hands suddenly became so great they could not be lifted; then the weight of his forefinger and of his thumb.

Along with these errors of sense, these dreamlike vagaries, he found his mind committed to passionate new convictions. Then came a series of hallucinations. He thought that beside him stood his dead grandfather and grandmother, whom he had seen only once, and beside them a great company of others, not one of them a stranger, whom he had never before seen anywhere in life to his knowledge. Then entered errors in his estimate of time. He had been seated before the dagga only a few minutes; these suddenly expanded into hours and legions of hours.

Meanwhile he had begun feigning sleep while yet he had the power to do so, and the semblance had been mistaken by his captors for the reality. The Portuguese was not a physician, able to distinguish; he had never especially noticed the length of time required for the full effect of dagga; his eyes were blinded by the need for haste. He therefore stopped giving the smoke too soon.

Donovan heard him say as from a great distance that the sleeper did not need further dagga. A vague impression followed that he was lifted bodily into some kind of conveyance. After that his mind went blank and the feigning of sleep merged into sleep itself.

He awoke indefinitely later to find himself lying upon the bottom of a light wagon covered with straw. The bandage had been removed from his eyes, but he did not try to open them. He lay quiescent for what seemed hours after that, gaining in strength and in alertness, but feigning the deep sleep of dagga. By the time the wagon came to a stop his bones still ached, but his head was fairly clear.

The sound of running water had engaged his ears for some minutes. Suddenly he guessed out Big Pete's intention. The sound came from the river. The Portuguese was driving along the bank, looking for deep water. Dawn must be breaking, or he would not have had light enough to see.

"I must stay awake now," he thought, "or there'll be a real drowning. I could escape by swimming for it, but he would know. I must keep my head."

The wagon stopped, the straw was abruptly thrust aside, a great pair of arms encircled his limp body, and he was dragged forth to the ground with a thump like a sack of late potatoes. Whether because of the brandy or nervousness or hurry, no further test of his helplessness was made. The Portuguese dragged him across what seemed to be a sloping shelf. His body hung poised for an instant upon the edge, then fell, striking broadside upon the surface of the stream beneath.

After that he had only to sink, float, sink again, then finally disappear as the current took him. A half dozen strokes under water brought him against the roots of an undercut willow on the bank, where he was able to breathe without being seen. He heard Big Pete patrolling the bank above, and later drive away. But he himself did not emerge from his hiding place until the sun had sought him out from above the eastern hills.

V

A DISGUISE would have suited Donovan better. He thought it would make him more of a detective, and the drama of it called to him. But the Head smiled him out of the idea.

"Why be more of a detective?" he asked.

They waited until Parker had seated Big Pete in the office outside, then opened the door. The Portuguese saw them before yet they had entered the room. That he was startled instantly became evident. His great hands gripped upon the seat of his chair as if restraining an impulse to rise. His face slowly suffused with color. His eyes seemed unable to leave Donovan's features. But he maintained a forced composure and did not flinch.

"Do you know this man?" asked the Head.

"Yes, sir," replied Donovan.

"And I know heem," said Big Pete. "Heem fime boy for all speech."

"He's the man who gave me dagga," added Donovan.

"Not me!" replied the other fervently.

"The reason was, I knew he'd been stealing our diamonds."

The Portuguese rose, trembling with anger, but he seated himself again without deigning to reply.

"So you're the man," said the Head.

Parker interrupted with a mild protest. "The boy means well, but he's mistaken about the diamonds. This man hasn't been inside the compound. I know that of my own knowledge."

"His confederates have," said Donovan. "I know that of my own knowledge."

"What confederates?" asked Parker.

"One Chinaman named Feng. Seventeen Alolos. These are still inside the compound. Other kafirs no longer here. The man came to town expressly to meet the Alolos. Their terms expire today."

"No! No!" cried the Portuguese.

The Head smiled sadly. "Donovan means the Alolos whom I asked to have detained and searched."

"They've already been detained the five days," replied Parker. "We've gone over their clothing; it contains no diamonds. We've gone over their bodies."

"Send for them," said the Head.

An assistant left to fetch them from the detention ward where they had been living. Parker made some remark about the weather. Big Pete sat back scowling, his arms folded over his powerful chest. Donovan, almost too excited to talk sense, twined and untwined his fingers. After a little the Alolos filed in, followed by Graves, in whose charge they had been placed. They were wearing their new clothes, ready for departure.

"Here they are," said Graves. "They've been through the tub and through the wringer, every man jack."

"Are these the kafirs you meant?" asked Parker, turning to Donovan with forced politeness.

"The seventeen thieves," replied Donovan. "Yes."

"Would you be so good as to prove that they are thieves?"

Donovan grinned from sheer nervousness.

"Show him," said the Head.

"Easily done." Walking over to the nearest black, Donovan threw open his work shirt. "You'll find some of your diamonds, planted like acorns in a tree trunk, behind that welted scar," he said. "You can feel them lined up in a row."

"Eet's lie!" cried the Portuguese.

"Deep down under the muscles," said Donovan.

Parker crossed and laid his reluctant fingers upon the ridge, as did Graves also.

"The boy is right," admitted the physician. I can feel them plainly."

"It may be true," Parker agreed, "but I don't understand it at all."

Again the Head smiled sadly. "We're not detectives, we diamond men. We have to have help before we can uncover our

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crimes. Sometimes we let the thief himself help us. This thief"—he turned to the Portuguese—"this thief was succeeding very well as a thief, with Feng's assistance. Then Feng found he could buy more stolen diamonds than could be smuggled out by means at hand, and Big Pete devised a plan for extending those means."

"But how did they get there?" asked Parker, still occupied with the fact.

"Feng planted them."

"These scars are old scars, entirely healed over."

"Feng merely began in time."

Graves added his comment. "I can see that part of it. The wounds were small and made months ago. Feng sterilized the diamonds, made clean incisions, used antiseptics. Why not?" He threw out his hands. "What I don't see is how this boy knew the diamonds were there when we didn't."

"Big Pete made a mistake in a tribal device and Donovan noticed the fact."

"No!" cried the Portuguese.

"When recruited these Alolos were smooth skinned. They had to be ornamented with welts. Big Pete thought he could supply the welts himself. He ran them into the hills, gave them dagga to smoke, then marked them with an inverted crescent. He had to kill one of them who rebelled."

"Eet's lie!" shouted the Portuguese, rising.

"Sit down!" snapped the Head. The Portuguese obeyed like a man in a daze. "We found the dead man. We have the proof. Donovan here all but saw the blow struck."

"But how did Donovan happen to be present?" asked Parker. "That strikes me as very odd."

"He was on his way home from looking up Jim Mwana. Jim had been accused of stealing diamonds. After Big Pete had caused the boy's discharge there was nothing else for him to do."

"Why do you say that Big Pete caused his discharge? He didn't. I discharged him."

"I know—for releasing Jim Mwana. But it was Big Pete who sent you on that ride to your sister's, and it was Big Pete who sent Graves on his useless ride. Big Pete knew about the sick father before anybody else, through his Basutos. I think they detained the messenger. He wished to get rid of Donovan. Feng had reported that the boy was watching him."

"I weel not stay een thees place!" cried the Portuguese, springing to his feet.

"Observe behind me," said the Head softly, as he touched an electric bell. "The other door is locked."

Even as he spoke the door opened from the inner office and an officer in uniform stepped forth.

"This is Big Pete, wanted for murder," the Head rapped out.

"I arrest you in the name of the king!"

The handcuffs followed almost before the Portuguese had realized what was happening.

"And that's that," said Donovan.

"I suppose Donovan wants his job back," Parker began lamely, when the room was cleared. "He can have it."

But the Head interposed. "It won't do, Parker. I had made another arrangement with him. He undertook to learn the names of the messengers who called out yourself and Graves. If he succeeded he should have back his job. He did not succeed."

"Oh, but, chief!" Parker protested.

"I have therefore decided to transfer him to the sorting room, where he can learn something about diamonds."

GOOD MORNING, MAJOR

(Continued from Page 7)

chair, but did not rise. The chair creaked and grated beneath his weight, and you could have laughed almost to see his embarrassment. He had made a mistake and he knew he had made one. It might seem little, but not to a Regular Army man.

"Then why"—his voice was thicker—"then why didn't you tell me in the first place, without all this confounded argument?"

Against the thickness of the general's voice came Billy's answer, pleasant and conventional, devoid of any emotion. He did it nicely, very nicely. "I tried to, sir," he said.

"Well," said the general, "you didn't try hard enough."

"No, sir," said Billy. It was almost sad to watch them. Why could the general not have left it there? Billy was speaking so quietly, leading the general slowly beyond his depth. It was childish, so absurd you could almost laugh, though the pulses were beating in the general's temples.

"Well, you should have," said the general. "See here—you put your hand over your holster. You hid it. Did you try to make a fool of me on purpose?"

Billy's answer came at once, perfectly certain, perfectly controlled, and that eternal trace of a smile still flickered on his lips. "I'm sure I beg the general's pardon," he replied. "If the general thinks ——"

General Swinnerton rose slowly from his chair. His voice was chilly, his hand trembling. Something within him, the thing that was always there, burst loose for a moment before he could stop it. "Can't you speak to me like a man?" he roared.

Why is it that youth is so obtuse and can never understand?

That very evening Billy came into my tent with a stiff parody of a walk and held out his hand.

"Good morning, major," he said softly, and giggled beneath his breath.

"Stop it!" I whispered. "Don't be such a fool!"

Billy giggled again. He always had a most engaging way when his friends fell out. "Don't be such a fool yourself. Just because you've got those fig leaves, or whatever they are, on you—you can't forget we used to go on parties. Oh, I know we're in the Army now, but maybe I didn't have the general dead to rights! What? Didn't I?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself ——" I began, but he stopped me with a delicate shrugging gesture.

"Why the deuce should I be ashamed?" he demanded. "Do you think I'm going to sit still and have the life ragged out of me, my boy? Do you remember what I told you? He isn't a gentleman, George, my boy. I said he wasn't—remember?"

"If you aren't a West Pointer"—I can still hear the general's voice, as he paced about the orderly room one evening when we were there alone—"if you're not a West Pointer, young man, or if you haven't come from the ranks like me, there isn't any hope for you. You don't know what the Army is, that's all."

And I suppose in a hundred other barracks, a hundred other old men with ribbons on their chests were holding forth in the same grim strain. Of course you can't understand; no civilian can fathom the eccentricity of the military mind. That ridiculous affair of the garrison cap and the side arms did something to General Swinnerton.

It has occurred to me sometimes that a monk's life and a soldier's life are really quite the same, for they both have their eternal round of order in which the smallest thing that moves against the methodical current becomes great enough to shatter all existence.

If anyone had come to Camp Merritt to see the general off, it might have been a better thing, because I think he would have liked a kindly word; but no one came. No

(Continued on Page 172)

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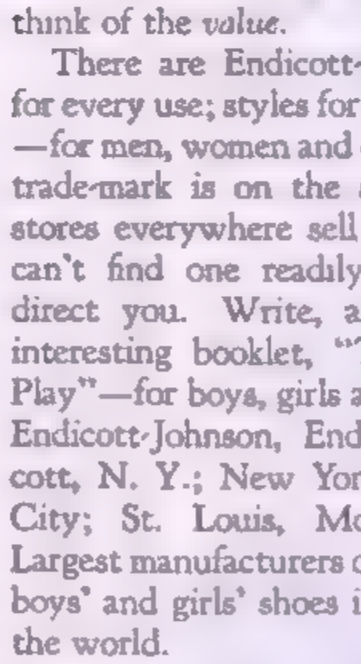

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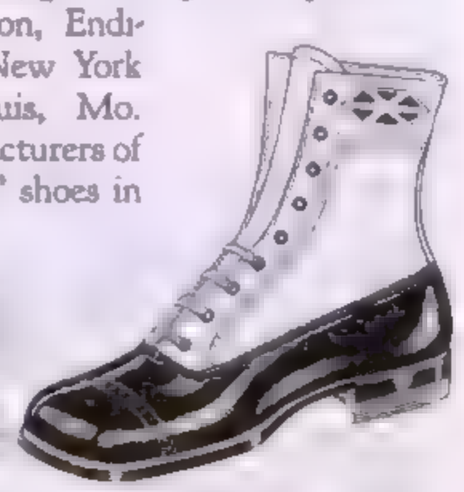

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(Continued from Page 170)

one sent him a box of cigars or candy. No one but the camp commandant said good-by.

He was a short, asthmatic little man, too old to go across, who could only sit and watch others go. He took us down to the Fort Lee Ferry himself, and shook the general's hand. It was what the general had said—you couldn't understand the Army unless you were an army man.

"Good-by, Swinnerton," he said. "Give 'em hell."

Billy Langwell was opening the automobile door.

"So long," said General Swinnerton. "Don't drink yourself to death. You needn't help me, Mr. Langwell. I'm still young enough to walk. Run aboard there and give the colonel my compliments and tell him to see his men below and stop their singing. This isn't a Y. M. C. A. social. It's a war."

And that was all the general said as he left his native shores. Yet he seemed to want to talk that night. He called the young gentlemen to his cabin on the boat deck after dinner, where all the portholes were battened tight, and gave them a short lecture.

"Now don't forget," he ended—and for once that day he seemed almost happy—"don't forget we're through with thés dansants, or however you say it, and pink teas and kissing the girls good-by at those hostess houses, or whatever you call them. Don't forget we're going to a war. Don't forget that tomorrow morning or a month from now we may all be dead." Then he paused, looked a little puzzled at the young gentlemen.

Of course he could not understand the way they took it, and his voice grew louder. "You don't believe me, do you? You think you've got a return ticket because you're on the staff! What do you find to smile at, Mr. Langwell?"

There was a slight sound of shifting feet above the churning of the engines, and we looked at Billy Langwell. He was standing in the center of the cabin. He was scarcely smiling; certainly not broadly enough to merit a rebuke. And he answered at once, without embarrassment, as he always did: "I'm sure I beg the general's pardon. I wasn't smiling at the general."

"Then what the devil are you smiling at?" General Swinnerton demanded. "Tell us, Mr. Langwell, if it's funny."

If Billy Langwell had only blushed or stammered, but he neither blushed nor stammered, and he answered right away: "It's not exactly funny, sir, but I was only thinking ——"

"Go ahead," said the general. "It's obvious that you're thinking."

"I was only thinking," said Billy, "that the general's room used to be the bridal suite, not so many months ago."

The general looked at the brass bedstead and at the velvet hangings before the portholes, already tawdry from the Army, reeking with stale cigar smoke.

"Major," he said, "send my compliments to the gunnery officer and tell him my aides will be on submarine lookout with the other young men from the regiments. Tell him to put them in the bow. Good evening, young gentlemen."

The general was alone when I returned. He was pacing up and down the bridal suite, and in spite of the slight pitching of the boat, his step was as accurate as ever. His boots went pit-pat on the heavy carpet. In his right cheek was a slight spherical bulge which he caused to disappear when I came in, in the manner of a good cavalryman back in '76.

"I don't understand them," he said. "I'm damned if I understand. Young men didn't used to be like that when I was young. Don't they ever think of anything serious?"

I tried to pass it off lightly. Somehow I knew he was oppressed and lonely, and suspected his dinner was not setting right that first night at sea.

"It's their tradition, general," I said. "They don't mean anything by it; they're only following the tradition—being *toujours gai*."

But the general stood stock-still and folded his hands behind him. "Two joor?" he inquired. "What does two joor mean? Oh, it means always, does it?" He coughed and moved his jaw hastily, and continued his walk about the bridal suite.

I moved toward the door, was just about to say good night, when he said the most peculiar thing, that made me stop and look at him.

"Just a minute, major." Was it possible that his voice sounded diffident? "Would you mind—have you got time—here, I wish you'd read this letter. It's written to my son."

It was the first time that I knew—the first time that any of us knew—that General Swinnerton had a son. And why he told me of it then I never could understand. Perhaps he was thinking of his farewell from Merritt that morning.

Perhaps he knew that among us all he was a being apart, and for a moment did not want to be.

He handed me a sheet of foolscap paper from a field clerk's box that was set upon a rosewood writing table.

"Dear Earl," I read. Now you might have known his name would have been Earl! "Dear Earl: The old man has got off in a cloud of dust. I am sitting in a bridal suite, surrounded by a lot of college boys and a Y. M. C. A. secretary, with a bunch of city boys in the steerage who don't know how to wear their O. D. breeches. God knows how we can ever fight a war with a lot of college boys and city boys who think they're soldiers. I'm glad you're not a college boy. See if you can't be a soldier even if you are a half-baked shavetail. Do what they tell you and don't grin about it. So long, Earl. I wish I was going with you to the front line where there isn't all this damn funny business. Remember what I said—always keep two biscuits and a clean pair of socks, old army issue if you can get them, in your back breeches pocket. And be sure to take along a .45 revolver. Good night, Earl. Your Old Man."

I handed the letter back. What was there to say? What could I possibly have said?

The general looked at me curiously, trying to read my comment in my face.

"You think it's a bum letter, don't you?" he inquired. "But you see the way I feel."

"I don't blame you," I said. I forgot to call him sir.

"Good night, major," said the general. "Go round the decks before you turn in and if you find anybody smoking a cigarette or showing a light outside, take his name for a special court. That's all. Good night."

As I turned to close the door I had a glimpse of him standing alone in the bridal suite, staring at the curtains, and I never told anyone about the letter. Somehow I could never even smile about it. If it was not a letter from Lord Chesterfield to his son, at least it was a letter from an army man.

As one thinks of it, it becomes inevitable that Billy Langwell should have laughed at General Swinnerton. And yet it's so hidden now that one can scarcely recall all those little things leading to that end.

Take the history of the Umpty-something Brigade, for instance. You know those stories printed on smooth shiny paper by some local printer and pathetic from their sheer inadequacy. There is only a sentence in it that brings a picture back.

"On the evening of September eighth," it read, "the Umpty-something Brigade was carried in trucks to Je Ne Sais Quoi and marched on foot to Ça Ne Fait Rien, where it relieved the Umpty-something-else Brigade of the Fig-Leaf Division at 10:40, occupying a front extending east from and including the town of Quelque Chose along the line of the Quelque Chose highway, through the farm of Petites Chausettes and thence to the woods and Je Ne Sais Quoi." There it is, in black and white, written with all that singular lack of imagination which is characteristic of all things military.

And yet it brings back pictures—a dark, startled obscurity, and noise as constant as silence to the ears, muddy columns of men, sweating startled horses and a grim shape riding on his horse in silence, without a hat.

It was like the general to throw his tin helmet away. "If they get me they get me," he said. "What's the use of all this funny business?"

Those are the sort of things that those pedantic words bring back—even to the shadows of the town of Quelque Chose.

When we took over the brigade P. C. and the front line, of course the enemy specialized on the town of Quelque Chose. You could see its houses two miles off, as it stood there on the hill. They only had to say a number, that was all, and let the guns turn loose.

You should have heard the general swear when those first shells went by. It was enough to have made you laugh, if it had been a time for laughing. You should have seen him scramble in the mud among the wounded horses and have heard his voice, not frightened, only angry, as he shouted to a runner from the Umpty-something Division: "Where are we? This is a hell of a place!"

"We're just getting in, sir. It's Quelque Chose," said the runner. But he was a green man. He had a catch in his voice. "Damn their hides! Them Jerries know we're moving out tonight. You might 'a' knowed those Blanks 'ud know it."

Then the general's voice came out of the dark. It really was a funny thing he said, and I felt Billy nudge me in the ribs as the general said it. "Damn your own hide!" roared General Swinnerton. "Cut out that swearing!"

We were stumbling over a heap of rubbish that had once been a street. Billy Langwell tripped and grasped instinctively at the general's arm to keep his balance, and I heard him draw a sharp quick breath.

"What is it, Mr. Langwell?" said the general. "Can't you keep your feet?"

"A man!" said Billy. His voice was a little high. "General, I stepped on a man!"

You would have known the general was a soldier even in the dark. "Did you hear Mr. Langwell, young gentlemen?" he inquired. "Mr. Langwell stepped on a dead man. Don't be surprised. There always are dead men in a war."

"Here we are, sir," said the orderly. "Mind the step, sir. It's in a cellar. Lord! What's that?"

"A heavy gun, you ass," said the general.

And we were in the headquarters of the town of Quelque Chose. I can still hear the general's voice. It goes with candlelight and the damp and reeking smell of night. "Give me a map. Where the devil is that map? Are the telephones installed?" And then it is all a nightmare, nothing more.

Quelque Chose I called the town. It isn't its real name, but every town was Quelque Chose in the stretches of those nights. Every town was something that makes you sit up still and stare into the black. As a matter of fact, it was Ouchy or Coulchy-sur-the-Something-or-Other. The way the old general spluttered and coughed as he pronounced it was enough to make you laugh. It's not so long ago since I saw the place, but though eight years or more have passed, there is a shocked silence, and you can almost think it was the day before yesterday, the time those names meant nothing.

I can remember the general glaring at the French artillery map. The rest is dim, but that part of it seems almost the day before yesterday. There were two candles in that cellar hole where headquarter P. C. were located, shining mellowly upon his face and making the silver stars glitter on his shoulders. And the yellow light gave his face a most peculiar reddish tint which was almost like old copper.

He was in the center of that cellar, quite calm, standing in a welter of equipment

(Continued on Page 175)

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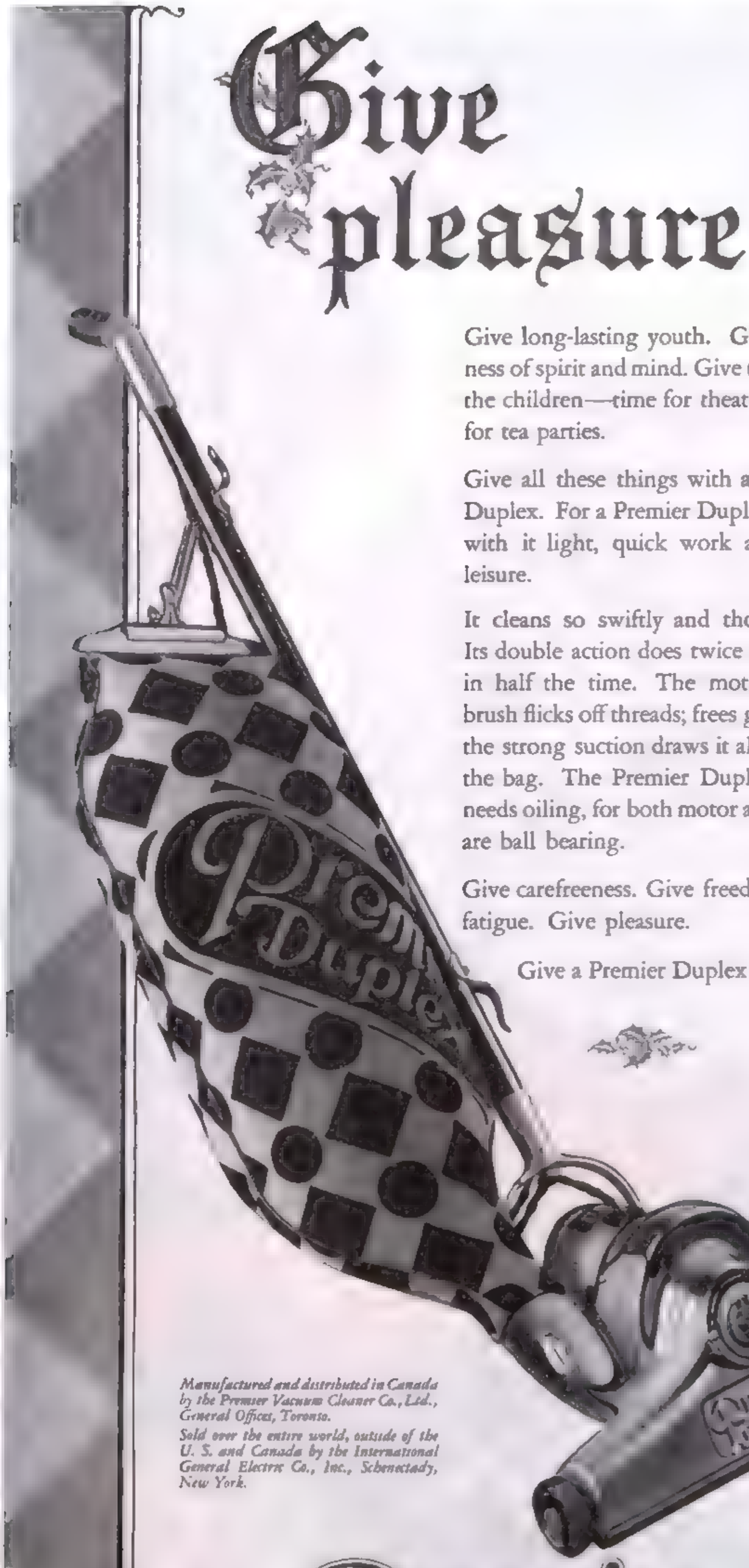

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(Continued from Page 172

that had not been cleared away, between the box where the field telephones were already going and the muddy curtain of blankets by the door. The mud from the road—that strange gray mud of France came off his stubby fingers on the map he was holding. He was staring at the map with reddish eyes, running his forefinger slowly across it.

"What the devil's the name of this place?" he inquired, looking up for a moment. The young gentlemen were standing around trying to look perfectly calm. "Oozy—Coozy? What the devil is it? And what the devil are those little gimcracks up ahead?"

It was not peculiar. Maps of all kinds always annoyed the general. He did not have time to get an answer, for the telephone operator interrupted him.

"Call from the division, sir," he said.

"Confound the division," said the general. "Can't they leave a man alone?" And he sat down by the instrument.

His two aides were just behind him, straight and quiet; Billy Langwell, a little paler than usual, and Edwin Bryce, playing at his belt with his long fingers.

"Stop that noise," said the general. He seemed to forget that no one could stop that noise until the war was over.

"Hello! Is this what? Is this what?—— What? Brewery one? Are you crazy? What do you mean by Brewery one? This is General Swinnerton speaking. Headquarters of the Umpty-umph Brigade."

Billy Langwell looked at me and winked. The color had returned to his cheeks.

"Oh! It's a code word, is it? The Germans will hear me, will they? How many peanuts have I got? What do you mean by peanuts? . . . Oh! Every man has got a hundred rounds, if the fools know how to fire them. . . . What's that? The Germans will hear me? Don't make me laugh, sir. You used to talk sense before you got those two stars on you. A hell of a mess? Of course it's a mess. They're turning on everything they've got. Have I got my front line located? No. How can I be sure when all the wires are out? Well, hold the wire."

The general tossed the instrument to the telegraph orderly and seized the map again. Of course he knew we all were watching him. Of course we knew he was in a strange position, not knowing where the front line was, not knowing anything—just stumbling in the dark.

"What the devil's the name of this place?" he repeated. "Oozy? Coozy? Why the devil can't they make sense? And what's that little gimcrack? That's where the Umpty-umph ought to be, isn't it? No, not that. That's a brook. That little square thing. La Ferme? What the devil's a ferme? I came here to fight a war, not to learn French! Confound this light! La Ferme de la Sainte? Sainte?" The map crumpled beneath the general's fingers.

He looked around at the young gentlemen almost stupidly, with his mouth half open. "That's a deuce of a name to call anything! It isn't a name at all. It's like a piece of underwear. It's like one of those things women put on themselves when they don't wear corsets."

There was a moment's silence. The word "corsets" in that place seemed to have a magic sound. The orderly at the telephone looked up. The runners at the door with red bands on their sleeves looked up. And all the rest of us looked at him helplessly, as we listened to the noise outside. Then there came the most incongruous sound. The general's head flew up. Billy Langwell had not meant to laugh. You could see it on his face. It was a reflex of strained nerves, when everyone's nerves were strained. But General Swinnerton heard him. For an instant his face went scarlet and his lips moved without a sound. For an instant even the noise outside seemed to lessen. And then the general spoke—quietly—much more quietly than he had spoken all that night. "You're laughing, Mr. Langwell?" he inquired.

It was the first time I ever saw Billy startled. In spite of the shadow his helmet cast over his face, his whole face looked drawn and startled.

"I beg the general's pardon," he said hastily. Even then he did not forget the etiquette he had been taught.

"Well, what were you laughing at?" The general's voice was louder. "You're laughing at me, Mr. Langwell. You've always been laughing at me! Now tell me what's so funny."

"I beg the general's pardon," began Billy again.

General Swinnerton stared at him. He seemed to have forgotten everything—even the noise outside. "Don't be so damned polite!" he said. "You're always laughing. Now tell me what's so funny."

Billy's answer came quickly. He wasn't frightened exactly, but he was embarrassed: "I'm awfully sorry, sir. I had no business to laugh. I—I don't know why I did, except what you said about the name—the corsets. I ——"

Billy stammered and stopped, and the general nodded. "I understand," he said. "You like to see the old man make a fool of himself."

You couldn't help but be sorry for Billy Langwell then. Just to see the color in the general's face and the glazed look in his eyes was enough to make you sorry.

For the end of everything was there, or the ultimate result. All that had gone before—the little things, memories of sly glances and half smiles, everything which was hidden beneath courtesy and manners flashed into the general's cheeks and forehead, as though some unseen caldron had boiled over and had completely spilled its reddish-purple contents even over the general's nose. He blushed and stammered, as though he was fighting against something that had grown too strong at last.

"You second-chop shavetail!"—you would hardly have known it was the general, his face had grown so dark—"did you think I haven't watched you? Do you flatter yourself I haven't seen you and the lot of you sneering at me because I can't hold a fork? Don't lie to me about it! You think I am a mucker, don't you?—you damned dude! I may be a mucker, but I've got eyes and ears. Don't think I am fit to order you! You don't think I'm a gentleman, do you? I've seen the bunch of you whispering at Hicks and on the boat. You don't think I'm one, do you? Answer me—you! D'you hear?"

The words poured out of him as suddenly as the color had poured into his face, just as ugly and as horrid, and with them came all the pain and the resentment he must always have harbored, for he was not under control. No one was under control unless it was Billy Langwell. I saw Edwin Bryce's face flush and his lip curl angrily, but Billy Langwell maintained the most irritating poise—that poise which the general had always hated—and stared at the general placidly.

"The general," he said, "has me at a disadvantage. I can't say what I think—what I should have to say—without going under anew. Perhaps some other time ——"

The general interrupted him as though the sound of Billy's voice was more than he could bear: "Say what you mean for once in your life—to my face—like a man—you sniveling coward!"

He was not a sniveling coward. The general ought to have seen that from the way that Billy stood and answered.

"You want me to?" he inquired. Everyone must have wanted to catch him, to pull him away, but no one did, and his voice continued meticulously distinct. "You want me to? All right then. I've stood enough. I think you're a bully and a windbag. Stop it! Put down your hand!"

There was no doubt the general was not himself. Edwin Bryce sprang in front of him just in time, and you could almost have been proud of Edwin.

"There, sir," he said, "we'll apologize, of course. But let me remind you —— The

Continued on Page 177

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(Continued from Page 175

division is on the wire. They want the coordinates for the front line."

"The division is still on the wire, sir."

The general looked at Edwin Bryce and then back at Billy Langwell. His hand trembled so that the map moved uncertainly in his fingers, and his voice was as unpleasant as I had ever heard it.

"You know everything, don't you?" he remarked—"you two young men? Orderly, tell headquarters that I'm sending runners up and I'll telephone the coördinates when I get them. And now, Mr. Langwell, do you know that word? Can you read it for us?"

Billy leaned over the map. His voice trembled slightly. "Certainly, sir. It's La Ferme de la St.-Hilaire."

"De la St.-Hilaire," mimicked the general, suddenly grotesque and terrible. "Is it now? And can't you read all these other names, Mr. Langwell?"

Billy looked at the general. Billy no longer looked exactly nonplused. He took a corner of the map in his thumb and forefinger. "Certainly—easily," he answered; "in fact without any trouble at all."

The general made no comment. He looked at Edwin Bryce. "And you, Mr. Bryce?" he inquired with that same unpleasant parody. "Of course you can read them, Mr. Bryce?"

"Of course," said Edwin shortly.

And then Billy said something that finished it. Although he was perfectly cool, you could see he was angry—as angry as the general.

"The general must remember," he said gently, "that we haven't had—the benefits of an army education."

The fool! What a fool he was! The coldness and the silence of the general were what made it terrible. He looked at them both with that slightly puzzled expression which changed into something else, and swayed back and forth from his toes to his heels before he finally spoke.

"How fortunate," said the general, and swayed again from his toes to his heels, "we've got someone who can locate the front line. Rise and shine, young gentlemen." They didn't understand him. None of us exactly understood. "Do you hear me?" The color of the general's face seemed to choke his voice. "Get out with you both, if you know so much. Go up and find that farm. Go up and see if the line is in front of it, behind it or in it. And come back and let me know."

And he knew what he was doing. That was what made it worse. He was sending them up to the front line in the dark, under heavy shelling, on the first night that they had ever heard a shell go off—in the dark—without their ever having known the road. Was there any wonder Billy Langwell looked a little sick?

"Of course you'll send us a runner who knows the way?" he said.

"Knows the way?" said the general. "Can't you see the way—on that road past the little gimcrack and by the thingumajig? What are you standing arguing about? Go up and find that front line and come back and report. Do you think you're any more valuable than anyone else because you're on the staff? My aides are expendable. Go out with you! Forward march!"

Even as the general spoke, he must have known how he appeared, from the way that Billy Langwell looked. For Billy Langwell was the better man just then—much the better man.

He gave a slight pull to the gas mask on his chest and nodded to Edwin Bryce. "Let's get out of this," he said.

They walked straight to the door, while the general stared at their backs. Once I thought he was going to speak. Once he cleared his throat.

But at the door, Billy Langwell turned and smiled at the general in a most annoying way. "Will the general excuse me if I don't take off my hat?" he said. "I may need it on outside."

Before the general could answer, they were gone. For a moment he stared at the swaying blankets by the door, almost forgetful of where he was.

"Major," he said at length, "make a note on Mr. Langwell's record tomorrow morning—that his manner is insolent toward his superior officers. Send out two more men from the detail with my compliments to the signal officer and ask him why he cannot mend his wires."

Then he hesitated, still standing in the center of the room. You see, he was a soldier—too good a soldier to let his anger carry him away for any length of time. He swayed for a moment from his toes to his heels.

"Is there any runner here who knows the way to that farm?" he asked suddenly. And somehow the tension in everyone relaxed, soundlessly yet definitely.

"Yes, sir." It was the single regular orderly from Camp Abraham Hicks who spoke. "I've been there, sir."

"Is it hard to find?" The general looked relieved. At last he was speaking to someone he understood.

"No, sir. You gotta go in the fields, though They're shelling hell out of the roads"

"Then you better ——" began the general. The orderly was moving automatically toward the door, but the general did not have time to finish.

"The regimental wire's in, sir!" cried the telephone orderly.

The general whirled about. "Which regimental line?" he cried. "Give me the telephone. . . . Hello! Who are you? Baggage? How can you get artillery support if you don't send back your coördinates? Well, send another man back. Send two more. Now read them before you go out again. Write 'em down, major, as I say 'em—23 point -I've got that. Two-three point." There was a silence. The general set down the instrument and swore.

"The damn thing's out again!" he said. "Orderly, go out and give those lieutenants my compliments and say you'll take one to the farm and send the other back. And the rest of you clean up this mess in here and give me a chair to sit on."

But when he got the chair the general would not sit down. He began pacing up and down instead, listening to the noise outside. And you could tell what he was thinking. He was wishing he was up there. He understood better than any of us his present uselessness. It was making him restless. It was wearing down his nerves Once he looked at his wrist watch. It was two o'clock in the morning and you could tell he was wishing it was light.

The suspense—the uncertainty of everything—was enough to get on anybody's nerves. The telephone orderly sat tense, fingering the plugs on his board with tense fingers. The orderlies by the door sat with their shoulders slouched forward, looking at their hands.

But the general's shoulders were the ones that should have sagged. Everything was resting on them, and he knew it. But he still kept walking up and down. He was the first one who heard a noise in the passage—a scraping, hesitating step.

"Pull back those blankets!" he cried. "Here comes a message!"

We all saw it at the same time.

"What ——" began the general. "What —"

A private entered -a stupid red-headed farmer's boy, carrying an officer like a bag of meal across the shoulder.

The general was the first person who spoke, for, you see, he was an army man. "Lay him down," he said. "Don't stand there looking at me! Lay him down and put something under his head." Without surprise, without contrition—quite methodically, the general spoke. And he knew who it was. You could tell by the useless spurs and the whipcords and the exquisite Sam Browne belt, even before you saw his face.

"Break out a first-aid kit, one of you!" he said. "What are you looking at? Haven't you seen any blood before? One of you orderlies go out and call a stretcher."

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The red-haired private was scrambling to his feet. His shoulder was wet and dripping. "There was two of 'em," he said. "They was walking up the road just like—just like ——"

The general stopped him. His voice was enough to stop anything just then. "And where's the other one?" he said.

The soldier blinked. He was very stupid and startled—almost dazed. "Dead," he answered. And then his voice became querulous and wild. He was seeking relief in words. "I seen him and he yelled at me," he said. "He was coming from here, poor kid, and I was coming here."

"What's that again?" The general's voice stopped his flow of words.

"You were coming here? Where from?"

The orderly was still dazed. He had difficulty to think. "From headquarters of the Umpteenth up to that farm with a message."

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?" The general took a step toward him. "Where is your message?"

That poor red-headed boy was a stupid sight. He blinked, he swallowed, he fumbled at his belt. "I—I can't remember, sir."

"Can't remember?" roared the general.

"I—I must have dropped it, sir, when I picked him up."

General Swinnerton's fingers closed on his palm and opened. Before he even spoke, that red-haired boy cowered away from him. But we never heard what he had to say.

"Don't jump him, sir." It was Billy Langwell speaking in a curious, dreamy way, as he turned his head on his blanket pillow. "The poor boy did the best he could. We"— he moved slightly and caught his breath—"we can't all be in the cavalry back in '75."

The general turned toward him and bent down. Perhaps it was because the candles were flickering that his face looked gray and that he looked older than he had before—much older.

"Don't talk, Mr. Langwell," he said. "Are you in pain?"

Someone was applying a rude tourniquet to Billy Langwell's leg. Another was cutting open his whipcord jacket and trying to pull off his Sam Browne belt. But Billy Langwell hardly seemed to notice. He was in that state, you see, where pain has ceased to mean anything or where pain itself brought its own peculiar peace. As he stared at the general, he seemed peculiarly delicate, fragile, as fine as a tenuous thought which a word or a gesture might send away. It was not what he said to the general that made the general's face grow gray and still. It was something in his eyes, rather, and the way he moved his lips.

"Don't bother about me, thank you, sir," he answered. "I'm all right—perfectly all right."

The general turned to the telephone operator. His face had become like a stone—as hard, and quite as gray. "Get the division," he said, "and ask why those casual officers they were sending have not come up." And then he turned and looked at me.

Except for Billy Langwell, we were the only officers in the cellar then, for the signal officer was out, the intelligence officer was out, so was the detachment commander. And of course he saw the way I felt. But he was kind about it—surprisingly kind. He put his hand quite gently on my shoulder.

"Don't look so sick, major," he said "It's the war, that's all; and the next lieutenant that comes in to report will go out the same way if the telephones are working."

He was not exactly justifying himself, for he thought it was duty, straight duty. Two stretcher bearers had come in, and the two were working over Billy Langwell, talking in low voices. That constant inflow and outflow of people which is a part of any headquarters was beginning again, like a part of the same vague dream.

Some newcomers had appeared, seemingly from nowhere, as people often did in those vague nights. They stood blinking and looking about them until one of them spoke. "Beg pardon, sir. Is this brigade headquarters?"

For some reason, I was startled. They were officers—second lieutenants—those casual officers of which the general had spoken. The one in front saluted, holding the salute for exactly the right length of time, almost like a regular officer.

"Sir," he said, "Lieutenant Swinnerton reports for duty with the detail."

The theater—always the theater! Even up there, we had those close-cut banal phrases. Lieutenant Swinnerton! You would have known he was the general's son without any intuition to make you feel it. He had the same heavy shoulders, the same uncompromising head, and he looked from me to the general without showing any recognition. He knew the old man was a soldier. He knew what the old man wanted, and you had to hand it to the general then, for the thing he did was not what he wished to do. I heard him draw a quick breath, but he spoke at once. He could not hesitate, because he was an army man; and if he had not been, how could he have hesitated, with Billy Langwell lying on the floor?

Billy Langwell had not lost consciousness. You could see he was listening and taking a detached interest, as men sometimes do in spite of pain.

"Mr. Swinnerton," said the general—and once again Billy Langwell had him, though perhaps the general never knew it, or never thought—"Mr. Swinnerton, do you see that thingumajig on the map—the ferme-something-er-other? We can't pronounce it now since Mr. Langwell's got laid out. Well, get up there to the Umpteenth Regiment. Give the colonel my compliments and tell him to give you the coordinates of the front line, and tell him to send every man he can spare to lay out another wire. That's all."

The lieutenant saluted. He must have known the old man well enough not to argue, and yet he asked a question: "Can you let me have a runner, sir, who knows the way?"

There was a slight tremor in the general's voice, but very slight. "The last one's out, and he hasn't come back yet. But you don't mind a thing like that. You were raised in an army post."

They were lifting Billy Langwell to the stretcher. They were moving with him to the blankets by the door, when the general noticed. "Are you comfortable, Mr. Langwell?" he inquired, and Billy opened his eyes.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

And then there was an embarrassing moment. The stretcher bearers did not know whether to move on or stop; because the general made no sign.

"You don't feel ——" The general cleared his throat and seemed to have difficulty with his words. "I hope you don't feel you've been discriminated against in any way?"

Billy Langwell twisted his lips upward. He was quite himself in that last moment, and careless, but not so careless as we had sometimes seen him.

"Lord, no, sir," he said. "It's funny what an idiot I was. I thought you couldn't be real, you know. But now I've seen you working out ——" Without finishing his thought, he waved his hand slightly in a curious, airy way. "George, give me a cigarette, will you? Now I've seen you working out —— Good morning, general! I don't mean to be rude, sir. It's just a way I have." He had ceased waving his hand, and added the truest thing he ever said: "We're just a different breed of cats that's all." What else was there to say—now that he had definitely, completely, put General Swinnerton in his place and himself in his place as well?

When did that regimental wire come in? It might have been an hour or less, although it was impossible to think of time in hours or minutes. The general was seated when they called him, staring at the floor, and no one wished to interrupt him. He might have been asleep, for his chin was sunk on his chest, and his campaign ribbons moved with a regular easy motion. As the telephone orderly spoke, however, General Swinnerton started and seized the instrument.

"Have you heard?" he began. "Is there ——" You could tell what he wanted to say, but he stopped himself. "Well, it's time you hooked up. This has been a hell of a mess. And those signal officers will get a court for it, or I'll know the reason why. What can I expect? Didn't you get any messages? Didn't!"

The general's shoulder moved forward and he cleared his throat. "Didn't a lieutenant report to you with my message? Yes, a new one. His name's Swinnerton Can't you hear me? Swinnerton. Yes, he's my son, as a matter of fact. But what's that got to do with it? What's that?"

The general's shoulders moved suddenly. He sat up very straight. And suddenly his voice was choked and queer. "Thanks. Thanks. . . . But there's no use saying that. There are others who have caught it. Lots of others. Thanks. Now keep in the wire."

There was a noise. The telephone orderly stooped down hastily. The general had dropped the telephone headpiece on the floor and was standing up.

"Major"—his voice was still queer, but perfectly controlled—"when you get after the morning report, add on Lieutenant Swinnerton. He—he's dead. I—I think I'll turn in now."

Now what was there to say? What was there to do? Absolutely nothing, for, you see, he was an army man. No one said a word, and he stood by himself in the light of the guttering candles—alone, as he had always been alone. And why I did it I do not know, but suddenly I found myself holding his hand, trying to say something, anything at all. But still he was an army man, though I felt his fingers close on mine.

"Don't be a damned fool," he said "What time is it? Three o'clock? Well, I'm turning in till six. Good night—or rather, good morning, major."

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SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 41)

Under some contracts the actor was compelled to pay his own fare from the closing stand back to New York. Under this arrangement a manager could book a company to the Pacific Coast, make up his mind that the return tour would be unprofitable, close the season in Los Angeles or Vancouver and leave the actors to pay their fares back—provided always that they had been fortunate enough to save sufficient money.

Every manager, with a few notable exceptions, compelled the actresses to pay for their stage clothes and hats. This would often mean in the neighborhood of $1000. If the actress could not provide the clothes she did not get the position. Where and how she got the money to pay for them was her own business, not the manager's. If the play failed, as four out of every five plays do, the actress was out just that much money and the manager had been saved just that much loss; but if the play succeeded she, of course, received no profits from her investment.

Then, as now, no actor was paid anything for rehearsals, although the stage hands are paid full wages for every minute of their time and the musicians are paid for the second rehearsal and onward.

Actors are Born, Not Made

At that time a play could be rehearsed indefinitely. I have known the manager of a musical comedy to rehearse a chorus of sixty girls for eight weeks with the deliberate intention of discharging twenty of them without notice at the end of the second week, because then he made what he called his flash. That meant ten weeks' work for two weeks' pay. The girl could, of course, sue for a fortnight's salary, but the manager knew that this would not happen in one case in a thousand. There was not only the question of lawyer's fees but the girl was aware that she would be marked as a trouble maker and then the chance for employment was negligible.

Moreover, I have known plays in those days to rehearse eight or even ten weeks and never open at all. What did the company receive for their time and work? Not one penny!

The question of the actor receiving no pay for rehearsals, while the musicians do receive pay, is not so one-sided as it looks. The musician reads from a score, and after one careful rehearsal is able to do his work thoroughly. He has nothing to commit to memory. He has also to study until he is sufficiently versed in his art to pass an examination. He learns his trade before he gets to be a member of the orchestra.

The actor undergoes no course of study and passes no examination. He learns his business from the director at rehearsals. He has also to memorize his lines so as to deliver them effectively in conjunction with the other players, a thing entirely different from and much more difficult than learning merely by rote, which can be done only while rehearsing with the associate actors. He has to learn when to get up, when to sit down, when to light his cigarette, when to put it out, when to quicken or slacken the tempo, when to lower or raise the pitch of the scene, and in fact the thousand and one things he must remember for himself which constitute the business of acting.

Acting is not an art. No child of six can paint a picture worthy of an Academician; nor can he play the violin or piano like a virtuoso or carve a statue out of a piece of marble. But a child of six, and especially a girl, can give a performance worthy of any actor on the stage. What, then, becomes of the art of acting?

As regards the art of acting for the screen, Jackie Coogan in The Kid gave a performance which rivaled that of Chaplin, and it made Jackie a star. Also the dogs Strongheart and Rin-Tin-Tin give great performances and are stars.

The Actors' Equity Association has justified itself in every dimension, notably in the exaction of justice for its members in ridding the profession of flagrantly dishonest managers and in obtaining for the manager a means of redress against the irresponsible and bandit actor, for even in the old days the wrongs were not all on one side. Many an actor has smuggled his trunk out of the theater on the road after receiving his salary on a Saturday night and jumped to New York, where he has obtained a more favorable engagement, leaving the manager to struggle along with a disrupted company as best he could.

At one time this was such a favorite sport with the actor that it became the rule not to pay salaries until after the performance on Tuesday night. Many an actor, having made a success in a rôle and having become identified with it, blackmailed his manager, by threatening to leave the cast, into more than doubling his salary, although engaged for the run of the play. But in spite of what Equity has subsequently done, I think that the actors' strike was an unnecessary thing.

The contract between Equity and the Producing Managers' Association being about to expire, and realizing that the contract as it stood was inequitable, the managers had appointed a committee, of which Arthur Hopkins, William Harris, Jr., and myself were members, to revise it. We had drawn up a contract in which every important claim of the actor was recognized as just. There were to be no more half salaries; it became mandatory upon every manager to provide the clothes for the actresses receiving less than $150 a week, and if the actress received more than that it was to be a matter for negotiation; all fares were to be paid to the starting point and also back to New York after closing; the time for rehearsals was limited, and when it was exceeded the company was to receive half salary for the extra time.

After a stubborn fight against some reactionaries who refused to recognize the trend of the times, the association accepted the report and without any premonition of impending trouble asked the council of Equity to meet them at luncheon. So far as the managers were concerned, it was to be a love feast. After the luncheon a member of Equity was called on to make the opening speech. His first sentence was: "Gentlemen, some years ago we came before you with our hats in our hands. Well, it's different now!"

Never before did so few words transform a pacifist body into a war-demanding one. From that minute every manager sat with his gun in his hand and the love feast became a war dance.

The First Woman Stage Director

The dramatic editors and the reporters of the New York newspapers practically without exception favored Equity and strove always to put them in a favorable light with the public. Their attitude was quite understandable. They knew some of the things the managers had done; they were more friendly with the actors than with the managers and they were for the under dog. To counteract this the managers appointed a press committee to see the editors and endeavor to have our side of the story published. At the second paper on which we called we were confronted by an Airedale of an office boy.

"Who do you want to see?" he demanded. As chairman of the committee, I told him. He pushed a card at me and said, "Write down who you are."

I wrote: "David Belasco, E. H. Sothern, Harrison Grey Fiske, George Broadhurst."

He took the card, read the names icily, looked us over appraisingly and asked, "What are you going to do—sing?"

At that time I had an interest in the Forty-eighth Street Theater and was also manager of the Broadhurst Theater, in consequence of which I was producing as well as writing plays. The current attraction at the Broadhurst was the production I had made of Octavus Roy Cohen's dramatic and interesting story The Crimson Alibi, and it was notable to me for two things. The first was that it began my friendship with that brilliant author and his wife, and the second that it was the first production made by Mrs. Lilian Trimble Bradley as general stage director for the Broadhurst Theater.

When I engaged Mrs. Bradley for that position no woman had ever occupied a similar one, and, I think, no other woman has occupied such a position since. Other women, notably Miss Jessie Bonstelle, had been directors for stock companies and had occasionally made an original production of a play, which is a far different proposition from producing it in stock. The original producer receives a bare manuscript. He arranges all the business of the play, including the exits and entrances; when the characters move, when they sit down, when they stand, how they group themselves, the pitch and tempo of the scenes and the way in which they are to be played. He also, generally with the aid of specialists, is responsible for the designing of the scenery, the selection of the gowns, furniture and draperies, and the lighting of the production, which plays a much more important part in the success of a play than most people imagine. The producer is to a play what the conductor is to an orchestra; but whereas the conductor is seen by the audience and receives its praise and applause for good work done, the producer is unseen, and his work, except by the understanding few, is ignored.

Fitted for the Job

When the stage manager of a stock company receives the manuscript of a play everything that the original producer has created is marked out for him in a plain and unmistakable manner, even to the place where a character must light a cigarette and when he must put it out. The stock stage manager simply has to follow instructions, all the work of creating and arranging having been done for him by the original producer.

The person engaged by a manager as his general stage director is responsible for the staging of all the original plays presented by that manager, and is the head of his department and draws a yearly salary just as do the other members of the staff. For this most important position I did not engage Mrs. Bradley until I was thoroughly satisfied that she had the ability to fill it.

Some years previously we had collaborated on The Woman on the Index and her adroit suggestions regarding its staging caused me to ask where she had learned so much. I was then informed that she had for four years studied both production and lighting in Europe. Afterward she assisted in the staging of various plays; and finally, when the scene painter and producer found it impossible to design a set that was needed for certain business absolutely necessary in a musical play, she came forward with a design and a color scheme which met each and every requirement.

Her permanent engagement, however, depended on her success with The Crimson Alibi, which was so pronounced that she has since then, without any aid whatever from experts in any department, directed every play, both in New York and London, with which I have been associated. I will add, in parentheses, I am happy to say that another and permanent contract now exists between Mrs. Bradley and myself whereby she has become my personal director for life.

Among the plays produced by me was a farce by Mark Swan the title of which was Just Like John. In the cast on the road

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NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

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—A File for Every Purpose

was an actress, whose name I have forgotten, who played the small part of a Spanish girl, but who was not reengaged for the New York production. Shortly after the opening in New York I went for an extended stay in Europe. When I returned, a star of the first magnitude was suddenly appearing in the moving-picture skies. Her name was Theda Bara. She was creating a character new to the screen which was so individual and unique that to it was given the honor of introducing a verb into the English language—the verb "to vamp."

I read many romantic stories of the new star, including a circumstantial and detailed account of her birth on a desert during a terrific sand storm. On these, however, I looked somewhat obliquely, because I knew by experience of the vivid imagination of romantic press agents, and also because I realized that the name Theda Bara was a transposition of the letters in the words "Arab death." The moment I saw this actress on the screen I recognized in the person flaming there so magnificently the uninspired and pallid actress who had not come into New York with Swan's farce, and I marveled that a personality which flickered so feebly on the stage could flare so vividly on the screen.

At that time I did not realize that the qualities which make for success on the stage and those which make for success on the screen are at opposite ends of the line. Some men players, notably Douglas Fairbanks and John Barrymore, and in a lesser degree, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Bert Lytell, have a range which includes both qualities; but I know of no star actress in the movies who has achieved and held a similar success on the stage.

Aside from the all-important question of voice, the legitimate actor must be able to maintain his scene; he must have the power to carry it through in the presence of an audience from its beginning to its end, and he must register his emotions directly on the audience itself. The movie actor does things piecemeal, a minute now and a minute then. The former will play before an audience uninterruptedly for forty-five minutes; the latter is rarely shown uninterruptedly on the screen for even a minute. The movie actor does not have to register on an audience directly; he must play so that he registers on the screen and on the audience through the medium of the screen—a different quality indeed. As for the movie actress, all the ability in the world is as nothing if her face will not screen, and there is no master on earth so relentless, brutal, undeceivable and merciless as is the moving-picture camera.

Absolutely Wrong

The qualities which make a face screenable are as distinct from those which make a face photographable as are the qualities between the actor and the movie actor. The face of many a woman which photographs beautifully will not screen at all. The photograph is a picture of the face with one set expression—but one emotion, such as joy, pleasure, sorrow or anger, can be shown on it—while the screen representation shows the face in action, registering all these emotions and fluctuating from one to the other.

So elusive is this screenable quality that a former movie star had it stipulated in her contract that only one side of her face should be taken. Her right profile screened splendidly, but the left was a different proposition entirely.

At one time two of my productions were running side by side in Forty-eighth Street. One of them, The Storm, by Langdon McCormick, in which there was a remarkable representation of a forest fire, was at the Forty-eighth Street Theater; and the other, The Wonderful Thing, by Lilian Trimble Bradley, in which Jeanne Eagels appeared and for the first time had her name in the electric lights, was at the Playhouse.

After the first night of The Storm, only two or three of us directly concerned in the production had any faith in its success, and yet it was an immediate hit and ran out the season. Nothing in the world is so uncertain and speculative as the success of a play, as I, among others, have found out on various occasions.

Five years ago, when I was in Los Angeles, a moving-picture comedian, Walter Hiers, told me that a play called Abie's Irish Rose had been produced the night before by a local stock company; that there was $1,000,000 in it; and that he thought a share in the production could be bought cheap. That night I went to see it, and while I recognized that it was a success in stock, I did not think that it had one lonely chance so far as Broadway and first-class theaters were concerned. This opinion was confirmed when I saw it in New York one Saturday night early in its run and found that there were not thirty people on the lower floor.

On that occasion, Miss Anne Nichols, the authoress, and by that time the manager—for she had obtained the return of the acting rights from the manager who produced the play in Los Angeles—came and apologized for the meagerness of the house and told of her unwavering faith in its ultimate success. How far I was wrong, and how well founded the hopes of Miss Nichols were, subsequent events have adequately proved.

As Goes New York

On another occasion the manuscript of The Cat and the Canary came into my hands. I emphatically returned it. So did practically every other manager in New York, and it remained for an office boy working for William Harris, Jr., to see its possibilities, secure its production, and so prove how little his boss and the other New York managers knew about a manuscript when they read it.

How little one can tell of the commercial value of a play and of its chances of success, prior to its actual production before a real audience, is illustrated by the story Henry Blossom used to tell of the dress rehearsal of George Ade's famous comedy The College Widow. At that rehearsal, to which had come an invited audience, there was hardly a laugh, and Ade was so disheartened that as they walked home he said to Blossom, "Henry, let's keep on walking till we come to the river and then let me fall in."

At the first performance, however, before a regular and not a hand-picked audience, the laughs began to come within a minute of the rise of the curtain, the fate of the play was never in doubt and it developed into one of the biggest comedy successes that the United States has known.

The verdict of the tryout towns—that is, the towns and cities in which a play is produced prior to its presentation in the metropolis—whether it be favorable or adverse, means less than nothing so far as New York is concerned, and it is in that city that the fate of twenty-nine plays out of every thirty is determined. New York passes its own judgments, and it accepts or rejects, it exalts or debases, without the slightest thought or concern as to what has gone before or may come after. Moreover, it seems to take a perverse and gleeful delight in reversing the judgment which other towns and cities have given and pronounced.

Of this attitude of New York there are examples without end. The classic one is the fate of Maude Adams in The Little Minister. Before its production in New York, The Little Minister was presented in Washington, D. C., where its reception was so apathetic that it played to less than $2000 in a week of eight performances. After its run in New York, where the Washington verdict was unanimously reversed, it returned to the capital and played on its opening night to more than its entire week's receipts on its previous visit.

When Turn to the Right was given its trial performance, the result was so disappointing that a man who had verbally

(Continued on Page 185)

Imagine! a complete concert on a Single Record

Thomas A Edison's latest achievement

WHAT you once got only with a concert ticket, you can now get complete on ONE DOUBLE-FACED RECORD. You don't leave your home, nor your easy chair. No record juggling. Concert programs are given just as you might hear them in Carnegie Hall. Dinner orchestras play for you "from soup to nuts."

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With the same stroke of genius, Thomas A. Edison has also lowered the cost of phonograph music. A 5- or 6-minute, present-day record costs at least 75c. An Edison 24-minute record costs only $1.75 or 44c for six minutes of music. An Edison 40-minute record costs only $2.50 or 38c for six minutes of music. Edison Long-Playing Records, therefore, cut the cost of phonograph music in half. And you don't have to jump up every few minutes to change records. Never before was good music so economical and convenient.

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Your Edison dealer is now giving free public 40-minute concerts, all day, every day. Hear this musical miracle. Write for descriptive folder.

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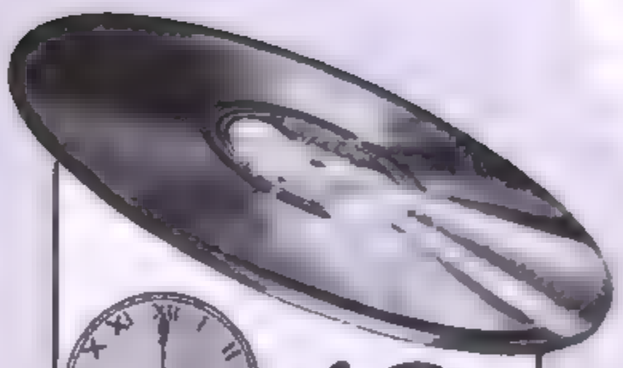

40 Minutes of Undistorted Music on a Single Record

Edison Long-Playing Records, as well as all other Edison Records, are recorded by Mr. Edison's secret process. Music, just as it emanates from the throat of the singer or the instrument of the performer, is captured and re-created with absolute fidelity. There is no distortion. This is not a mere claim. It has been proved—in the only way that it can be proved—by actual side-by-side comparison with other phonographs and the living artists themselves.

In selecting your phonograph, remember that only the New Edison Phonograph has ever dared the test of side-by-side comparison with the living artist.

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Console No. 3—(Mahogany)—in the new fashionable shade, Trafalgar Brown.

This Long-Playing Phonograph costs no more than ordinary, short-playing phonographs.

The NEW EDISON LONG PLAYING PHONOGRAPH

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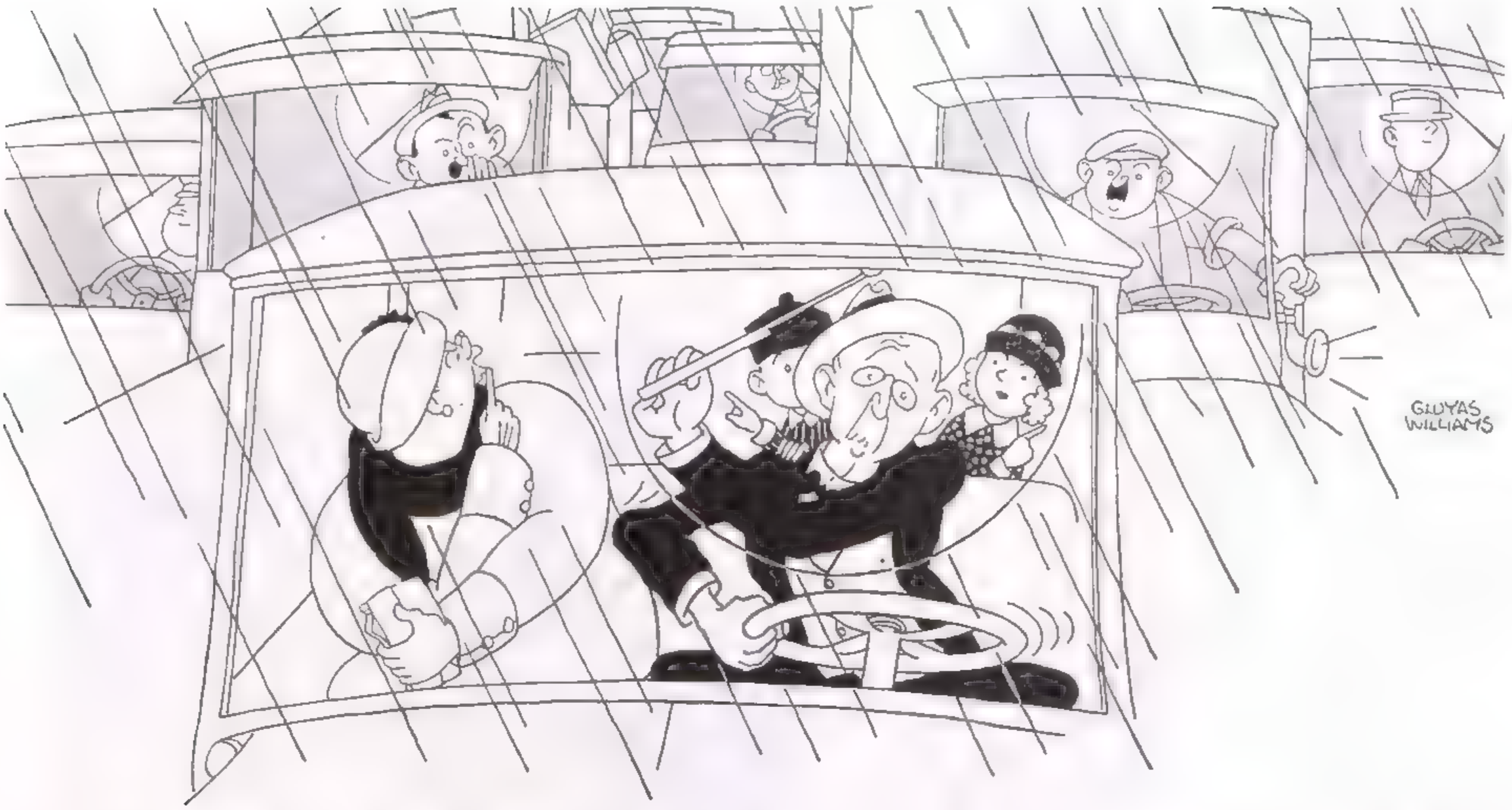

Father has *hand*-cleaned long enough!

. . . buy him a Trico Automatic Windshield Cleaner for Christmas

NOW for $3.50 you can make him as happy as the day he bought the car. He'll want to drive in the rain just for the joy of it.

And you, as his passenger, will share his pleasure. What a relief for him to sit back with both hands on the wheel and let tireless Trico wipe away the blurring rain or snow.

Trico is dependable because its patented suction principle is so utterly simple. You can't overwork it. It costs nothing to run and it is guaranteed for the life of the car.

Be sure to ask for Trico by name. Any garage can install it in a few minutes.

Trico Automatic Cleaners are priced at $3.50 for the new Junior model, $5.00 for the standard model, and $7.50 for the De Luxe models which are standard on many cars. Models are made to fit all makes of cars, including Fords.

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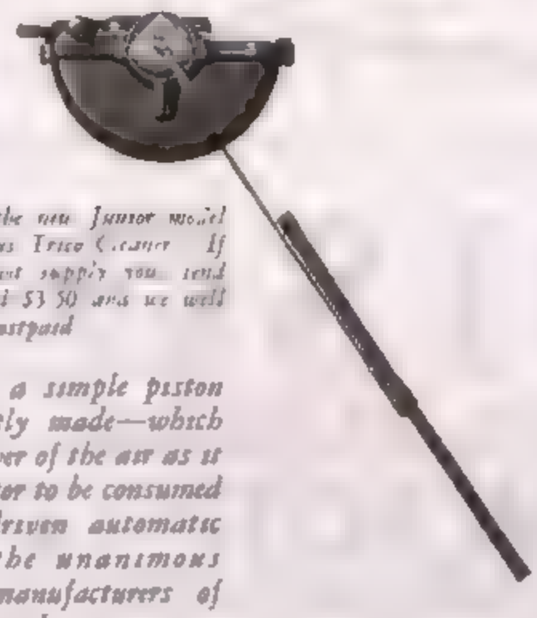

$3.50 *buys the new Junior model of the famous Trico Cleaner. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and $3.50 and we will send one to you postpaid*

TRICO is just a simple piston motor, perfectly made—which is run by the power of the air as it flows to your motor to be consumed as fuel. Air-driven automatic cleaners are the unanimous choice of all manufacturers of completely equipped motor cars.

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AUTOMATIC WINDSHIELD CLEANER

Manufactured under Trico-Folberth patents in the United States and principal foreign countries.

(Continued from Page 182)

agreed to take a third interest in it stayed away from his office and became officially among the missing so that the producer of the play could not get in touch with him and confirm the arrangement before it was produced in New York. After its production in New York the vanishing manager appeared in town, but the producer of the play was so busy counting the profits that he had no time to see him.

Seven Days is another striking example of this reversal of form. On the road it plumbed the depths of failure. It was scorned and rejected and all the experts advised its managers on no account to take it to New York. The managers, having opinions of their own, and also having a theater on their hands which would otherwise have remained empty, disregarded the advice of the Solomons and the result is theatrical history.

In one instance at least New York's disregard for a previous judgment had a comic side. The producer of a musical play was so certain of its metropolitan failure that he sold the rights to 120 per cent of it. When to his amazement and indignation it became an overnight success in New York, he had to pay an exorbitant price to one of the purchasers so that he could cover the 20 per cent that he sold short.

As for the plays which have been so enthusiastically and joyously received at their tryouts that it appeared certain they had been safely launched on the sea of success, the shores of theatrical New York are literally strewn with the wrecks of such craft, most of which carried not only the high hopes and eager hearts of their owners but all their fortunes as well.

Actors and actresses complain bitterly of their inability to get interviews with managers, not for an instant considering the manager's side of the question. Let it even be rumored that a manager is casting a play, and for weeks he will have as many as 200 applicants a day. If he gave to each of them only five minutes—and some are so tenacious of purpose and it means so much to them that once having passed the door it is almost a physical impossibility to get them to withdraw—it would occupy nearly seventeen hours of his time daily.

In addition to this, how is it possible for a manager, simply by talking for a few minutes to an actress whom he has neither seen nor heard of, to form any idea as to what effect she can have upon an audience? For the effect on the audience is the only thing that counts. An actress sometimes says that she knows absolutely that she can play a certain part because she feels it so deeply, whereas it is not at all a question of what she feels; it is a question of what she can make the audience think she feels. An actress may read a part beautifully, at rehearsals it may seem that she is going to play it magnificently; and yet when she gets before an audience with the footlights intervening, she may, in the parlance, die.

Putting Over Personality

It is the same story as that of the drawing-room comic. In the presence of his friends, and in the circumscribed space of the room, he may be the funniest man in the world; but to appear on the stage and project his personality to the last row of the balcony, as the real comedian must do, is an undertaking of an entirely different caliber.

This can be demonstrated easily. The ordinary man can meet a friend and, standing face to face, tell him a funny story and gain the reward of prompt and hearty laughter. But let him see another friend across the street, and let him shout the same story to him, will the second man laugh as did the first? He will not. And why will he not? Because the personality of the teller was dissipated before the words reached the listener. On the stage that elusive God-given gift which we call personality is greater than genius, for personality can succeed there without genius, but genius cannot succeed without personality

A player with personality often waits long before he finds the most effective method of projecting it, which is called by the profession "putting it over." When an audience watched John Drew apparently walking through a part and merely playing himself, only the initiated realized the undercurrent of force in his performance, which was so beautifully disguised as to be almost nonexistent. His was the driving power of a frictionless and silent engine, but every minute he was on the stage he was putting it over. In a broader and more visible way in musical comedy and review, Al Jolson and Sam Bernard have perfected their method to the highest degree, as have William Collier and Ernest Truex in farce.

Truex, that diminutive comedian whose talent is in inverse ratio to his size, is the father of three sons, the eldest of whom paid constant attention to the conversation and manners of his elders, most of whom were naturally on the stage. On the occasion of one of Truex's first nights, after his wife had kissed him and wished him good luck, he was astounded to have his first-born, then a boy of seven, extend his hand and say "Put it over, pop." Whether or not it was this admonition that inspired him, the fact remains that the performance was the beginning of Truex's most successful engagement.

Tripping the Light Pedantic

During my work as author and manager I have seen many incidents which were so fantastic and bizarre that, set down in cold print, they would appear unbelievable. Of these I will relate two of the milder ones.

Grant Mitchell, the deservedly popular star, early in his career was rehearsing in a play of which I was one of the authors. Nothing that he could do was satisfactory to the producer.

Finally Mitchell said, "If you will tell me what is fundamentally wrong perhaps I can remedy it."

"Since you put it that way, I will tell you," said the producer; "you are not pedantic enough."

"Pedantic?" echoed Mitchell.

"Yes; don't you know what 'pedantic' means?"

"I think I do. What do you think it means?"

"I don't have to think—I know," said the producer. "'Pedantic' means being light on your feet. It comes from the same root as pedestrian."

Once after I had read a play to a star and her manager, the actress said, "It's a very nice play, but for me it has not got enough incidencies in it."

Before I had really grasped that the actress referred to incidents, up spoke the manager.

"Still," he said, "I like the end of the third act. I think that has the yucleus of a great play in it." Then he added, "But do you really want to know what's the matter with your play?"

I replied, "Having gone so far, I certainly do."

The manager answered: "Then I'll tell you. The trouble with your play is that it has no functions in it."

When a play has strong and dramatic situations, we of the theater say that it has guts, and I wondered if some unsuspected delicacy prevented the manager from mentioning the word in the presence of his star before luncheon. I therefore said inquiringly, "Functions?"

"Yes," he replied. "I wonder a lot of you playwrights haven't got onto the success of Fitch. He has functions in his plays—weddings, christenings, funerals. What the public wants today is functions!"

Three months later a prominent actor who was playing in support of the actress in a new play said to me, "When you told the story about our star and her manager I did not quite believe it. Now I do, and I have the last act for you."

"Tell it," I rejoined.

"This afternoon," continued the actor, "while we were playing our matinée there

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A Christmas tip from the carpenter

LOOK at any fine piece of carpentry work. The finish comes largely from the skill of the carpenter, of course. But there's something else. Look into his kit. You'll see not only an adequate number of tools, but you'll find them all *fine* tools, many carrying the Stanley name.

Right there is a Christmas tip from the carpenter—a chest of Stanley Tools this year for some man or boy! A fine assortment of tools, and all good tools—the right set for repair work or the making of such things as book cases, dog houses, and other useful articles. The sturdy oak chest keeps the tools safe and handy. A Stanley Tool Chest is a complete gift.

You will find Stanley Tool Sets at a wide range of prices and in a wide variety of assortments—from No. 904 with 12 tools in a fine oak chest at $15, to No. 850 with 49 tools in a beautiful cabinet at $95.

There are also assortments of the same Stanley Tools in cardboard display boxes *with simple directions from which the recipient can make his own chest*. There are several of these "Make Your Own Chest" assortments, at prices from $5 to $20.

There's a *Stanley Tool Set* to fit every pocketbook!

Ask your hardware dealer to show you the line of Stanley Tools. And send for our Catalogue No. 34-C which describes Stanley Tools both separately and in assortments. Address: The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

The best tools are the cheapest to use
Ask your hardware dealer

STANLEY TOOLS

was an alarm of fire next door, but fortunately it did not disturb our audience. After the performance I congratulated the star on our good luck. 'Yes,' she said; 'but did you see what the house fireman did? He walked right through the house with his uniform on. Never in my life have I ever seen anything so assical."

Incredible though it may seem, both incidents are true to the last letter.

In spite of all notions to the contrary, the majority of managers are actually desirous of putting an end to ticket speculation. There is nothing idealistic or altruistic in this desire; it is actuated merely by the knowledge that it is bad for their business. Why then, it is but natural to ask, do they sell their best seats to the agencies?

In practically every business except the theater, good will is an asset. In the theater there is no such thing as good will. No one passes a success in a house where he thinks he has not been well treated to see a failure in a theater where he thinks he has been treated well. A theater may have had five failures in succession, but let a hit be produced in it, and the failures are forgotten and the house is crowded. Another theater may have had six successes, but produce a failure in it and the successes are forgotten and the house is empty. Each production is an individual and separate enterprise, standing on its own feet and gaining no support from anything that has gone before it.

Suppose then that in spite of every effort made by the manager, including expensive productions and fine casts, he has made, let us say, three failures at a loss of $100,000. Despite his best intentions, he has received no support from the public. They did not want his goods and they would not have them at any price. At his fourth attempt he finds he has a success. The hotels and agencies propose that they buy the entire lower floor for two months at the box-office price. Plagues, epidemics, strikes, blizzards and floods will mean nothing to the manager. He will have the money in hand and can either take a holiday or prepare a new enterprise. If you were in his place, would you think only of the dear public which had previously been so callous, and righteously refuse the offer, or would you take the proffered cash? Answer, please. Well, that is exactly what the manager does.

The Manager's Grievance

What the manager objects to is what he calls gypping, which is his word for extortion. If tickets are sold for ten dollars which he has sold for three—for in a hundred cases out of a hundred and one the manager receives no more than the face value of the ticket—he realizes that someone who has taken no risk of production and has no salaries to pay to actors, musicians, stage hands and ushers, has obtained for the tickets more than three times what he has received, and that the purchaser has fourteen dollars less to spend on later amusement than he would have if he had paid only the original six dollars instead of twenty.

Once the ticket has left the box office, its destiny is beyond the manager's hand. The Producing Managers' Association had a law drafted and passed by which it was declared illegal for anyone to charge for a ticket in New York City more than fifty cents above its face value. The first time an enforcement of the law was attempted the judge decided that it was unconstitutional, as it was a restraint of trade, and he said that speculation in tickets was as proper and legal as was speculation in boots, hats, stocks or grain.

Circumvented in this attempt, the managers evolved a scheme whereby no tickets were to be sold until seven o'clock in the evening, when they were to be sent to the respective box offices, except at a central office where tickets for all theaters were to be on sale. For this service a charge of ten cents a ticket was to be made and the hotels and agencies were to be eliminated. The plan was worked out in detail and an option was taken on a spacious ground-floor office in the center of the theater district. At the last minute a manager who had been represented in all of the negotiations refused to join in the arrangement, stating that it would give too many people a knowledge of his business, which he preferred to run himself and in his own way.

A Pathetic Case

A friend once said to me with great indignation that he had been forced to pay twenty-five dollars for two seats for the Ziegfeld Follies and evidently expected my deepest sympathy. I asked him who forced him to pay it. He replied that a customer of his was in town for just one night and that the Follies was the show he had elected to see. Naturally, he had to get the best seats possible and so he had been compelled to pay that exorbitant price.

"Did you think that Ziegfeld was saving those two seats especially for you in spite of the fact that he could have sold them to hundreds of others?" I inquired.

"Certainly not."

"Then if there had been no speculator, how could you have obtained them?"

"I knew I should have to go to the speculator and I was willing to pay a fair price."

"You don't think that what you paid was a fair price?"

"No, I don't."

"And you did not think that you would get value received?"

"No."

"Then why did you pay the price?"

"I had to."

"Who made you?"

The only answer he could think of was, "Oh, hell!"

As my father used to say, "My lad, it takes two to make a bargain; and if there weren't any buyers the shopkeeper would soon put up the shutters."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Broadhurst. The sixth will appear in an early issue

A St. Petersburg, Florida, Sunset

And every day after Christmas he will have a pleasant thought of you as he uses his New Improved Gillette!

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BOOKKEEPING, ADDING, CALCULATING MACHINES

STAR SALESMEN

By Eugene Whitmore

THREE salesmen were fighting for an important order—important to each of the salesmen, but relatively unimportant to the buyer. On a certain day each salesman was notified that the decision would be postponed for a month. Each man was requested to return in thirty days for the final decision. Two of the salesmen went away apparently satisfied. One salesman remained to gather more facts. His first step was to cultivate two men in the department where the order originated. From one of these men he learned that the final decision rested in the hands of the president of the company, who at that time was on a fishing trip in Canada. The president, it seemed, was a very busy man who traveled far and wide in the course of a year. Only on rare occasions did he bother with such small details as purchasing.

The salesman decided he must reach the president in person. He thought if he could tell his story to the president he could get the order. If he contented himself with the impartial presentation of his proposition which would be made by the two subordinates, he stood no more chance to land this order than the two other salesmen.

Two weeks before the president's return he called on the two subordinates. They assured him of the utter impossibility of seeing the president of the company. Not that they had any feeling in the matter, but the president was far too busy. Besides, he was going to sail for Europe on the day following his arrival in New York. He would probably spend two to four hours at the office. All this time would be spent in conference with officials of the company. An outsider would probably have as much chance to see the president as a one-legged man would have at drop-kicking.

"If I get in to see the president, you men will have no objections?"

"None whatever," they answered; "but we warn you it will be futile. He simply won't see you. He is too busy. His mind will be on other things. If you insist on seeing him, be sure your accident-insurance policies are paid. And on the following day little white crosses on pictures in the newspapers will probably mark the spot where the body was found."

A Visa From the Secretary

The salesman soon found that the president's secretary would be the only person who could usher him into the president's private office. He began a campaign on the secretary.

Without trying any of the usual stunts, such as theater tickets, boxes of candy or luncheons, he convinced the secretary it would be worth the president's time to listen to him for ten or fifteen minutes.

"If this weren't an important matter, he wouldn't bother with it at all. So long as he is interested in it, he will want to go into the matter thoroughly. I have certain facts which will help him make a decision. Won't you help me get in to see him?"

The salesman pitched in and outlined his entire proposition to the secretary, taking as much pains in his presentation to her as if she had been the president himself. She agreed to do the best she could for the salesman. The plan was for the salesman to be at the office bright and early on the morning of the president's arrival. At the first opportunity the secretary was to usher him into the president's office and leave him to his fate.

The salesman arrived half an hour in advance of the president. He waited an hour. Men with papers and portfolios, sketches, charts, reports, books and documents entered and left his office in a constant stream. Finally the last man departed and a general conference was called.

As the secretary anticipated, there was some delay in opening the conference. During this lull she ushered the salesman into the office. He told part of his story, when the members of the conference began arriving.

"Wait for me outside," the president said as he rose to signify the end of the salesman's visit

The conference lasted longer than the president had planned. When it was over he had forgotten the salesman. As he was preparing to leave, he thought of the waiting salesman, and went out and told him how sorry he was to have kept him waiting, explaining that he simply couldn't see him. He had to catch the boat, where his family was waiting to sail with him on a three months' cruise.

"May I ride to the dock with you?"

"Well—why, yes, if it is that important to you," was the president's answer.

On the way to the boat the salesman told his story. Sitting in his automobile after it had arrived at the docks, the president scribbled a note to the purchasing agent to give the salesman the coveted order.

An Inch Short of Success

The next day, when the two rival salesmen appeared to inquire as to the president's decision, they received the bad news without ever dreaming that the successful salesman had tipped the scales in his favor by the simple expedient of seeing the man who was most interested—the man whose money would pay for the material.

The salesman who landed the order has been a topnotcher in his company for many years. He consistently leads an organization of more than seventy salesmen. His idea is that no salesman has ever done his full duty toward himself or his company or his prospective customer so long as one stone is left unturned. He claims that most of the business he lands—especially the type of business which is supposed to be so difficult—comes to him because his competitors stop trying just a mite short of success.

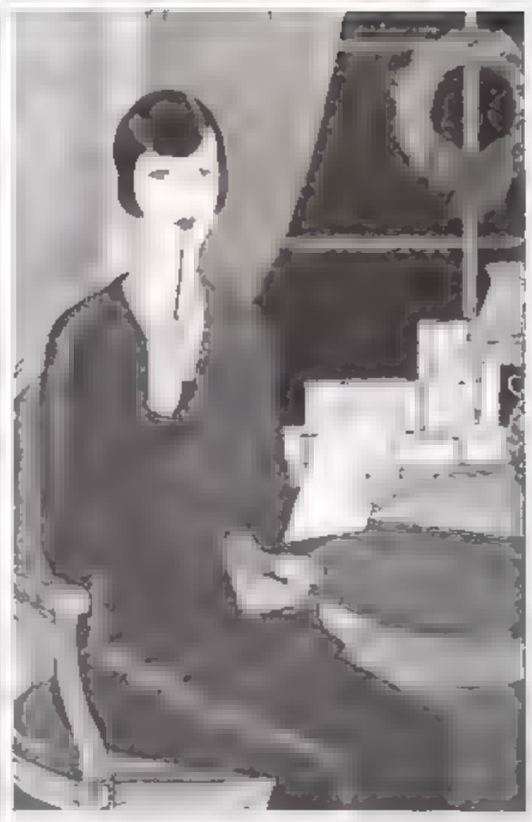
"When I am called in on a highly competitive deal I plan to go an inch farther than any of my competitors. That extra inch of effort brings back a foot and sometimes a yard of result. Or to put it another way: I throw in an extra ounce of effort and it brings back results in pounds. I couldn't begin to tell you how many times orders have dangled in front of three or four competitors only finally to fall into my hands because they stopped trying just an inch short of success."

"What's this—a shoe salesmen's convention?" asked a visitor at one of the leading upstate New York hotels one day last fall. It looked as though the entire lobby of the hotel was crowded with shoe salesmen. In that mysterious way in which trade news travels word had been scattered throughout the entire shoe industry that a certain large department store was throwing out a line of shoes it had sold in large quantities for many years.

Every train brought a new shoe salesman to town to land this juicy account. One by one the various salesmen showed their lines, told their stories and were eliminated. The decision finally narrowed down to three lines. The evening before the final decision was to be made one salesman rushed to the telephone office and got his sales manager on the line.

"Send a telegram to at least twenty of our very best customers and ask them to wire a night letter to this prospect. Word your telegram so that each customer will recommend a different phase of our service."

The sales manager got busy at once, and when the buyer's office opened the next



Are you still wondering---?

No longer need you poise your pencil over those masculine names on your Christmas list. Just write "Simmons Chain." Any man will be pleased to receive one. Regardless of how many watch chains he has, the need of changing them for various occasions is just as important as wearing new cravats or different suits of clothes.

Simmons Chains are made in many different styles and designs. Whether the recipient-to-be is a professional man, business man, mechanic, farmer, railroad man or student—whether he is young or old—ultramodern or conservative—there is a Simmons Chain to suit. And our patented process of drawing gold, green gold, white gold or Platinumgold over a stout base metal insures years of faithful service.

Don't forget that Simmons Watch and Flexible Bracelets are ideal gifts for the ladies. Their exquisite designs are irresistible to the feminine eye.

Ask your jeweler to show you his assortment of Simmons Chains and Bracelets. Four styles of chains to choose from—many different link designs. Prices $4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.; 15 Maiden Lane, New York City; 10 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Jack W. Lees, 95 King Street East, Toronto, Ontario.

No. 2750614 White gold filled Dickens Chain Price $11.00

SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

It's the Gift He's Always Wanted!

SOME folks say it's so hard to know what to give a man; that he has everything; that he's difficult to please. Other folks know of a man's gift—many of them have been giving it for years—that guarantees him at least one solid evening of enjoyment *every week* from Christmas to Christmas. This gift (have you noticed what Santa's holding?) is a subscription for

The Saturday Evening Post

Every week in the year for only $2

If the man you wish to please enjoys stories throbbing with adventure, or mystery, or the romance of business; if he likes the out-of-doors; if he enjoys a hearty laugh; if he's interested in knowing famous men and women—there's no gift that will give him bigger joy on Christmas morning or more renewed pleasure throughout the year than *The Post*.

Doubtless he's already buying it at the newsstand. He'll enjoy his *Post* all the more when the copies come regularly by mail.

And by selecting *The Post* you will save yourself the time and worry of wondering what to give; the expense of gifts you're not sure will "make a hit." And to each friend or relative whom you so remember, we will send, *in your name*, a beautiful gift announcement. The small black and white reproduction Santa is admiring gives but a hint of the beauty of the colorful original.

Two Other Sure-to-Please Gifts

***For any woman*—The Ladies' Home Journal**
Monthly, $1 a year (Foreign, $2.50)

***For any rural home*—The Country Gentleman**
Monthly, $1 for 3 years (Foreign, $2.50)

That your announcement may be sure to arrive in the Christmas mail hand your order *now* to one of our authorized representatives, or mail it direct to the address below.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
685 Independence Square Philadelphia, Penna.

morning the messenger boys nearly ran the bearings loose on their skates rushing to his office with telegrams.

The two other salesmen had stopped trying when they left the shoe buyer's office the previous night. The telegrams turned the trick. Either of the unsuccessful salesmen could have used the same plan, only both had stopped trying

Last-minute efforts save so many orders that it would seem it is the one requisite of a star salesman that he always have something up his sleeve besides his arm—something to use after the other fellow thinks he has done all that is humanly possible to close the order. Manufacturing processes, quality and prices of various lines of products are so nearly alike these days that there is often little advantage on these points. When this is the case the manufacturer stakes everything on his salesman, for he is the deciding factor in closing a vast percentage of the total volume.

But it isn't always in stiff competition that a star salesman shows his colors. Often in lines where competition is negligible the salesman who has star qualities will exercise his initiative. An Indiana salesman was in Indianapolis when a famous movie star was visiting the city. His line—a well-advertised men's specialty which has little competition—was not selling with satisfactory speed at the time. He induced this movie star to visit the store and act as a salesman for three consecutive afternoons. The second afternoon the president of the store joined the movie star behind the counter and made change and wrapped packages.

At the end of the first afternoon the store's stock was depleted. The salesman wired for more stock from a near-by warehouse. The second afternoon the emergency supply had been sold and buyers were still crowding the department. After closing hour the salesman drove his automobile to Cincinnati and back during the night, bringing back a supply of merchandise to last through the third day. Although he lost the entire night's sleep, he was on the job all the following day.

Thinking Through

Sales during the week amounted to more than the store would ordinarily sell in an entire season. But the actual sales were not as important as the effect on the store's buyers and executives. It accomplished something the salesmen had been trying to accomplish for years—it convinced the buyers of the great possibilities of the line. This same movie star liked publicity. He had a good time, and got enough attention from admirers to satisfy even the vainest of movie actors. He could have sold half a dozen other items had some other salesman been equally alert.

The salesman who earns the reputation of being a star is invariably a man who can think through a situation—think past the sales instruction given him by his sales manager. For no sales manager has yet been born who could anticipate all the objections a buyer can conjure up, nor can he anticipate all the seemingly trifling bits of logic or persuasion which will sway a buyer toward a dotted line.

There was a crusty general merchant in a small Ohio town who had great need for a gasoline pump, but no one had ever been able to make him see this need. He was convinced that a gasoline pump was more of a bother than a source of profit. He didn't like to stop measuring calico to go out and fill a gasoline tank.

A new salesman came into the territory and promptly heard that this crusty buyer had one great ambition in life—to turn down all the gasoline-pump salesmen who called on him. The driver of a tank wagon explained in considerable detail that every pump salesman in the business had stopped trying to sell him, even though this cantankerous old merchant had the town's best location for a pump.

The salesman decided all ordinary methods had been tried. Doubtless the merchant could recite from memory all the usual reasons for buying a gasoline pump. To study the situation the salesman mounted the tank wagon and put in a day helping the driver make his deliveries of gasoline and kerosene. The hopeless prospect's store was reached shortly after noon. When the tank-wagon driver stopped to deliver some kerosene the salesman began passing the time of day with the merchant.

A Substitute for Hitching Posts

"How do you find business these days?" asked the salesman.

"Never worse in all my days. Business has gone to the dogs. Why, I'm not selling enough to make my salt!" The merchant's gloomy reply was enough to discourage any salesman.

"Well, that's funny. This town looks prosperous to me. Would you mind if I made a suggestion? Understand I'm not going to tell you how to run your business, but it just occurred to me that there is something missing at the front of this store."

"What's that?" The merchant's tone immediately indicated a mild doubt.

"Well, it seems to me that a hitching post would draw trade to your store."

"Say, young man, where have you been? Why, there ain't a half dozen horses and buggies in this county. We tore down the hitching posts a long time ago."

"But you used to have hitching posts, didn't you? In your time no store ever would have thought of making a bid for the farmers' trade unless it had a hitching post for their convenience. Is that right?"

"Yes, but that was years ago."

"You tore down the hitching post, but you gave your customers nothing to take its place. Now today there is no need for a hitching post, but there is something to take its place. It is just as necessary as the old-fashioned hitch rack. You know everybody drives a car these days. And drivers must have gasoline for those cars. They do their trading where they stop for gasoline, just as they used to trade at the store nearest their regular hitching place. Now a gasoline pump would draw as much trade today as a hitching post drew in the old days."

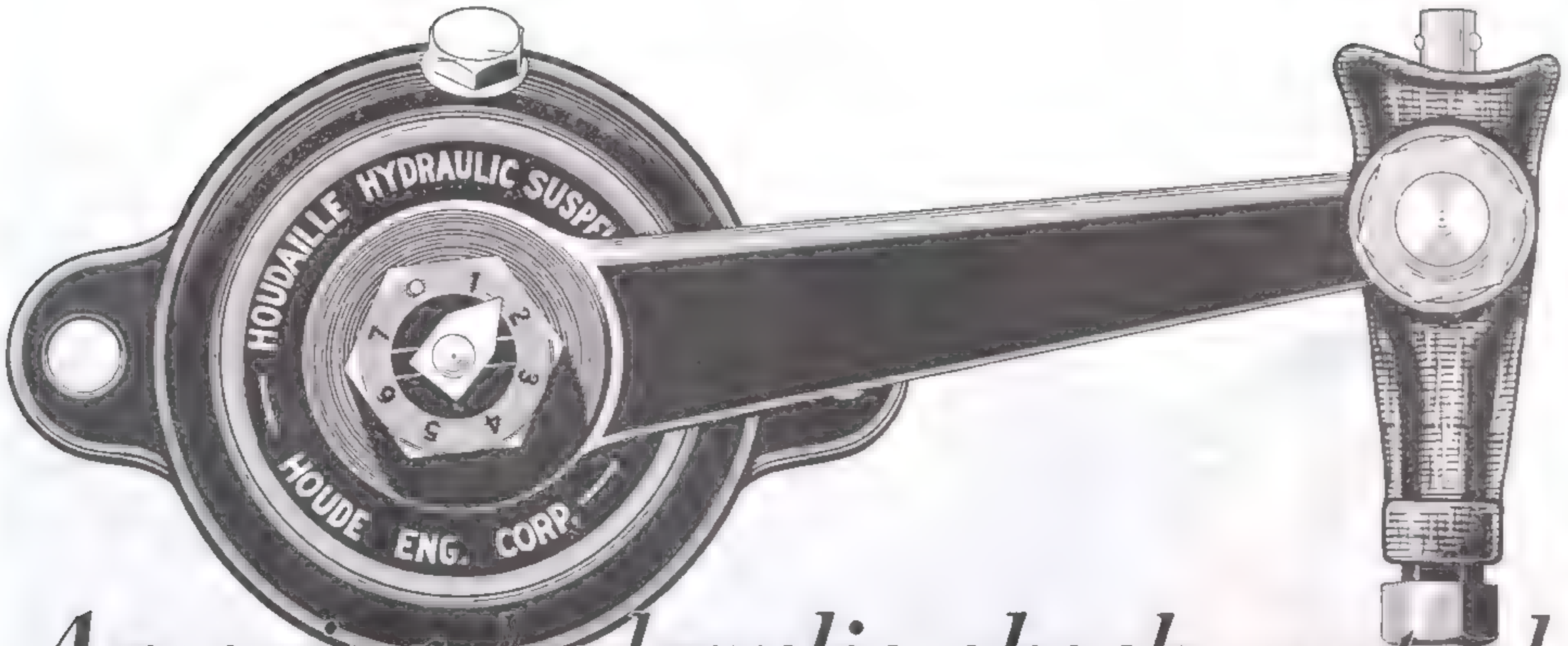
"Never thought of it in that way, but maybe you are right. Are you selling gasoline pumps?"

The salesman admitted that his bread and butter depended on the sale of gasoline pumps, and in less than a half hour he had completed the sale.

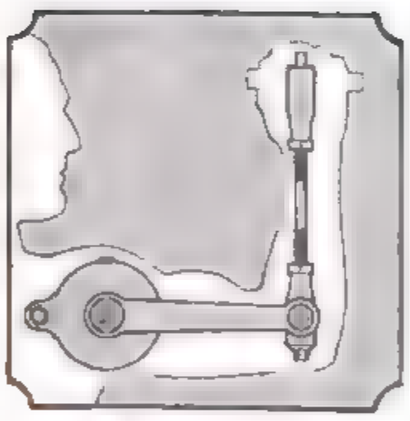
"It is a safe rule to follow," says this salesman, "that a buyer who has turned down most of your competitors isn't going to listen to stock sales talk. You must begin exactly where the average salesman leaves off."

Which is, I am convinced, the best piece of advice ever passed along to men who want to shine in any sales firmament.

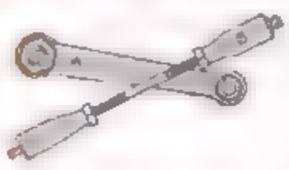
A Fishing Schooner on the Bras d'Or Lake, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia



Amazing hydraulic shock control adds unbelievable comfort to Fords and other cars



A bone and muscle demonstration of the Houdaille: your hand is the section that grasps the springs; your elbow and wrist, the movable joints that follow the shock up as well as down, instantlytransmitting the degree of resistance required to the shoulder or hydraulic chamber. The Houdaille ball-jointed link corresponding to your forearm and the upper arm, move up or down in ratio to the unevenness of the road. Both the arm (a) and the connecting link (b) are drop forged and will outlive the car. Other vital parts are forged steel, and parts where greatest strain occurs are molybdenum. Few fine watches are made with greater mechanical precision than Houdaille parts.



Now, for an investment of only $30 you can obtain a set of Houdaille *hydraulic doubleacting* Shock Absorbers and give your Ford the same comfort protection that owners of Lincolns, Pierce-Arrows, Jordans, Cunninghams and McFarlans as well as many Houdaille-equipped foreign cars enjoy.

Or if you have a larger car, just pay a little more—price depends on car size—and assure yourself undreamed of riding ease with this amazing, scientifically correct equipment that arrests and subdues every riding shock from fiercest bump to slightest tremor.

It was sheer genius—nothing less—that directed Maurice Houdaille when he decided to apply to the motor car the same *hydraulic* control with which he helped to tame the devastating backlash of the World War's "75." So complete and steady was this control that a glass of water could stand securely on a "75" in action without toppling or spilling a drop. Your car would have to fall from a precipice to get a shock comparable to that field gun's recoil.

But convince yourself. Take a ride in a Houdaille-governed car over ruinous roads and bumps. Here, you will realize, is complete release from the triple tyranny of riding discomfort, chassis wear and tire wear. Speed up on the rutty places and note how the *hydraulic* Houdailles, *doubleacting*, stop downward as well as upward shocks—a new experience. They have no springs, straps or cables. They are built to outlive the car. The *hydraulic* chamber is air-tight, leak-proof. Foreign matter can't work in.

For your comfort's sake, insist that your new car be Houdaille equipped. If your car dealer can't supply you, write to us. Have a set installed on your Ford or other car. Houdaille dealers offer these amazing shock absorbers on a trial basis. Decide now to see your dealer. And mail coupon for the dramatic, intensely interesting, thoroughly informative Houdaille story while copies of it are available. It's free.

HOUDE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, 207 *Winchester Ave.*, Buffalo, N. Y.

Manufacturers also of the famous SCULLY QUALITY SPRING PROTECTORS *"that keep your springs like new"*

HOUDAILLE

Hydraulic (*pronounced* Hoo-Dye) SHOCK ABSORBERS

Hydraulic Principle Explained
HOUDE ENGINEERING CORPORATION
207 Winchester Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send me free the Houdaille book. Year
Model
Name of Car
Name
Address

"Yes, Sir—

clean house once
and you'll do the same"

You don't know what the Christmas gift of a Eureka means—you *can't* know—until you've been up against a real job of housecleaning. Yes, Sir!—then you'll understand why over 50,000 men gave Eurekas last Christmas.

Just try a few hours of chasing dirt—of beating, sweeping, dusting—of hauling heavy furniture about—of picking up and putting down carpets and rugs—of pounding mattresses—of doing a few of the scores of back-breaking jobs that women must tackle every day.

Then think of being able to do *all* that cleaning with the Grand Prize Eureka—carpets, rugs, draperies, hangings, upholstered furniture, mattresses, stair runners, shelves, radiators. Do it quickly and easily, too—and *thoroughly*.

That's why so many thousands of men this Christmas will begin and end their gift hunt at the store of the nearest Eureka dealer. That's why over 1,500,000 women have chosen the Grand Prize Eureka in preference to all other cleaners and regard it today as one of their most valued possessions. That's why you cannot possibly make a better or more welcome choice for *her*.

If you already own an electric cleaner, remember that you can trade it in on a beautiful, brand new Eureka, just as you would trade in your automobile. And the unmatched set of shining Eureka attachments that clean everything there is to clean are *free* with the new Eureka.

Order her Eureka early. Pay for it, if you choose, on extremely easy terms. But decide *now* that only a Eureka will do!

"High-Vacuum" Alone Produces This Cleaning Efficiency

This is the famous Eureka "High-Vacuum" Test that any Eureka representative will gladly make for you. The Eureka, with its dust bag removed, is passed back and forth over one small section of a rug. The results speak for themselves! And remember that most of this stifling cloud of germ-laden dirt was hidden deep down where ordinary cleaning cannot reach.

See the Eureka Exhibit at the Sesquicentennial Exposition, Philadelphia, Exposition Building

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario. Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher Street, London, W. C. 1, England, 58-60 Margaret Street, Sydney, Australia

(304)

The Grand Prize EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER *It Gets the Dirt*

OUT-OF-DOORS

PHOTO BY BRIGGS-MYER, CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Mount Robson, British Columbia, the Monarch of the Canadian Rocky Mountains

Reading Trails

I DECIDED to ask Poti about it. So that afternoon we saddled up and rode over to the Coahuila Indian Reservation. When we had located the Kickapoo I said, "I've read in books how a good Indian trailer can look at the ground and discover that two days and four hours ago a red-headed man with bigamous intentions rode by on a pinto pony, considering that he ought to have another dentist look over that crown on his upper left molar, and debating whether his grandmother, who was one of the Baxters from South Carolina, did wisely when she married a second husband who made a failure of the feed business due to excessive rent exacted by a landlord reputed to be second cousin to the richest man in Scotland. How do you do it?"

"Huh?"

"Well, how do you read a trail?"

"Easy. I'll show you. We'll trail back on the road those deer traveled."

"Which deer?"

"Those three over there on the hill."

Like so many Mexican eminences, the hill appeared to be a solid mass of gray rock, towering upward in jagged pinnacles, bare of any green except a splotch of prickly pear here and there; an occasional feather duster of pita palm and the ever-present maguey thrusting its needle-pointed saber leaves heavenward four or five feet. You might have said there were no plants at all, they were so scarce. Just raw rock scraping the bottoms of the clouds and dancing in the August heat shimmer.

Indian Horsemanship

"Exactly where are they?"

"My gosh, can't you see 'em?"

"See 'em? That hill's two miles away."

"Well, suppose it is."

"All right, let's go over there and look."

He roped a pony, looped the lasso about its nose into a hackamore, slipped a leg across its back, and the three of us galloped over the dry earth, leaving a house-high fog of dust that would require an hour to settle. Ten minutes later we were nearing the foot of the hill. Across our path stretched an arroyo, one of those steep-sided dry ditches washed into the earth by the rare torrential rains, now dry as Sahara; yet out of its alkali bed sporadic hopeful baby vegetation, weird and gray-green, protruded exploratory fingers already viciously spiked and barbed against browsing enemies. The banks were maybe six feet apart.

With the automatic discipline of long habit Poti's pony clustered its four hoofs into a tamping knot, preparatory to jumping the gully. Calculating precisely, it rocked a moment, drawing back its haunches for the spring. Up came the head, the forefeet lifted, the taut wither muscles rippling the hide into a satin washboard. Then, with the merest squeeze of his knees and an eye-flash twitch of the rope, the Indian brought his leaping mount back to the gully's edge. Horsemanship for the gods on Olympus. How the crowds at a Wild West show would have yelled and stamped their approval of that insouciant touch!

"They passed right down there."

"In the arroyo?"

"Sure. Can't you see?"

"Naw. Can you, Dave?"

Sherlock Holmes

Dave is six-feet-four, and his eyes are as big as golf balls anyhow. But now they were open so wide you couldn't have covered them with a silver peso. Imagine a cloudless sky of jewel blue, miles and miles deep; beneath it a level floor of yellow sand, glimmering with a living heat that brings water to the eyes; and then try to pick out of a trench in that hard-packed sand a paper-thick ripple that tells a story.

"Blame if I can see anything," announced Dave.

With an unhidden grin of superiority Poti swung down from his pony, and we followed him into the depression. With a stick he pointed out invisibilities, discoursing in patient Spanish.

Finally Dave exclaimed, "Oh, I see it. Right here."

Sure enough, when the light hit it just flush, there was an insinuation of the faintly sketched silhouette of a split hoof. Move your head ever so little to one side or the other and it was gone.

"Plenty of 'em," insisted Poti. "Old buck, he go in lead. Old lady and other one, they follow. Buck most hungry."

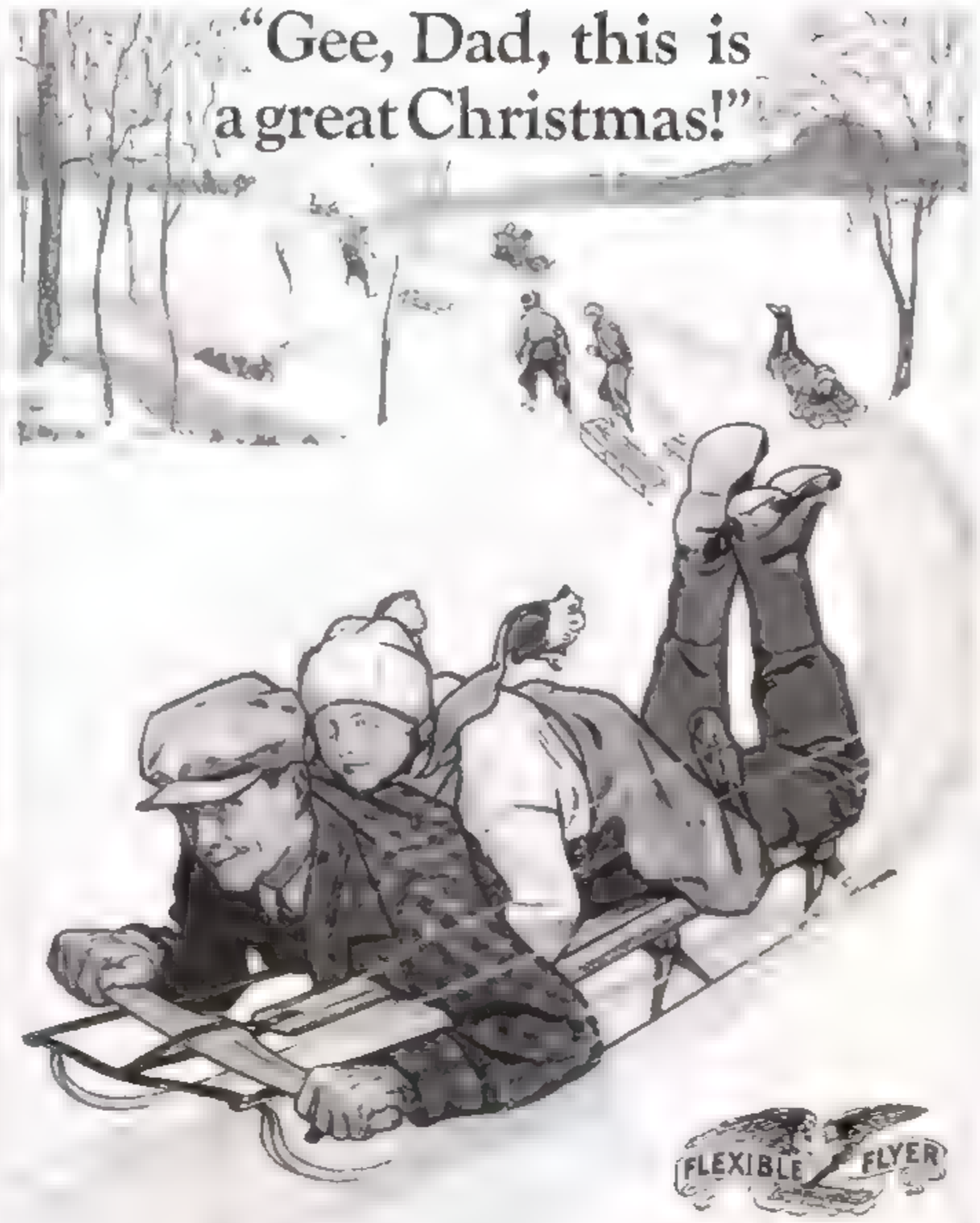
"Aw, go on! How can you tell?"

"Buck on this side. Eat plenty. Old lady eat little bit once in a while. Other one not eat. Sick maybe."

"Sick, is he? What's the matter with him? Pyorrhea?"

"Off front foot hurt."

Then he explained. The hoofs of a deer press the ground at certain angles; thus he could distinguish between the prints made by fore and hind feet. Not much difference, he admitted, but some; enough to reveal their identity to a skilled trail reader. Two of the deer were adults The other one was small, as disclosed by its less worn hoofs



Look for this trademark on the sled you buy.

Nothing else will please your boy or girl as much as a Flexible Flyer. Nothing else you can give will provide as much healthful, outdoor fun, for as many years. Nothing else gives Dad such an opportunity for sharing with his child the enjoyment and companionship of vigorous play.

Every boy and girl longs for a Flexible Flyer. It is the only sled children know by name. They prefer it because it is the sleekest, speediest, handsomest sled made. Parents prefer it because it is so strong, so safe and steers so perfectly.

Make this a Flexible Flyer Christmas. Give your child a real thrill.

Ask your dealer, or write us, for free cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyer steers.

S. L. Allen & Co., Inc., Dept. 15, Philadelphia

Flexible Flyer

The sled that *really* steers!

KNAPP-FELT
HATS *for* MEN

THE Yuletide is the new Knapp-Felt hat for the Holidays. This is the time of year, above all others, when the attire should be in keeping with the spirit of the season. The Knapp-Felt Yuletide will add the touch of cheery brightness that Holiday occasions demand.

The December Hat *is the* Yuletide

On Friday, *the* Tenth *of* December

the Yuletide hat will be featured by the principal hatters throughout the United States. The unusual texture and the cheerful colors will appeal to men of discriminating taste—those for whom the best is none too good. The shape will afford practically universal satisfaction.

The Yuletide is made in the Ten Dollar grade only. Other Knapp-Felt styles from $8.00 to $40.00. A catalogue may be had on application.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH, *President*
620 Fifth Avenue · New York City

and their size. Even to Poti's eyes the mark of the off forefoot was faint, and often where its trace should appear there was none—indicating that every so often the animal failed to touch the injured member to earth. This was verified by a deeper print of the near forefoot when planted directly after such a lapse; the deer had limped as does a dog bumping its way along with a damaged paw, sometimes resting it on the ground, sometimes carrying it for a step or two.

But such an undersized animal would have a correspondingly small jaw. Its bite would leave on a plant that it had nibbled an arc of smaller radius than that left by the teeth of either of its full-grown companions. No such evidence was to be found. Hence the foot-wounded small deer had not eaten.

Somewhat larger hoofs and a deeper print, due to his greater weight, distinguished the buck from his doe. That he had gone in front was proclaimed by her mark overlying his at times. The little one had remained at her side. Their tracks were parallel.

"I can understand all that, Poti, the way you make it clear. But how can you see it? That's what gets me."

"See it? Why, it's right there!"

In little sand pools fifteen or twenty feet apart our civilized sight could make out what we agreed were perhaps partial outlines of deer hoofs—or large goat hoofs, for all we knew. But in between, except for a hint or two when close-searching eyes caught just the correct angle for a fleeting moment, our keenest scrutiny rewarded us with nothing of the testimony that was so obvious to our guide.

A Queer Philosophy

"Poti," said Dave, "you saw deer on the hill when we couldn't discover any. You are now reading their tracks and divulging to two strangers the pathological and gastronomic details of their family life. Interesting if true. Let's confirm the diagnosis. The deer must be up there yet. Lead us to 'em."

We remounted and urged our horses up the hill. The going was steep now. Underfoot glistened the slick weather-smoothed rock.

First one animal and then another would slip. They formed into single file instinctively, Poti's in the lead.

After a while Dave challenged, "Well, old-timer, how about the deer?"

"*Válgame Dios*, can't you see 'em yet? Right ahead. Running."

"Next to that big pita?"

"Naw. *Otro lado; otro lado.*"

Maybe so. Yet it was only hillside to me. Then Dave whooped, "There they go! Right over the top of that—aw, they're gone now. No, one's coming back. Don't you see him? Right over ——"

"Yeah. Gee whiz, there's two together!"

The two lagged, curiously. Soon we saw why. The little one was hurt. Someone had shot him in the right shoulder. He was trying his best, brave little fellow that he was, to keep up with his mother and out of the way of the kind that had torn his gentle frail body with leaden missiles. But the struggle was too much. As we looked he stumbled and fell.

His mother ran up and encouraged him. Poking her nozzle under his body, she tried to help him rise. He lay still except for his heavy breathing, apparent at that long range. Not even his head came off the ground.

We reined up and watched. Then we turned back toward camp, to Poti's undisguised amazement. Here we had promised him two pesos to show us deer at a distance, and then when we were about to see one right at our feet we—what was the sense of it?

"You said the little one ran as if he weren't badly hurt, didn't you? Then if we leave him with his mother he'll live."

"Well, what of it? Anyway I get my two pesos, no?"

The White Man's Trail

That night in my tent I was reviewing the pages of a month-old SATURDAY EVENING POST by the light of a miner's lamp, when Poti strode in.

"What doing with that?"

"Reading."

By the look of bewilderment on his face I could see he did not understand. I confided that the little black character stood for sounds, and a group of them made up a word; that by deciphering each tiny mark I could repeat verbatim the thought that the writer had expressed months previously. When the idea sank in he threw up his hands and summarized his opinion in one word:

"*Embustero!*"—Liar.

Shall the Caucasian accept undisputed a reflection on the dominant culture of the universe? I pointed out the *o*'s and the *m*'s and the *k*'s, pronouncing each and doing my best to make him understand. After listening long enough to gather the drift of what I was trying to put over, he commented univerbally again:

"*Mentira.*"

"Why is it a lie, Poti?"

"Little marks all the same. No can see. All dance around. No say words. Just ziz-z," and he fluttered his outspread fingers.

There it was. He considered us unspeakable dumb-bells because we could not decipher on the semicement ground hoof marks that to his eyes were as plain as his own shadow. Yet the type that you are reading now was to him a blur of jiggling flickers, all too small to see, and shapeless.

Doctor Gonzalez explained it later. "The Indian's eyes aren't any better than a white man's," said he. "Chances are, when you get right down to it, they're possibly, on the average, not so good. The difference lies in the training. Since boyhood these Indians have learned to read the trail, to see deer on a hillside miles away. The white man goes to school to learn to recognize type. Our Indians can be taught to employ books if you catch them in time, and white men have learned to read trails. Poti could train you to observe nearly all that he sees, I expect, in two or three years. But you couldn't teach him to solve a problem in algebra in thirty."

ED WOLFF.

Spur Tie

all tied for you

50¢
75¢
$1.00

Johnny Hines and Leila Hyams are starred here in a one-reel picture entitled, "The Tie That Looks More Like a Hand-Tied Tie Than a Hand-Tied Tie" Johnny Hines is the well-dressed First National star of "The Brown Derby" and of a picture adapted from the story "The Knickerbocker Kid." Miss Hyams, a star of Wesley Ruggles Productions, made a great success in her latest picture, "The Kick-Off."

Correctly tied for Christmastide

correctly boxed for giving

HERE is a gay and gorgeous gift for anyone who wears a collar. It is the Spur Tie, the gayest, neatest, smartest tie that ever set the style. It is a tie that any man will like. If he wears Spur Ties now, he needs more and wants them. If he doesn't wear Spur Ties now, he will be glad to discover the style secret of this new kind of tie.

In it is a patented device, called the H-shaped Innerform. That is an exclusive Spur Tie feature that lets any man shape any Spur Tie any way he likes it. Yet this exclusive H-shaped Innerform makes the Spur Tie keep its shape.

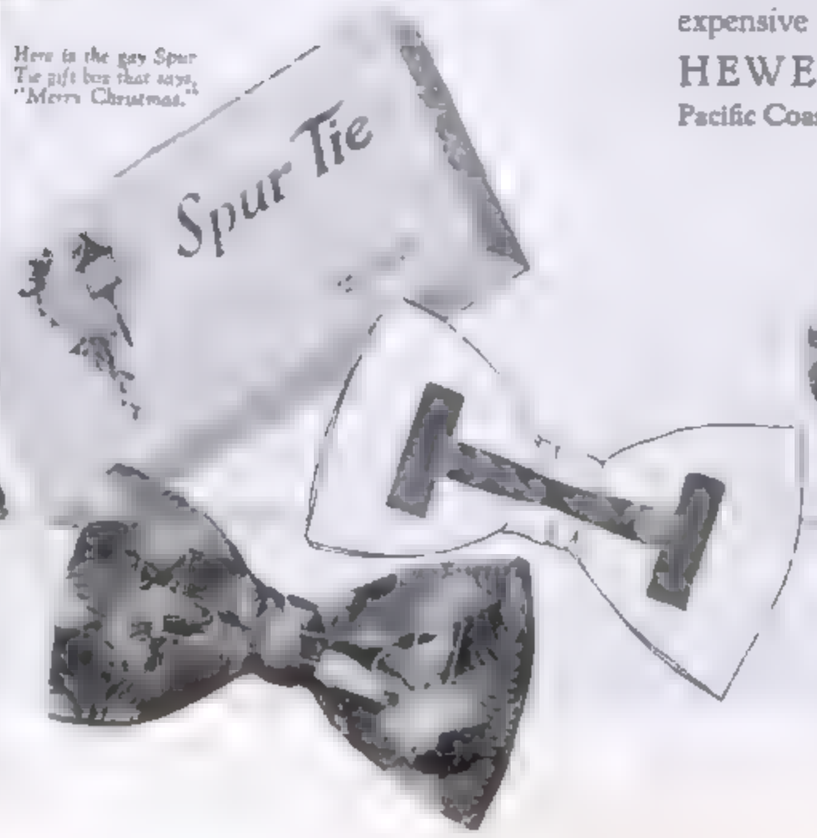
You will find Spur Ties displayed on the counters of smart shops for men, and in department stores, in gay gift boxes. Look for the name Spur. Make sure that you feel in the wings the H-shaped Innerform. Look on the backs of the ties you buy for the red Spur label.

Buy those ties. Buy enough to make sure of a gift for everyone—the boy next door, the unexpected Christmas caller, the youngster you forgot. This is the tie that looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie—the one inexpensive gift that any man will like.

HEWES AND POTTER, BOSTON, MASS.

Pacific Coast Office and Stock: 120 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Made in Canada by
TOOKE BROS., LTD.
Montreal



Here is the gay Spur Tie gift box that says, "Merry Christmas."

At the right are two photographs. The upper one is the H-shaped Innerform, with an outline drawing to indicate the position of the tie around it. The lower is a photograph of a Spur Tie, with an outline drawing made upon it to indicate the position of the H-shaped Innerform when concealed by the tie. This is the form that keeps the Spur Tie from rolling, curling or wrinkling

Above is a photograph of a Spur Tie, taken from the back. Here you see the silk band that you get in Spur Band Bows at 75c and $1, and in Spur Tie Dress Bows, either black or white. Here you can see how the red Spur label is tucked under the knot of every genuine Spur Tie. Without this label on its back, a tie cannot be a genuine Spur Tie

SPARTON RADIO

"The pathfinder of the air"

Sparton Radio is built by the manufacturers of the world-famous Sparton horns for motor cars. Its production is a logical development of the Company's quarter-century of precision manufacture of electrical equipment.

When The Shadows Lengthen

and the wings of night soften the turmoil of the day—it's great to go a-traveling thru the Fairy lanes of soothing melody.

A SPARTON can find the enchanted paths and bring that perfect freedom from worldly care.

"What a wonderful Christmas it will make for THEM."

There is a complete Sparton line from $63 to $360.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY (Established 1900) JACKSON, MICHIGAN

The Poets' Corner

Petals

A SPRAY of lilac cold with morning dew.
A butterfly with pointed, shining wings.
A bluebird and a shadow and a few
Violets in a meadow—common things.
And wind among the poplars and the sight
Of country lovers in a country lane,
And youth's presentiment of love's delight,
And beauty ending suddenly in pain
Why do these things fall softly in my heart
Like petals drifting earthward, mute and dry,
Like fading petals, as they break apart?
What is it in my heart that seems to die?
Ah, to see so many things that pass we give
Up life so many times, yet—strangely—live!

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Even Eve 'n' Adam

EVEN Eve 'n' Adam
Had 'em,
Those little quarrels that married people know.
Even Eve 'n' Adam
Had 'em,
The battles and the makings-up. And so——

Since even Eve 'n' Adam
Had 'em,
And yet came through and managed pretty well;
If even Eve 'n' Adam
Had 'em,
Those little between-heaven bits of hell;
Since even Eve 'n' Adam
Had 'em,
And yet were fairly happy, as we hear;
Our quarrel—let us patch it;
Have a funeral for the hatchet,
Till we fight again. Come on and kiss me, dear.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

I Kissed Maria

I KISSED Maria at the Zoo;
It made the keeper surly.
"This isn't," he said, "the place to coo;
Besides it's much too early!"
The lion set up a terrible roar;
The tiger remarked, "'Twas a beastly bore";
The elephant dropped his trunk on the floor;
The parrot said, "Go it, girlie!"

I kissed Maria at the Zoo;
It started some commotion.
The keeper vowed 'twould never do,
To report it, he'd half a notion;
The pelican gulped till I feared he'd choke;
The monkeys behaved like demented folk;
The bear lit his pipe and began to smoke;
The giraffe betrayed emotion.

I kissed Maria at the Zoo;
The dromedary simpered;
The hyena set up a hullabaloo;
The cockatoo wept and whimpered;
The hippopotamus made a face;
The walrus displayed vexation.
"It's not," said Maria, "the sort of a place
I'd select for osculation!"

—*Irving Dillon.*

A WOMAN MERCHANT OF THE NORTHWEST

(Continued from Page 60)

It was during this developing period that she began to receive offers to go to New York. Attractive offers too. One firm baited the hook with the tempting salary of $50,000 a year.

"Well, of course, I was elated over that," she said. "I was young, enthusiastic, keen. It showed me what hard-headed competitors in the same field thought of me. It was an external estimate of my ability as a business woman. For well I knew they wouldn't be offering me $50,000 a year unless they were sure they could get more than $50,000 worth of benefit to themselves out of me. The manufacturing and selling of women's apparel in America is not exactly a philanthropic enterprise. I do not know any other branch of industry in which the competition is so keen. A firm has to be almost 100 per cent efficient in order to survive. So I knew I would have to earn that fifty thousand dollars," she laughed, "or like Shylock, they would be taking it out of my hide.

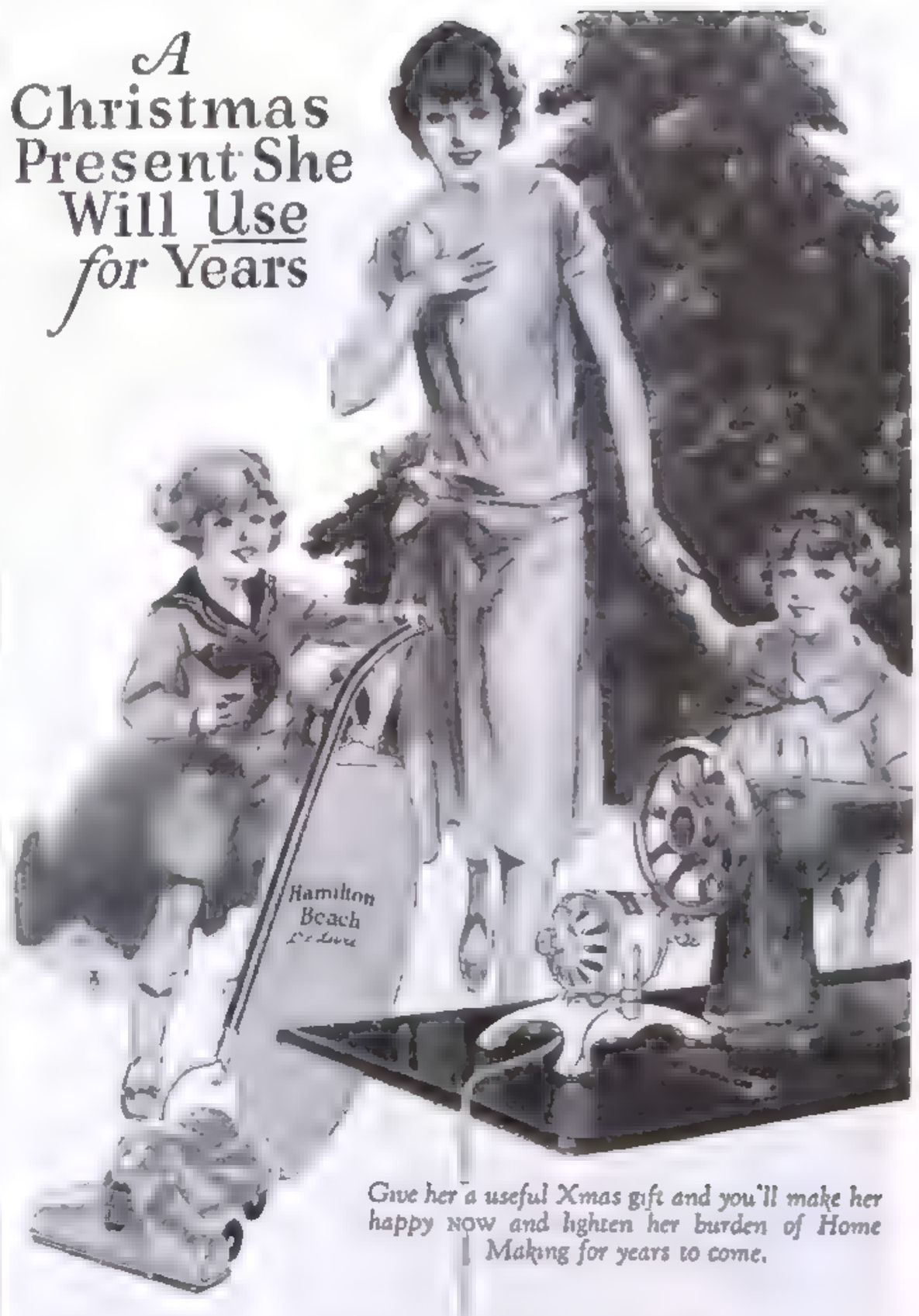
"I didn't discuss the offer with anyone. That is not my habit of mind. Some extremely good business heads cannot seem to make a decision without a grand palaver with their department chiefs; talking appears to clarify their ideas. But I go to my room and talk my problems over with myself; and talking this particular offer over with myself, I said, 'No, that salary looks big on the surface, but I guess I'll stay and worry along in my own home town. That is where I was born and reared. That is where my best friends are. They know me and I know them.' Also I felt strongly that I owed something to my community which had helped to establish me. In New York, no matter how great my business success, I should have felt sort of detached, isolated, without roots. Moreover, I knew I should not be a free agent. There would be all kinds of strings on me, all kinds of limitations due to the fierce competition, while here I could build my organization along my own lines, develop my policies and maintain my standards without a board of directors stepping in to say, 'No, you mustn't do this or take that chance because we'll lose money on the deal.' As a matter of fact, a good deal of the time their judgment is wrong, but I realized instinctively that kind of a stiff checkrein would never suit me. So I kept my independence and stayed at home.

"One of the most important departments in a high-class women's apparel store of this type, situated at a distance from the big style centers, is the mail-order business. And from the very first I have specialized in this department, insisting, reiterating, driving it into my employes by precept and example that success in this direction depends absolutely on courtesy, promptitude and intelligent good taste in the selection of exactly the right garment to suit the individual customer. Often I have made up the orders myself, searching through the entire store to obtain precisely the desired article.

"Service—intelligent service—that is the watchword of success in any mail-order department. And it is a factor of first magnitude in my particular situation. For you see the merchandise problem here in the Northwest is different from that in a great metropolis where custom of every class flows in a great, steady stream past the very door, and all a merchant has to do is to display alluringly his wares. But here, where the local clientele is not large enough to support a great first-class specialty store, strong efforts must be made to reach the outlying country as far as the Pacific Coast and up into Canada. To create a demand throughout this great, practically unexploited region, satisfy it and grapple it to you with hooks of steel. And to succeed in such an endeavor in these days of specialized competition you must be just about 100 per cent efficient in your methods, in every phase and detail.

"We have close to 50,000 active accounts and an annual turnover reaching up into

A Christmas Present She Will Use for Years



Give her a useful Xmas gift and you'll make her happy now and lighten her burden of Home Making for years to come.

This Vacuum Sweeper

gets both *imbedded* and surface dirt—fine threads, ravelings, etc. It combines a motor driven brush with a super suction as powerful as that found in most machines cleaning by air alone. Cleans easily under and around low furniture due to low height. Easy to handle. Fully guaranteed, even to bag, brush and belt. Built to Last a Lifetime. Sold by reliable Electric, Hardware, Dept., Drug, Sewing Machine Stores and Central Stations. Write for interesting literature.

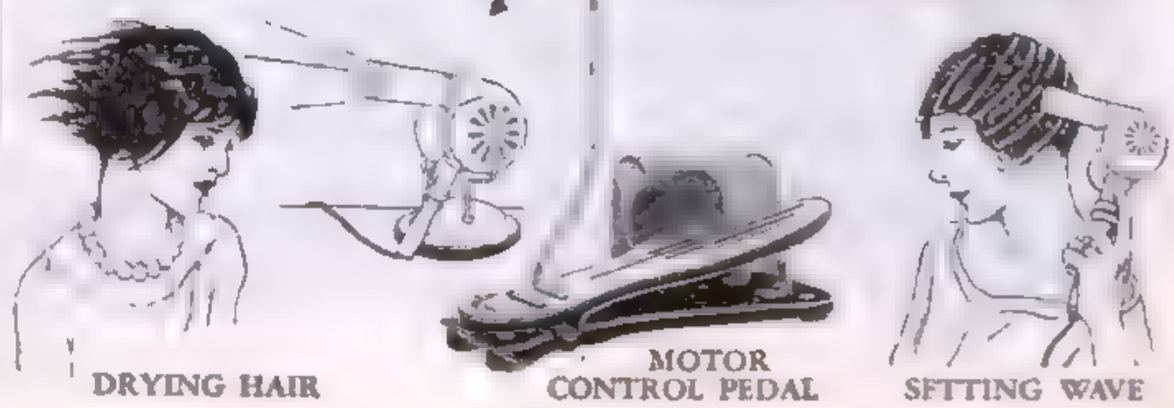
This Home Motor

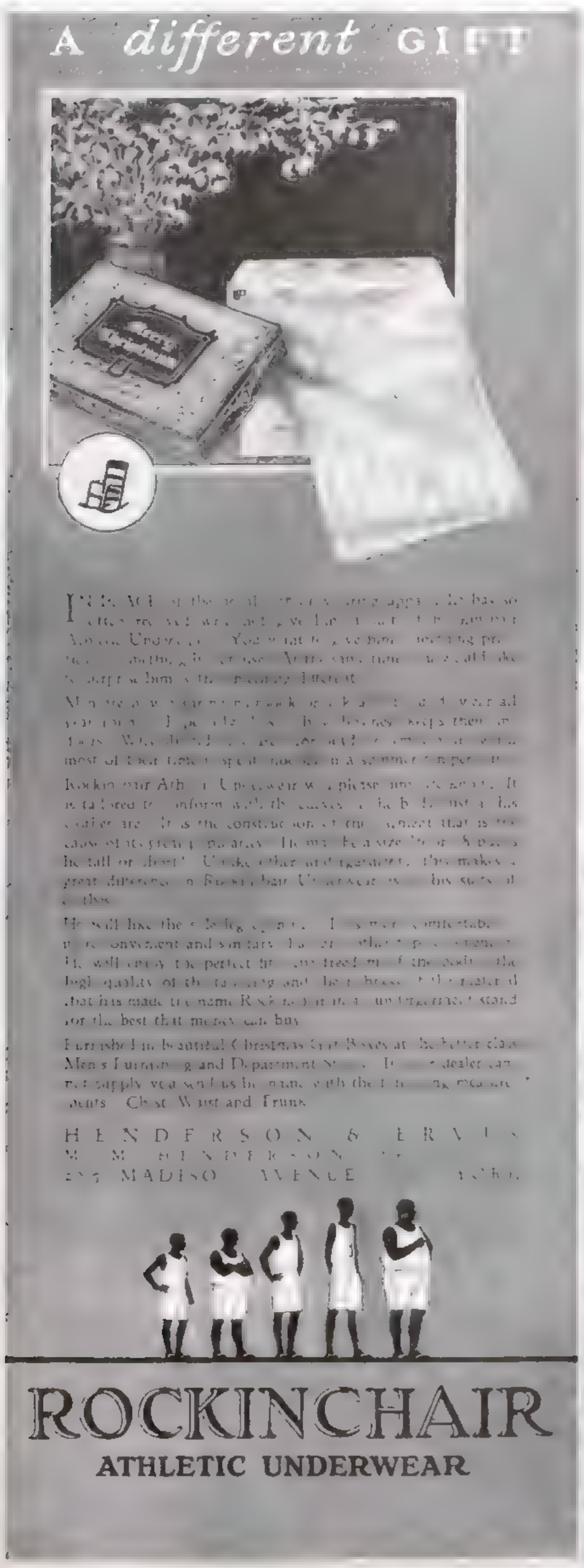
gives your machine the speed and ease of control found in the finest electrics. No nuts—bolts or screws. Simply place the motor against hand wheel and your foot on speed control pedal and sew as fast or slow as you please. No wearisome pedaling—no broken threads. Costs less than one cent an hour to operate. This same motor with attachments mixes cake batter, whips cream, beats eggs, mixes and beats dressings; sharpens knives and tools; polishes and buffs silver.

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. COMPANY, RACINE, WIS.

Hamilton Beach

Vacuum Sweeper—Home Motor





the millions. Well, all of that is just a practical demonstration of the results of this policy. I realize that the goodwill of the Northwest is my greatest asset. A merchant cannot double-cross the public—sell it cheap, shoddy goods or haphazard service—and get away with it permanently. Their get-rich-quick methods and adulterated merchandise may net what looks like big money over a brief period, but they're not stable enterprises. They're mushroom growths, dependent on casual or transient trade, and they wither in a season or two. You see them constantly changing hands or in course of liquidation.

"As a merchant I have always tried to take the long view. I'm building for the future. Dressing the women of the Northwest is a big enough job for anyone. You see, this whole thing is intensely personal with me. My character, my whole philosophy of life, is so tied up with the store, which, after all, is nothing but the outward expression of myself, that it is difficult to separate the two. But I can put the entire thing into a nutshell: Treat the public well—your customers, your business associates—and they will hand back the same treatment to you.

"That attitude toward the public—giving it a square deal—has been one of my fundamental policies. And it has paid. Another policy which has played an important part in whatever success I have achieved has been an insistence on carrying only high-class merchandise. By that I do not mean necessarily high-priced articles, but rather, good values, good materials, good styles, elimination of the trashy, the flashy and cheap."

Keeping to a High Standard

She broke off and pondered a moment. "What I am trying to do is to analyze my career as a merchant for you, show you the picture, the inside struggle, and point out some of the big corner stones on which the edifice is built. But the trouble is"—she hesitated and fell into thought again—"the trouble is that all this analysis after the fact, so to speak, is such a conscious process. It's artificial, cut and dried, cold. It is so easy to say that I had such and such policies which accounted for my success. Of course that's true, but it's nowhere near all of the truth. It's like pulling up a plant and diagnosing its bloom from its roots. What actually happened wasn't so cold-blooded as that—or so simple. I didn't say to myself, 'Go to. Honesty is the best policy; be honest with your public because it pays.' That would be to put the cart before the horse. I simply followed the law of my nature instinctively, without philosophizing about it, like any intelligent, honorable person, and looking back across the years I can see that it has paid.

"But to return to the subject of merchandise. Here again, from the beginning, I took a definite stand, not consciously, not because I deliberately decided I could make more money by carrying only high-class goods, but because I am built that way. I detest cheap, ugly imitations, bad art in clothes, cheap, shoddy materials and clumsy, standardized cuts. So in buying only the best I simply pleased myself. The fact is"—she laughed—"in this respect I builded better than I knew, for today there is intense, ruthless competition in the field of cheap, low-grade, standardized clothes; and why should I enter those already overcrowded lists? So by limiting myself to high-grade merchandise I automatically put myself above a certain class of competition.

"Of course, speaking as a practical merchant, I play to win. I'm bound to make a profit or I could not stay in the game, but I have never considered money first when it came to doing things well. And from the very outset of my career I decided to ignore competition in so far as it meant following other leadership and imitating the methods of firms which seemed to be cleaning up big profits. I took my own line. In carrying out this policy I was undoubtedly aided by the fact that I was unhampered by not being situated in a great metropolis where competition is so intense and the overheads so terrific that it practically necessitates catering to all classes of the public. And, being my own boss and not so dead set to show a heavy profit, I could watch my store, keep it personal, intimate, artistic, make personal contacts with my customers, many of whom I had known from childhood, and thus give a more individualized, discriminating service all around.

"To maintain high standards with regard to quality in merchandise and still show a reasonable profit is not so easy as it sounds these days. Look at the recent liquidation of several great firms in this country. What was the reason given for their failure? Specialized competition. I've seen merchants start out with high standards and ideals. They stock their stores with excellent merchandise, and for a time all goes well. But I've visited them three or four years later and discovered them steadily going downhill; nothing but cheap, shoddy, low-grade merchandise in their stores.

"What has happened? Why have they not been able to maintain their high standards? Very often it is because they fall a prey to easy money. They've seen other merchants buying low-grade merchandise and apparently piling up huge profits and getting the crowds, and so they follow suit. Their clientele is always changing, casual, transient. It's money, cash in hand, rather than permanent stability and a solid reputation in the community, which fills their eye. Presently they sell out or fail. They have no real roots in the community.

"There is another practice which is a form of double-crossing the public. It consists in buying job lots of cheap merchandise for special marked-down sales and then advertising it as coming from your own high-grade stock. I do not mean, of course, that buying and selling job lots is dishonest, but to fail to advertise them as such, to pretend to the public that such merchandise is strictly from your own stock and specially marked down for the sale, is crooked. And sooner or later the crooked dealer gets a black eye with the public."

Training the Sales Girls

"I'd like to say a word about my policy with my employes, for it goes without saying that you cannot build up a great organization or be successful in selling your merchandise to a discriminating clientele without hearty coöperation of the employes, who must themselves be persons of intelligence, refinement and natural taste. For this reason I take great pains in the selection of girls. They come from good families. I do not wait for them to come to me; I go after them, try to keep my organization up on tiptoes, and never let the girls lag. This sounds like personal supervision again, and it is.

"If a girl seems indifferent, languid and generally indifferent to her work, I call her into my office to see what's the matter. She may be ill or she may be a round peg in a square hole. If she's just run down it's better business to send her to the hospital or on a vacation at my expense than have her lose money for me in the store and let down the tone of the entire force. Sometimes it is a personal difficulty which I am able to set straight, for I number confessor among my duties here. Sometimes the girl has no flair for clothes, no feeling for styles; what she needs is office work. And always, quietly but effectively, a weeding-out process is going on to eliminate those whose hearts are elsewhere.

"And then I train these girls. Two mornings a week we have informal talks in which they are taught the correct way to approach a customer, sales talk, service and the kind of suggestions to offer. Equally important, we have the ten commandments of what not to do—the thou-shalt-not series. We also give style talks, explain the trend of fashion and the latest news from

Continued on Page 201

A CANDY SPECIALLY MADE FOR GRACIOUS GIVING

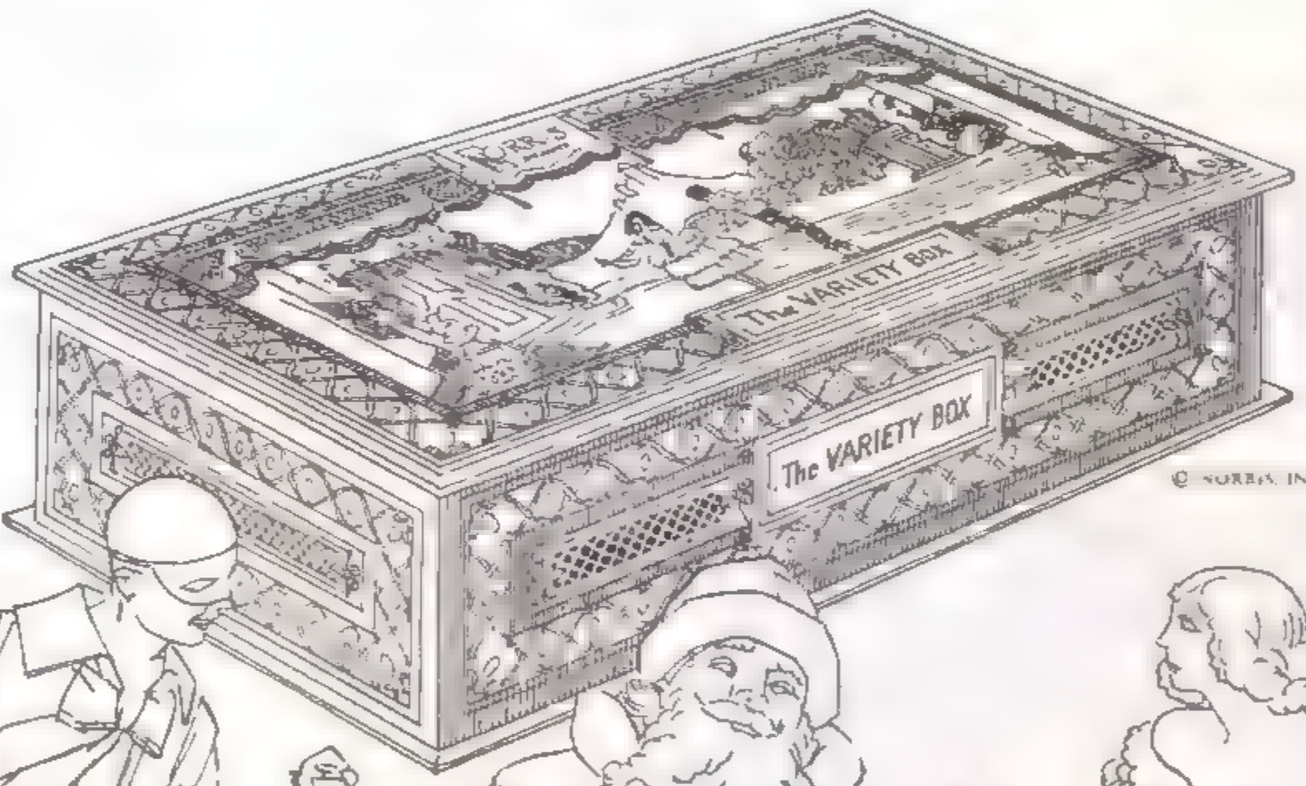
Dressed with the gay festive air people like in their gift candies, the Norris Christmas Variety Box awaits your command.

No ordinary candies, these! The Christmas candies in the Norris Variety Box are *hand-crafted*. Skilled candy makers hand-dip each chocolate piece to give it just the right even, uniform coating. They take plenty of time to do it right—plenty of time to bring out the full, rich flavor of luscious, unusual fruits and choice nuts.

The Variety Box contains 22 different kinds of candy in each pound, and every kind was selected because people have *especially* liked it.

YOUR DEALER PROTECTS YOU · All over the country dealers are receiving by fast express their Christmas candies from Norris. The Norris dealer sells you candies that are *really fresh*. Ask for the Norris Variety Box in *your* neighborhood. If your dealer does not have it yet, send us $1.50 for each pound you desire. Sent prepaid, with special Christmas wrapper and your card of presentation.

NORRIS, INCORPORATED · ATLANTA, GEORGIA



NORRIS

Variety Box OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

For this Christmas — and those that follow — the enduring type of radio

MAGNAVOX SINGLE DIAL Radio

NO other radio gives more positive assurance of enduring style and value than *Magnavox*.

First, the single dial feature. The swing to this type of radio is growing apace but *Magnavox* remains the perfected and proved set.

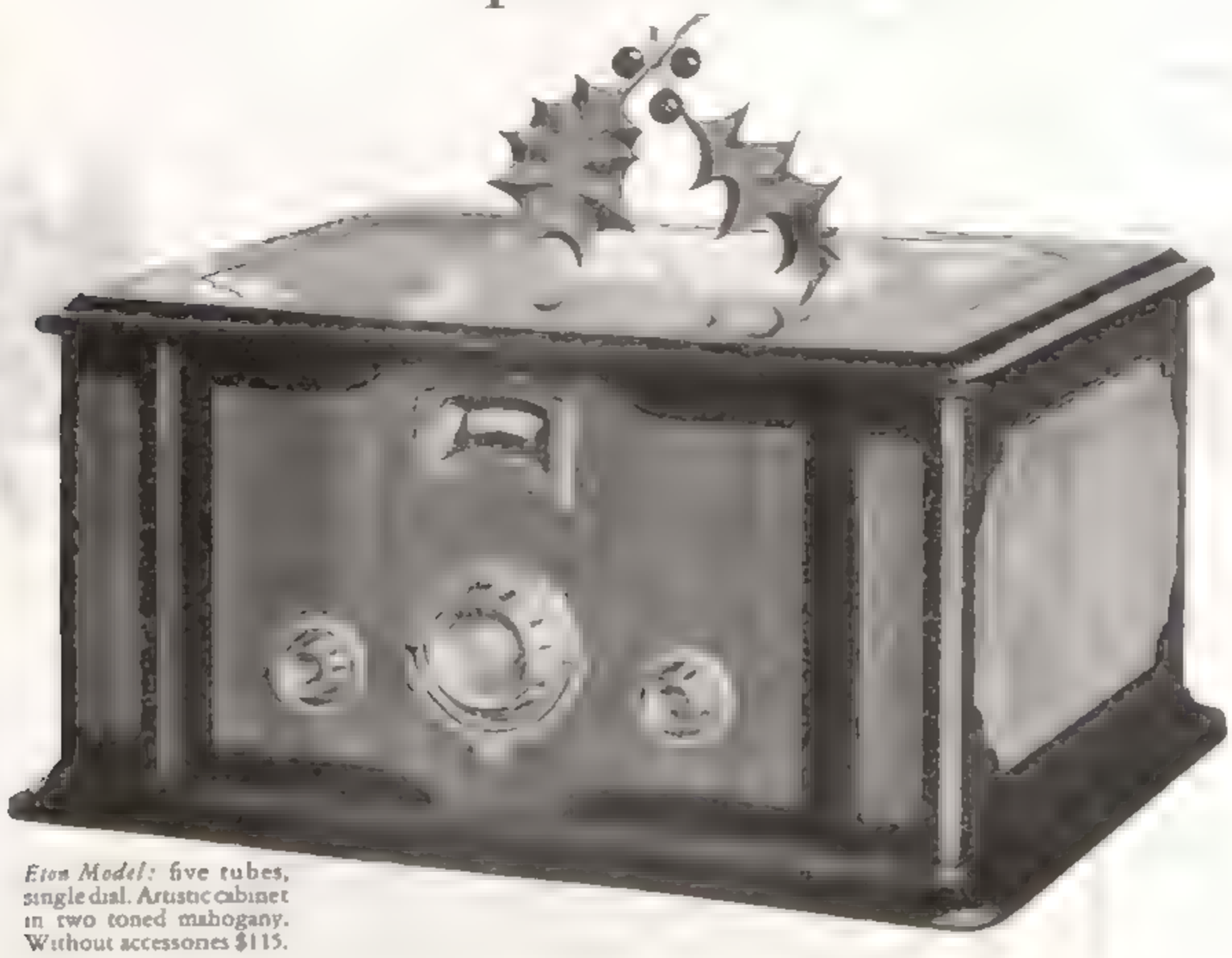
Next, appearance. You know that many of today's sets, with numerous exposed dials, switches and panels, are out of place in a well appointed room. They were endurable when radio was a novelty, but few women will want to harbor them long. Notice the dignified beauty of *Magnavox* sets—the absence of "switchboard" characteristics, made possible by *Magnavox* single dial.

Magnavox assures the safety of your investment and the pleasure of your entertainment. *Magnavox* is a revelation of power, clarity, selectivity—all obtained at the turn of a single dial, with tedious tuning eliminated.

Magnavox—creators of the original loud speaker and with a background of fifteen years in radio development—offers choice of models ranging from $260 to $75, including one that converts your phonograph into a radiophonograph. Sold on easy terms. Let the *Magnavox* dealer demonstrate. If you don't know him, write us for full information.

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • *Oakland, Calif.*
R. S. Williams & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, Distributors for Canada [not including British Columbia] • 54 © 1926

Christmas spirit is in the air!



Eton Model: five tubes, single dial. Artistic cabinet in two toned mahogany. Without accessories $115.

Magnavox Cone Speaker, Cornell model, covers entire tonal scale. Artistic finish, 7" cone. $22 50

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF MAGNAVOX PROGRESS IN RADIO

(Continued from Page 198)

the style centers. These talks are usually given by the head buyers on their return from the markets. The girls are called together and told the styles which are being shown in Paris and New York. Then our new gowns are put on the models—they are 'modeled,' as we say—and inspected and criticized freely so that they are absolutely perfect, without defect, when they go into stock. The value of such inspection is twofold: The gown is rendered perfect in every detail before it is hung on the rack, and, even more important, the girls become familiar with the stock, the advantages of which are obvious. Let us suppose, for example, that a customer is looking for a certain type of gown and has mentioned it to her favorite saleswoman, who is on the lookout. The latter observes the new styles, goes to the phone and says, 'Mrs. Smith, a new gown has just come in of the type you described to me. Shall I hold it for you? Would you like to drop in and look it over this afternoon?' That's personal contact, individualized service of the kind which counts in this day of specialized competition."

Eighteen Shops in One

"The heads of the departments are highly trained women, most of them old friends who have been in business with me for years, so that the atmosphere is that of a big, lively, friendly family. Each head is responsible for the buying in her own department—sports clothes, simple frocks, gowns, hats, coats, children's wear or whatever her specialty may be—and also for its financial success. If her sales are poor it is her own funeral; she has no alibi. Such independence and initiative work well in a store of this type which, boiled down, consists actually of a number of coördinated specialty shops housed under one roof and governed by one head. The buyers in these specialty shops—eighteen in all—go to Chicago and New York every three weeks in order to maintain constant contact with the markets and their customers. In addition we have a permanent office in Paris with highly paid representatives.

"Let us take, for example, the simple frock shop. Here all the dresses are popular priced, ranging from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars. They are inexpensive, but not shoddy or cheap. They come from the best houses, the object being to secure charming models of good value in material and simplicity of line. In this shop there is a constant stream of new styles always pouring in, and nothing is held on the racks. We hold special sales to clear out all models six weeks or two months old, for the policy is to keep the stock moving and the stream of styles always fresh. We sell these frocks to our best customers, who use them to fill in their wardrobes, buying their more formal gowns over in the gown shop, where the prices range from seventy-five dollars to as high as they like to go. We have discovered that gowns priced from seventy-five to $175 sell in quantity; above those prices we have moderate sales, and again quantity sales in the simple frocks under fifty dollars."

"And what about finances?" I demanded. "Where did the money come from for all this expansion of business?"

"To tell you the truth," she laughed, "I hardly know myself. My friends had faith in me. After the first plunge I never had any trouble about credits. Money, as I have said, has never been the prime consideration with me. Of course I had to have it in order to achieve my goal. For, while my aim was to create the best store of its kind in the Northwest, I'm a practical merchant too. I had to be prudent, weigh matters, not wade in over my head. My proposition had to earn money as it went along in order to survive. And that, I take it, is one of the conditions of the game. It's a practical limitation which faces any creative person, be he playwright, artist or merchant, in business. He must produce something which the public will buy, in order to float his ship as he goes along. Almost anybody can keep going, of course, if he has an inexhaustible financial reservoir from which to draw; in short, if he's subsidized. But my problem—the problem of every merchant of integrity these days—was how to maintain my standards and my high-quality merchandise and still show a profit in my books.

"My financial position has always been such that I've been able to take my discounts inside of ten days. You don't know what that means? You would if you were a merchant!

"To put it briefly, it means that I have always paid my bills inside of ten days. Some big firms let their bills run thirty, sixty and ninety days. But I've always paid my bills on the nail, which is one reason why my credit is gilt-edge.

"The fact is"—she laughed—"I didn't realize how gilt-edge my credit was until I decided to erect the new building. I'd been thinking for some time that I'd have to build—my business was outgrowing its old quarters—and so I bought the present location for $1,250,000. A big hotel wanted it for a site. They offered me a handsome profit.

"'No,' I replied, 'I didn't buy this ground for speculative purposes. I bought it to house my merchandise.'

"So I went ahead and erected my building, another $1,250,000 project, exclusive, of course, of the contents. I financed it with a bond issue at 5 per cent which was practically subscribed the same day—a most unusual thing, which reflects my financial standing in the community better than anything else I could say. The building is owned by a realty company of which I am the president and practically the sole owner. This company leases space to my store and other tenants. Thus, you see, there are two entirely separate corporations—the realty company and the store—and I am the owner of both. I form their policies and provide their driving power. Since the organization has expanded, my nephew has been manager for the past few years. He is my vice president, and"—she laughed—"I call him my only vice! But I steer the ship." Her nephew nodded vigorously. "It's my own enterprise from the ground up—a one-woman show."

Heading for the Next Peak

A word about Miss Quinlan's personality. To begin with, she is Irish and has kissed the Blarney stone. Easy to look at, of course. Gay, forceful yet diplomatic, giving no outward hint of the big stick which, of course, like any natural leader, she carries concealed on her person to use in a crisis; modest, steadfastly avoiding the spotlight of publicity, the social columns, the figureheads of committees; a creative genius in her own line. The dreaminess of the Celt combined with a fine practical and humorous realism which holds the checkrein on dreams and drives them stubbornly toward her goal, she has gone steadily forward on the career she chose as a girl, until now she stands at the top of the ladder—the leading woman merchant of the Northwest, and one of the few women merchants of America who can be classed on a parity with men leaders in this field.

"And now that you have reached the peak of your career," I asked, "what next?"

"Why, I'm going on," she laughed. "Life is just one peak after another—with valleys in between. What else is there left for me to do? I might have sold out, retired and gone to Europe to live. I love the beauty and the mellow atmosphere over there. But I decided I could live a richer, fuller life by continuing with my work. After all it's a greater experience than anything I could get abroad. For here I'm creating something; over there I should be nothing but a spectator on the sidelines. And I know my temperament. I love the fight in the arena. So I guess I'll just go on," and she smiled at me. "I get a lot of fun out of it, you know."

The CHESTER
Style S-7
$10

FLORSHEIM

designed the "CHESTER" and similar styles for men of the conservative type who prefer the same refined shape permanently. Easy fitting and always in good taste.

Write for Booklet "Styles of the Times" showing the right shoe for you.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · CHICAGO

For the Man *Who Cares*

An Unqualified Endorsement

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has had the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists.

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia" is an efficient Antacid, Laxative, and Corrective.

Always insist upon genuine "Phillips Milk of Magnesia."

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

"My Boy Is Going to Have the Training that I Had"

THE most justifiable pride in the world is the pride which one man will express to another concerning the upbringing of his son. Each of us has the right to believe in his own character. And every man should offer the best of himself toward his son's education.

That is why millions of men gratefully remember the Christmas when their fathers gave them their first Daisy Air Rifles. To those experiences you hear men everywhere attribute their alertness of mind and quickness of decision, their self-confidence and their own golden rules of sportsmanship.

Your attitude is right when you say, 'My boy is going to have the training that I had.' Start him this Christmas with the Daisy. Put *The Daisy Manual* and a Daisy Air Rifle in his hands and be his pal while he learns. Ask your dealer to show you the model illustrated here—the popular Daisy Pump Gun—a 50-shot repeater for $5. Other models from $1 to $5. Name of nearest dealer upon request—or any model sent on receipt of price.

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TOSH MEETS THE COUNTESS

(Continued from Page 44

"Bookkeepin' is one of my short suits," says I.

"But my books require only dusting and arranging," says he. "First editions—Americana, you know. I have been enlarging my collection recently and—and I need someone to help me with the cataloguing and that sort of thing. Your salary would be—shall we say one hundred and fifty a month?"

"Sixty," says I just on principle.

"Very well," says he. "And you would live in, of course."

"Eh?" says I.

"There is quite a comfortable little room in the west wing," he goes on, "and I trust you would not object to taking your meals with the housekeeper."

"Not if the meals were all right," says I. "When does all this start?"

"Why not at once?" says he, stopping in front of a big limousine where a chauffeur was holdin' the door open.

"Well," says I, "I don't know what it's all about, but I guess you've sold me something."

'Course, my idea of what a secretary's job would be like was kinda sketchy, but I didn't see why I couldn't get away with it as well as the next one. Besides, it listened soft. So I told where I'd been roomin' and we drove around there and picked up my suitcase, and then we headed uptown, while my new boss lets out a few facts about himself and the fam'ly.

Seems he's Mr. J. Cheever Royce, that he ain't married, and that him and this Aunt Sarah live at Royceholm, which is somewhere up on the Sound just beyond the city limits. He's an idle-richer, I take it, for he don't have any reg'lar business and this book-collectin' act is just a fad. So it looks like I was droppin' into something easy. Anyhow, I bet it would bump old Kurtz if he knew where I'd landed after he'd thrown me out. Reddy, too, who forecast that I'd overdo my line. Huh! And me on my way to be a high-class secretary in one of the first fam'lies.

"What about Aunt Sarah, though?" I asks.

"Ah, yes!" says J. Cheever, hunchin' his shoulders. "We may as well take her up now. She is an excellent woman, I suppose, in her way; a strong character, a brilliant mind and a dominating personality—decidedly dominating."

"You mean she's kinda bossy?" says I.

"Quite so," says he. "But perhaps you know what a maiden aunt can be like."

"No," says I. "Nobody ever bossed me around much but Mother Whaley when I was a kid and needed it."

"How fortunate!" says J. Cheever. "Now my Aunt Sarah never stops to consider whether I need directing or not. She has the directing habit and no one about her escapes. She runs the church, dictates to the rector, manages the Ladies' Guild, rules the Garden Club, is the leader of the League for Civic Betterment. At Royceholm she is an autocrat."

"The place belongs to her, does it?" says I.

He shakes his head. "As a matter of fact," says he, "the estate is owned by neither of us, but by Aunt Isabel, who is the Countess Cazzoni and lives abroad. She bought back the old homestead while she was Mrs. Courtney Burden, but after marrying Count Cazzoni she kindly turned the use of it over to us jointly. At least that was the understanding; and so far as sharing the upkeep, Aunt Sarah and I do contribute a like amount from our incomes. The management, however, has always been assumed by Sarah."

"I know the kind," says I. "There's one in every town. Is she gonna be my boss, or are you?"

"That is precisely the point," says J. Cheever, "which I wish to discuss."

With that he goes on to tell how Aunt Sarah had begun bossin' him when he was a youngster and had never let up. She'd decided everything for him, from how he should have his eggs cooked for breakfast to who he should marry or who he shouldn't. So he hated eggs and never married anybody.

"If she could," says he, "she would dictate my very thoughts. She very nearly does."

"And you never tried standin' up to her?" I suggests.

"Oh, yes," says he. "But with no success at all. She always has her way. And of late I haven't even tried. Few persons do in fact after one or two experiences, and sooner or later they all give in to her. Save, of course, Aunt Isabel, the countess. She is just a little more dominant than Sarah; and besides, she is in a position to be so. A remarkable woman, the countess, and quite a forceful character—extremely forceful."

I take it that J. Cheever is more afraid of her than of the other aunt, and that she even has Sarah buffaloed. But that's natural enough, seein' that she owns the place and could run either of 'em out any time. Anyhow, that's the situation; and when he's sketched it all out for me the job don't look so soft.

"Is this countess party around much?" says I.

"Oh, no, indeed!" says J. Cheever. "She hasn't been over for years. She lives either in Paris or at her villa on the Riviera. She dislikes America and I doubt if she ever comes here again."

"Well, that's something, eh?" says I. "But where do I fit in with Aunt Sarah?"

"That," says he, "depends upon you, Tosh. You have been engaged as my secretary and I shall expect you to follow no instructions but mine. Let me make that quite clear at the start. If I ask you to do a thing in a certain way you are to do it in exactly that manner, no matter who tries to interfere. I am your employer, you see, and it follows that you are answerable only to me. You are free so to state to anyone."

"Even Aunt Sarah?" says I.

"Especially to Aunt Sarah," says he.

"Huh!" says I. "I get you."

And from then on I had the plot of the piece. J. Cheever has signed me on not so much as a secretary, but as a teller. I'm to tell Aunt Sarah where she gets off, something he's never had the nerve to do himself.

"You better take out employer's liability," says I, "in case she gets rough with me."

He chuckles easy. "Aunt Sarah!" says he. "No fear! She is hardly in condition to use force, but she has no impediment of speech—none whatever."

"Oh, that's her line, is it?" says I. "Well, I ain't exactly tongue-tied myself, and if there's no stop order on what I can say ——"

"None at all," says J. Cheever.

"Then it ought to be something worth tuning in on," says I. "How much farther out is this place of yours?"

He says we'll soon be there, and it wasn't long before we swings off the Post Road, turns in through some high stone gateposts and rolls along a winding driveway until we pulls up in front of this squatty old brick house that has wooden wings ramblin' off on each side. It's set in among big trees and covered with vines, and looks kind of homy and comfortable. A meek-lookin' old boy with gray mud guards growin' in front of his ears opens the door and J. Cheever waves to him.

"All right, Martin," says he. "This is Mr. Whaley, my secretary."

"Yes, sir," says he, taking my bag. "The small room in the west wing as usual, Mr. Royce?"

J. Cheever nods. "And tell Mrs. Witherbee he will dine with her," he adds.

"As usual, sir," says Martin.

(Continued on Page 205)

Every sensible parent sees that the children have rubbers or galoshes to wear in the wet and cold. But so many grown-ups think that they themselves can "get by" without this "bad weather" foot protection. They don't seem to realize that growling at wet weather won't make it dry.

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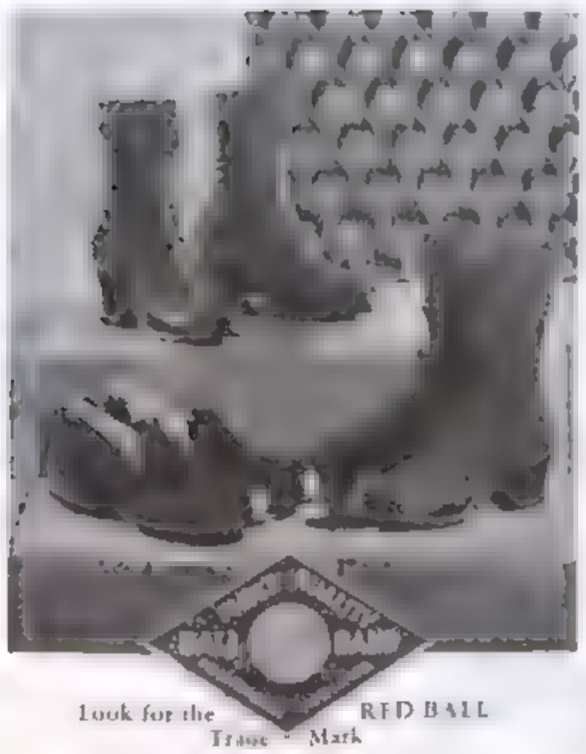

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(Continued from Page 202)

And as we're climbin' a narrow flight of stairs I asks curious, "Why 'as usual,' Martin?"

"Ah, sir," says he, "'e's 'ad 'em before. They don't last long, sir."

"Don't they?" says I. "Well, here's where I hang up a record then. I'm a stayer."

"I've 'eard 'em say so before, sir," says he. "Then they meet the mistress and —" He finishes by hunchin' his shoulders.

"I know," says I. "Aunt Sarah. She chases 'em with a bread knife, don't she?"

"Indeed, no, sir," says he, lookin' shocked. "But they 'ave words, sir—'igh words with the mistress, and that's the end."

"Huh!" says I. "That'll be only where I begin."

"I wonder, sir," says he, droppin' my bag on a chair and glidin' off meek, as a gong booms somewhere in the distance.

By the way that gong was bein' banged I thought it might be a fire alarm, but later on I learned better. I got used to hearin' that gong boom through the house, and to know what it meant.

Well, it was a nice little room I'd drawn, furnished kinda old-timy, but cozy enough, and through one of the windows you could see through the trees to the water. There was a bathroom handy, and after I'd washed up and laid my other pants under the mattress I wanders down and finds the lib'ry. It's a big low room off at one end of the house, with bookshelves all around three sides and more books piled on tables and chairs. I never seen so many books.

And behind a flat-topped desk that's all cluttered up with books is J. Cheever, wearin' a green velvet coat and smokin' a cigarette in a long holder.

"Ah, Tosh," says he, beckonin' me in, "enter. This is to be your domain, your exclusive bailiwick; and here, in my absence, I shall expect you to hold undisputed sway."

"You mean," says I, "that when you ain't here I'm to be the big noise?"

"Precisely," says he. "You will soon learn what I want done, and then I shall leave you in full and complete charge of this room to carry out my instructions—mine alone, you understand."

"Uh-huh," says I. "Others must lay off. Where do I start?"

He plans out what looks like a couple of days' work, shiftin' all the books from one case to another, so I sheds my coat, rolls up my sleeves and goes at it strong. But it seems that ain't the way a secretary operates.

"Leisurely, my dear Tosh," says J. Cheever, "and with more care. You aren't handling canned goods, you know, but gems of literature. Now one volume at a time, if you please, and each should be taken to an open window and thoroughly dusted. Note the title and the name of the author and be sure to replace them in the same sequence. I shall not mind, either, if you browse among them a bit."

What he meant by that last I couldn't say, but if he was kiddin' me I didn't let on that I caught it. I don't know as I browsed any, but I did ease up on the speed stuff until I might have been givin' an imitation of a slow movie. That seemed to satisfy him, too, and after watchin' me a while and givin' me a few more hints he drifts off, sayin' I should quit at 4:30. And say, nobody would ever collapse from overwork holdin' a job under J. Cheever. It's about as restful a way of winnin' a pay envelope as I ever heard of, and the more I practiced the better I got at it. I'd take down a book, pat it gentle, look inside to see if there was any pictures, stroll over to the window, fan it with the duster, and kill four or five minutes before I started to repeat the process.

"Leisurely, Tosh!" I tells myself. "Them's the orders."

And on the tick of 4:30 I quit as prompt as a brick mason when the whistle blows. Then I wandered around the grounds a while, hung about the garage, watchin' the chauffeur polish the car, and strayed into the kitchen to see what the cook and maids looked like. I needed only one glance to guess that J. Cheever had nothing to do with pickin' out the help, for they was a scrubby lot. Cook is a rawboned old dame with a red face and worried eyes, and the maids was a pair of skinny old things that acted nervous and fluttery. Might as well try to josh your grandmother as them, and when that gong started bangin' they almost ran around in circles.

"Who's ringin' in a riot call?" I asks.

"It's the mistress," says one, whisperin' husky. "Oh, dear, perhaps something is wrong with the tea."

"By the racket," says I, "I should say she'd found ground glass in it."

It seems, though, that this is only one of Aunt Sarah's ways of workin' out her disposition. Cook tells me the old lady has half a dozen of them gongs hung around in different parts of the house, but there's only one beater and she wears that slung from her wrist; so when she wants anything, or feels like lettin' out on anybody, she bangs away—one bang for the butler, two for the downstairs maid, three for the second maid, and so on. Even J. Cheever has a ring—two short and one long.

"What if nobody came sometime?" says I.

Cook rolls her eyes and shudders. "You'd best not be thinking such things, young man," says she.

"Why, she ain't a mind reader, is she?" says I.

She wouldn't say, but I had a hunch she almost believed it was so. And with this line on Aunt Sarah, I was kinda bracin' myself to have her pop out any minute and start in on me. I had her figured as a hook-beaked old battle-ax with a squawk like a sour saxophone, and I was all set for a bawlin' out that could be heard by everyone on the place. But the afternoon passed and the evenin' slipped by without my gettin' so much as a sight of her.

It was 9:30 next mornin' before I made a bluff of openin' shop in the libr'y, and some after ten when J. Cheever percolates in, dressed in ridin' breeches and putties, as a real country gentleman should. He inspects what little I've done, gives me an O. K. on it, yawns and goes out for a walk in the gardens. It's a hard life, havin' a rich countess for an aunt and splittin' the grocery bill two ways, even if you are bossed around some.

Maybe it was an hour later, as I was strokin' the dust from a thick book over by the open window, that I hears a thump-thump comin' down the hall. I didn't know what the noise was, but it didn't interest me much. I was wavin' the duster as slow as if I was paintin' a picture that didn't have to be done until next spring. I didn't even look toward the door to see what was goin' by. And the next I knew I hears this smooth oily voice sayin' "I wouldn't do it that way, young man."

At that I turns and sees this huge female standin' in the doorway, leanin' on a cane. Say, she was an eyeful, all right; built like a haystack and all one size from her feet to her shoulders. She has a big heavy face, too, as high colored as a new fillin' station, and a mighty keen set of eyes. By the gong beater danglin' from her wrist I knew she must be Aunt Sarah, and I expect all I did for a minute or so was gawp at her.

"You're not getting rid of the dust," she goes on, "for it is all blowing back into the room. You should be using a soft cloth. I'll see that you have one."

Saying which, she waddles down the hall a few steps, bangs the gong a couple of times and then navigates back. "Stevens is fetching some cloths," says she. "See that you use them."

Just then I gets a glimpse of J. Cheever dodgin' around some shrubbery just outside the window. So that's why he took to the garden—to be in on the first battle and yet to be out of range. Well, as long as he was stretchin' an ear he might as well hear something.

"Say, auntie," says I, "who's doin' this dustin' job, anyway?"

*624

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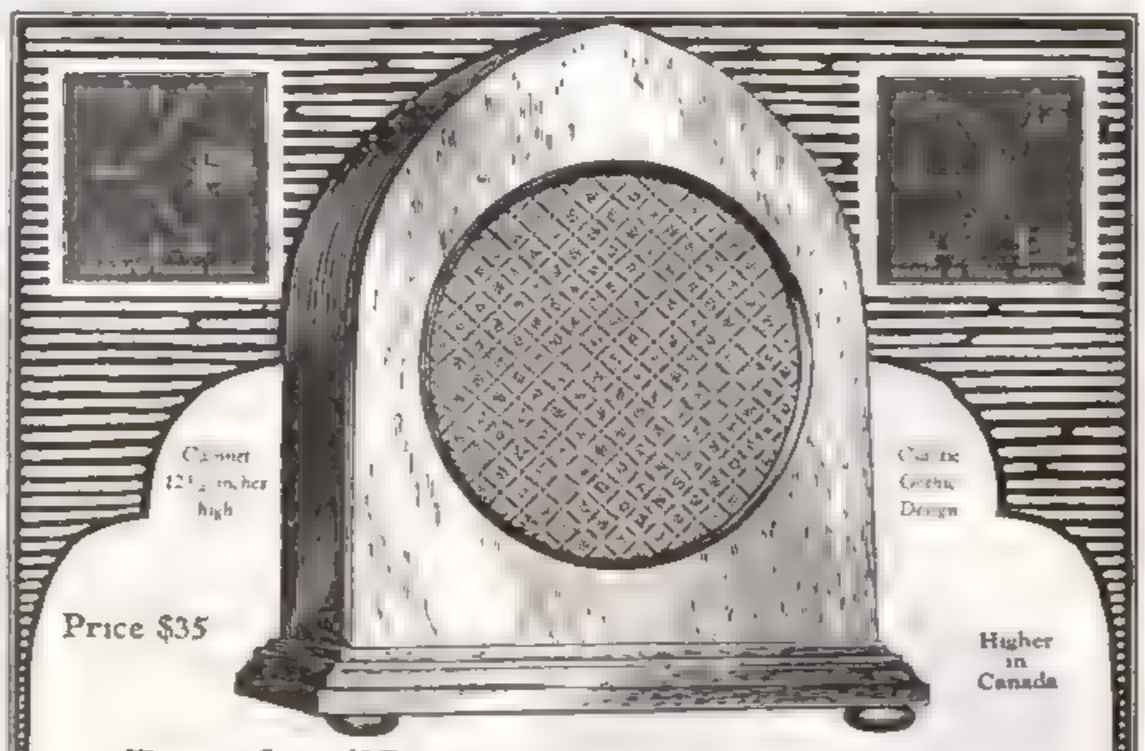

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"No one at present," she comes back. "It is being weakly attempted by an indolent fat boy."

"Same to you and many of 'em," says I.

She blinks at that, like she was holdin' something in, and then she goes on: "Your hands aren't clean. Go and wash them. And your nails are in a frightful condition."

"Ain't it annoyin'," says I, "the way these manicures forget to come around?"

"Don't say ain't," says she. "There is no such word."

"Say," I gasps, "is there anything at all that's right about me?"

"Very little," says she. "You are slovenly, impudent and lazy. But I have improved worse examples. I shall begin with your personal appearance and then we will take up your manners. By the way, what is your name?"

"Mostly they call me Tosh," says I, grinnin' out the window at J. Cheever.

"Absurd!" says she. "What were you christened?"

"How should I know?" says I. "I was a mystery child."

"A what?" says she.

"A stray," says I. "I was left over in the country after a fresh-air excursion and never got sent back to my folks. I might have come from around here. Any of your fam'ly ever get lost that way?"

"Certainly not," says she. "I do not credit your story at all, but I shall have it investigated. Meanwhile I shall call you Robert, after one of Cheever's most unpromising secretaries—the one who left in the night."

"I can see why he might," says I. "But I mean to stick around."

"Do," says she. "It will be good for you."

And with that shot she goes waddlin' off, thumpin' her stick down the hallway, while J. Cheever bobs up from the shrubbery and leans his elbows on the window sill.

"Very good, Tosh," says he. "You held your own nobly with her."

"I ain't so sure about that," says I. "Besides, she acted like she was holdin' back and wasn't really lettin' herself go."

"I have seen Aunt Sarah in better form," he admits. "But wait."

"Oh, I expect she'll keep at me," says I. "Wants to make me over, don't she?"

"She attempts to make everyone over," says he. "That is her mission in life. But perhaps if you continue to be unabashed ——"

"Trust me," says I.

I'll say she's no quitter, though. She sends some dust cloths, which I chuck in the wastebasket. Next comes some orange-wood sticks and a nail file. Then she takes to sendin' notes by the maid. "Robert, have you washed your hands?" one reads; and another says, "Robert, remember not to use the word 'ain't.'" After lunch she pads down the hall again to see if I've reformed any, and she don't find any change.

"You are still using that duster, Robert," says she.

"Yep!" says I.

"Contrary to my orders," says she.

"I'm takin' orders only from Mr. Royce," says I.

And say, then she did light into me, her eyes blazin' wrathful and the language just gushin' out like water from a fire hydrant. Why, I didn't have any more chance of registerin' any smart cracks than as if I'd been gagged, and before I knew it she was gone, leavin' me with my front hoof pawin' the air and a lot of zippy repartee clogged on my tongue.

"I missed fire this time," I tells J. Cheever, "but next time I bet I get the jump on her and feed in some hot ones."

"That's the spirit," says he. "Personally I've never had any luck with her."

"Well, I'm pinch-hittin' for you," says I, "and at this game I've never been fanned yet."

So next day I was all primed for Aunt Sarah to pop in. But at eleven o'clock she hadn't shown up. I'd heard a car drive in and out, and some commotion in the main part of the house, with more or less gong-bangin', so I thought maybe she'd had callers and had gone off to some committee meetin' or something. I wasn't exactly off my guard, though, so when somebody comes tap-tappin' down the hall I wets my lips and clears my throat. It didn't sound just like Aunt Sarah's cane with the rubber tip on it, but I decided she'd changed to another stick. I was hoistin' some books back into one of the cases, so I couldn't turn just then, and the next I knew I was being hailed smooth and gurgly.

"*Attendez moi*, fat boy!" says she.

"Ton-a-day yourself," says I. "Rustle along, old girl, and don't bother me."

"Such a greeting!" she sorta squeals.

"Well, you didn't expect to be kissed, did you?" says I. "If you'll wait a sec until I finish here I'll tell you just how unpopular you're gettin' with me. What's the idea of crashin' in here anyway? There! Now let's have this out."

And as I starts to turn I spots J. Cheever in his favorite pose just outside the window. But this time there's a different look on his face. He has his mouth open and his eyes bugged, and he seems to be makin' some sort of signals at me. I couldn't think of anything except that he was eggin' me along to step on it, so I nods and completes the pivot.

And say, it ain't Aunt Sarah at all. Nothing like her. In fact this dame in the doorway is a tall, well-figured old girl with a classy bob to her gray hair and a pink-and-white color scheme that's been laid on artistic. Also she's wearin' a ritzy knee-length costume and carryin' a fancy promenade stick as long as a hoe handle.

"Gosh!" I gasps. "Where's the rest of the chorus?"

"Are you talking to me, fat boy?" says she.

"Blamed if I know," says I. "What's your guess?"

She kind of stiffens up at that, throws me a chilly stare and marches off haughty. About then I hears a groan from J. Cheever and steps over to find him with his head on the window sill.

"Well, what's wrong now?" says I. "And who was the frisky old girl who's survived so many face-liftin's?"

He blinks twice and swallows something that seems to taste bitter. "That," says he, "was the Countess Cazzoni."

"Ouch!" says I. "Not Aunt Isabel?" He bobs his head and lets out another moan.

"Whew!" says I. "And she got it hot off the bat! But why didn't you put me wise she was here?"

"I—I was trying to do so," says J. Cheever. "She arrived unexpectedly while I was out walking. She—she must have been looking for me."

"Tough luck!" says I. "She sure ran into something. I expect she didn't like it either."

"She'll be very much annoyed," says he. "I—I don't know what will happen after this. I suppose I must go and see, but I assure you I don't fancy it."

I couldn't blame him, for while the countess don't seem to have the same hectic disposition that Aunt Sarah has, she don't act like she'd let anybody get away with much, and I judged that J. Cheever is headed for a poor time. My error too. But then the best of us will slip. I'd picked the wrong aunt, that's all, and if she took the notion there'd soon be another fine country home in the market, or at least two of us huntin' a new boardin' place.

Inside of half an hour he was back, lookin' pale and worried. "The countess wishes to see you," says he. "She is in the drawing-room."

"Oh, all right," says I. "But if you want to do me a favor, see that somebody spreads a mattress on the gravel outside the front door."

Anyhow, I walks in with my chin up. She's alone, sitting straight and dignified in a high-back chair. And for a minute or so she just looks me over without sayin' a word. Finally she opens up.

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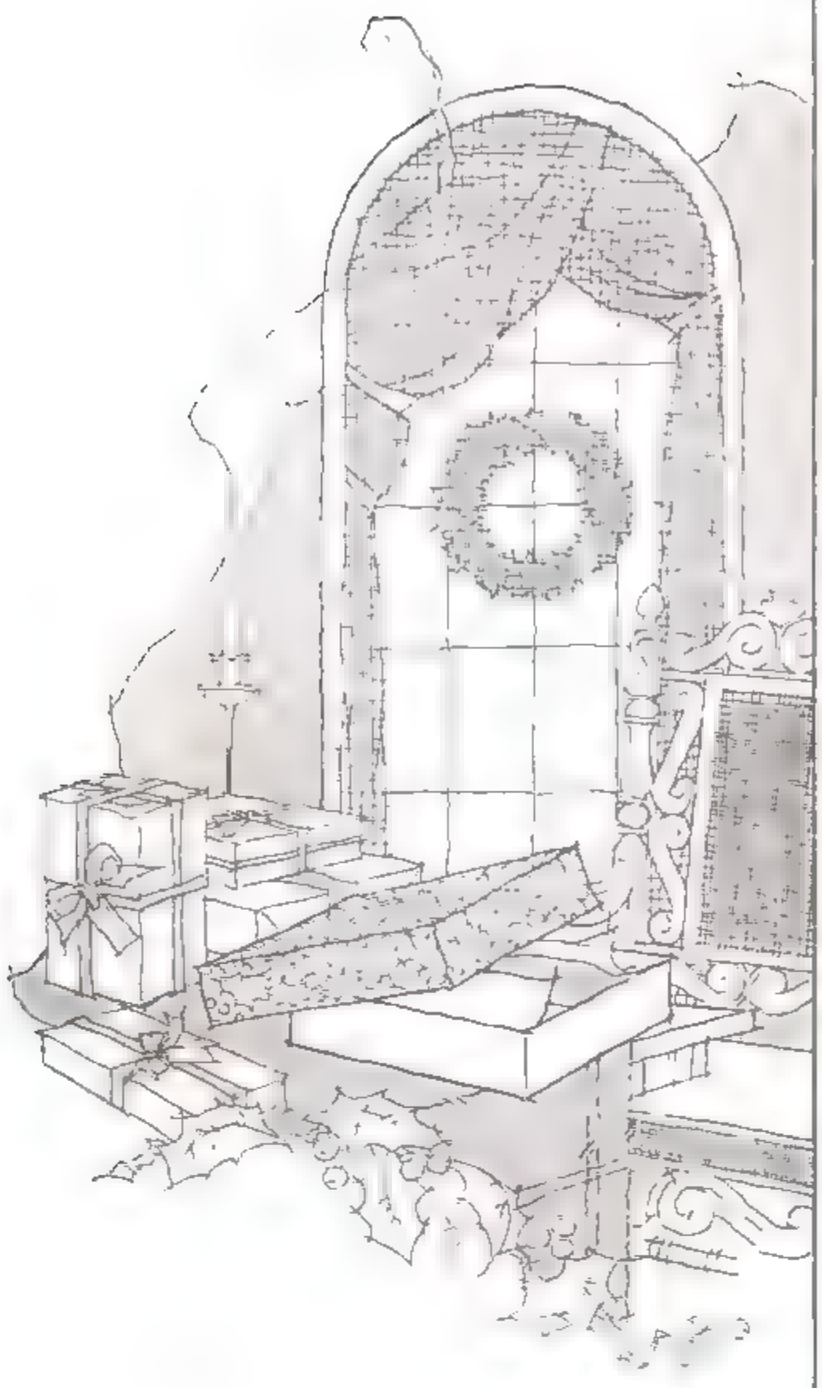

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OCTOBER, 1926

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Be your own boss in 1927. We will provide the capital and the goods

Make up your mind to get out of that rut—to earn the money you know you are worth, and ought to have.

Don't give all your energy and the best years of your life for a salary that is insufficient for your needs.

Sell NOGAR Utility Clothes and enlarge your income

You can do it, and you don't need experience to sell these wonderful, long-wearing garments. Hundreds of our representatives who came to us from low-salaried positions are earning two or three times what they formerly did. Think of men's suits and topcoats at $12.50 and $13.50! Can't you imagine how easily they sell?

It costs you nothing to become established in business for yourself, if you adopt our plan. We provide you, free of charge, with all necessary information. We *guarantee* our garments to be right. We pave the way for you by extensive national advertising which gives the public confidence in you and the goods you are selling.

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We make boys' clothing, too, and the market for this is every home where there is a boy.

There's only one NOGAR Cloth and we make it

Only garments shipped direct to customers from our factory at Reading, Pa., are made of genuine NOGAR Cloth, the strongest fabric used in clothing. The public knows this and has been warned against imitations.

Write for full information and try this out in your spare time. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Fill in coupon below and *mail at once* to secure territory.

"I want a NOGAR suit like that."

Suits & Topcoats
$12.50 & $13.50

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Slightly Higher in Canada

AUTHORIZED Vogue REPRESENTATIVE

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To all men who need extra-duty clothing

NOGAR Suits were designed primarily for work suits and are unequalled for this purpose. But they are so up-to-date in style and their new weaves and patterns so attractive that thousands are worn as business suits. Ideal for motoring, gunning and fishing.

NOGAR Topcoats are perfect motor coats.

Mail coupon below for further information.

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Home Office and Factory, Reading, Pa. *Branch Offices in Principal Cities*

NOGAR Suits are ideal for

Mechanics	*Railroad Men*
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Mill Workers	*Motorists*
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—and all men who need extra-duty clothing

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MADE TO STAND THE GAFF

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Please explain how you will set me up in business for myself.

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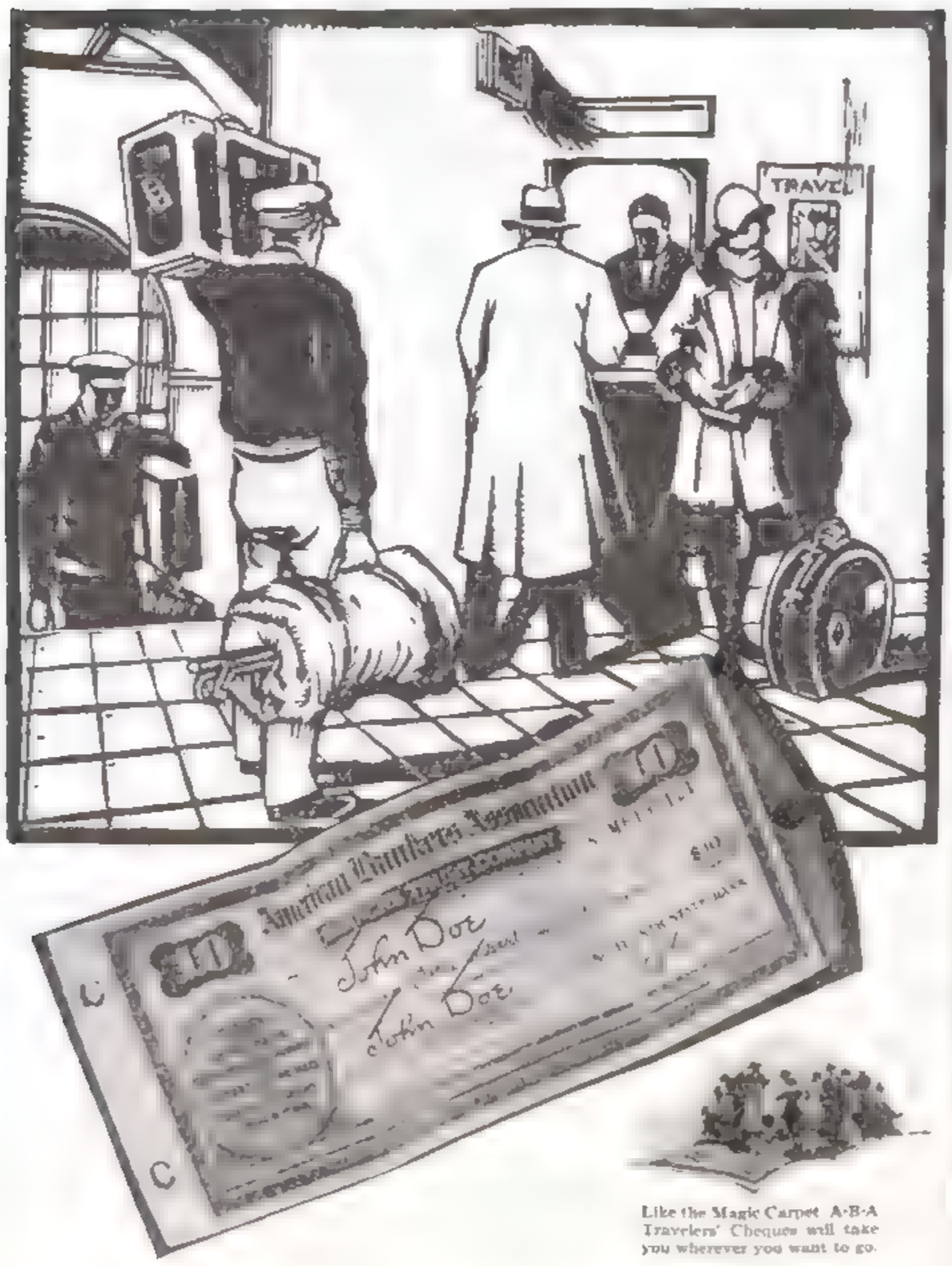

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SAFE, convenient, worry-free travel funds. Self-identifying, saving you the embarrassment of having a personal check refused. Light to carry, easy to use. Crisp, clean and handsome as new bank notes. Good for U. S. customs. Cashable day or night, everywhere.

Buy your A·B·A Travelers' Cheques at your local bank.

The Agent for the Member Banks for the payment of all American BANKERS Association Travelers' Cheques is

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

(Continued from Page 206)

"Young man," says she, "though I failed to catch the meaning of all your remarks to me, I am certain they were impertinent."

"You might be right at that," I admits.

"Hah!" says she. "You do not deny? *Mais oui, mais oui!* But why, I ask of you? Why to me?"

"That's simple, too," says I. "I took you for Aunt Sarah."

"What?" says she.

"She's been pesterin' me a lot since I came," says I, "and I was gettin' good and sick of this reform stuff. I was just handin' her a jolt."

"A jolt?" says she. "Ah, I understand! You were getting back at Sarah. At my busybody sister, eh? O-o-o-o-la-la! Ha-ha-ha! At Sarah!" With that she throws her head back and lets the polite haw-haws ripple out free and reckless. "Oh, but that is good, good!" she goes on. "I must tell Sarah what she missed, and you must say it to me again, fat boy."

"Tosh, if you don't mind," says I.

"*Certainement!* It shall be Tosh," says she. "Now say it all again, quickly."

Well, I coached her in the lines, as well as I could remember, and maybe I touched 'em up here and there, and she pats me on the shoulder and tells me to run along. So the prospect didn't look so threatenin' after all. I expect she had her little joke with Aunt Sarah too.

J. Cheever, though, hadn't been in on any of this, for as soon as he'd had a kind of stormy session with her he'd ducked and didn't show up again until dinnertime. I take it he didn't hear all the details even then, for about nine o'clock he sends up word that he'd like to see me in the libr'y, and I finds him lookin' sort of dazed.

"Well, we ain't been turned out yet, have we?" says I, grinnin'.

"No, thank goodness!" says he. "But something else has come up which is quite puzzling. It's about you, Tosh."

"Shoot," says I

"The countess," he goes on, "has come over to take a motor trip through New England and the White Mountains. A sudden whim. She is starting in the morning, and—and she wants you to go with her, Tosh."

"Me?" says I.

"As guide and interpreter, she says," says he. "She claims that she has lived abroad for so many years that she no longer speaks the language. Silly of her, of course, but she has asked me to lend you to her for the tour. Will you go?"

"With a countess?" says I. "You bet! And any time she can't make the natives understand, I'll be right there."

"But I can't conceive, Tosh," says he, "why Isabel has developed this sudden liking for you."

"Ah, they like 'em bold and chatty, that's all," says I. "It's what eased me out of South Adnock, and now maybe it'll take me back—ridin' alongside a countess. Say, if I can work it we'll stop at Fink's drug store, where I used to juggle soda, and call the old Doc out to serve drinks. I'd like to see the look on his face when he spots me—eh?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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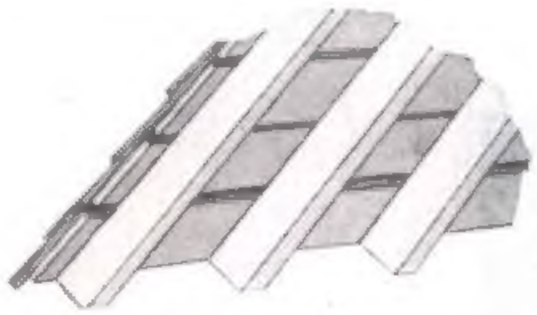
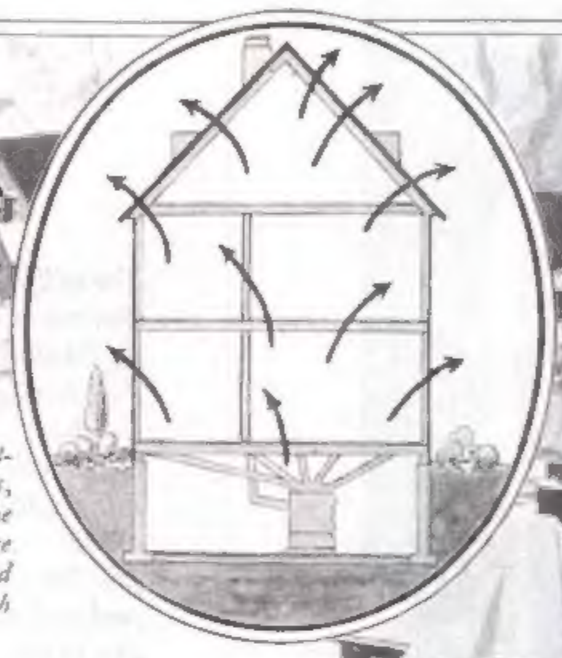


This roof is solidly built . . . but it leaks heat and cold. None of the usual roof materials, when used alone, effectively keep in furnace heat in winter or shut out sun heat in summer.

This seven-sixteenths-inch layer of Celotex Insulating Lumber shuts out heat and cold more effectively than all of the materials shown in the roof at the left combined.

Lining your attic with Celotex more than doubles the protection offered by a roof of usual construction. It will make your home more comfortable all year 'round and save money.



Because furnace heated air naturally rises, more than 60% of the avoidable heat-leakage in an uninsulated house occurs through the roof.

Notice how quickly snow melts off the roofs of most houses. Furnace heat, leaking through the roofs, melts it. Note how snow remains on the roof of the insulated house.

Tests show startling facts about *your* house!

Heat and cold leak through supposedly well-built roofs at a terrific rate. End this discomfort and waste by lining your attic with Celotex. It will save in fuel money more than it costs.

SCIENCE has made important discoveries about the usual building materials! Accurate laboratory tests prove that wood, brick, plaster, wallboards, shingles, roofing materials, etc., when used alone, offer too little resistance to the passage of heat and cold. Careful experiments in hundreds of homes show that there is an *avoidable* heat loss of from 25% to 35% right through the walls and roofs of homes built with these materials alone.

Solid construction is not enough. A special heat-stopping, or insulating material is needed. Now, this protection is available for every home, new or old.

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While attic lining cannot effect the same results as complete house insulation, it gives protection where it is most needed. The roof is the most exposed, yet the thinnest and least protected part of your house. Also, because heated air rises, more than 60% of the *avoidable* heat-leakage in an uninsulated house is through the roof.

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Celotex also converts your old attic into a comfortable, livable room. Its golden-tan color and rough-textured surface make an attractive wall finish . . . or you can decorate it in many ways. There are also many other places where Celotex is the ideal material for re-decorating, repairing or remodeling.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about this amazing lumber. All lumber dealers can supply Celotex. Also ask about the $200 *gold bond* now issued on all Celotex insulated homes.

Meanwhile, send the coupon below for the free Celotex Building Book. It tells you how to use Celotex in old and new homes alike.

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"For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
ARGOSIES of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

. . . Tennyson's LOCKSLEY HALL

AND so *her* ARGOSY came to port . . . the wonder of the future, her possession of today . . . A new and stately pattern in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate . . . now on display at the stores of silverware merchants everywhere . . . in flatware and hollowware . . . knives, forks and spoons, with dinner and tea services to match.

Booklet Z-90 of the ARGOSY designs in flatware and hollowware will be gladly sent on request . . . Address Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO

SALESROOMS:
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

For Christmas . . . and ever after

The New Orthophonic Victrola

The gift that keeps on giving

Music . . . ! After all, what gift can bring more genuine pleasure, day in and day out, than music? Gladstone called it "one of the most forcible instruments for training, for arousing and for governing the mind and the spirit of man."

The new Orthophonic Victrola, musical marvel of the age, furnishes the finest music for the home. Whenever you wish. Without regard to season or hour. Music to meet the mood of the moment. Enduring operas. Great symphonies. Delightful songs. Lively dance music. All played or sung by the world's foremost artists.

Hear the Orthophonic Victrola play the wonderful new Victor Records, made the new Victor way. In no other way *can* you have such music in your home. For this great instrument is based upon the new, scientific principle of "matched impedance," which gives full value to every note . . . depth, roundness . . . flawless reproduction!

CREDENZA

The Orthophonic Victrola in its highest development. Credence type cabinet, walnut or mahogany finish, blended, with Italian Renaissance decorations. $300

GRANADA

Console type instrument in Spanish style. Cabinet finished in mahogany, two-toned, blended. $160

The principle is controlled exclusively by the Victor Talking Machine Co.

There is no way to describe the music that flows in a golden flood from this amazing instrument, except to say that it duplicates the original rendition without loss or deviation. As a camera brings you *pictures*, the Orthophonic Victrola brings you *music* that is a perfect likeness of the original.

The beauty of the Victor cabinets matches the beauty of the music itself. They are fashioned from choicest woods by craftsmen whose lives have been devoted to fine cabinetmaking. A wide choice of models, $300 down to $95.

Will there be an Orthophonic Victrola in your home this Christmas? If you see your Victor dealer *at once*, there will. Victor's unsurpassed production facilities have been strained to the utmost to meet the demand for Orthophonic Victrolas and Victor Records. So get your order in immediately. Time will prove this the best investment you ever made!

VICTROLA 4-7

Cabinet mahogany, veneered, blended, in Italian Renaissance style. $125

VICTROLA 8-4

Cabinet mahogany, veneered, blended, in Italian Renaissance style. $235

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.